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THE COUNTY FAIR

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

THE Wise Man of our Valley stood before the tent of the dancing girls. He had been called there by the tall show-man, who was pacing up and down the platform, and in tones now soft and pleading, now thundering through a megaphone, was gathering a goodly company to hear his persuasion. Persuasive the show-man was. He was matching his glib tongue against the muffled beat of horses' hoofs on the track, against the music of the hurdy-gurdy in the merry-go-round, against the puff and purr of the traction engine exhibiting close by, against the shrill cries of a score of barkers along the white street. He was winning. The clang of tambourines, the boom of bass-drums, the redoubled shouts of his rivals failed to turn the tide that had set toward his tent. Behind him stood his company, two women, one in green, the second in pink, bold figures for the glare of the early afternoon, and a background of shimmering canvas. Before him was a motley gathering. The Dunker and his mild-eyed wife had paused out of curiosity, and stayed to stare and listen. They had come wittingly, to look upon the world and the devil. They had found them. And now, fortified by the poke-bonnet and the wide, flat hat, they were gazing upon them solemnly and critically, and yet without envy or guile. Whether or not they looked in condemnation could not be told, for the Dunker face is impassive, and the Dunker eye seldom flashes except when the spirit is stirred by religious emotion. Pressing closer about were young men from the town—dashing fellows with pink shirts and large watch-chains; their less fortunate and staider brothers from the country, baking in their winter blacks, heavy garments, redolent with camphor; old men whose beards seemed to act as weights by which the mouths were kept open without effort. Here and there were women—the plain women of the country, the gay women of the world—of that smallest and yet biggest of worlds, the county town. On the outskirts hovered the small boys, from the dignified youngster with a little sister in tow and a quarter to spend, to the ragged, barefooted urchin who had dropped from the clouds and had a care not to fall near the ticket-taker's gate.

"The dancin' girls—the dancin' girls," thundered the show-man.

Then resting his megaphone on a chair and leaning gracefully on it, he took up his discourse.

"The show that we offer you is an education in itself. It is the show that made the Midway in Chicago famous. It is the show that drawed the ay-lite of Paris to the Exposition there. It is the show that will be the feature of the St. Looey Centennial that is to come. And why? The lady on my right hand, who I now interduce, is the world-famed Little Egypt." The celebrity in green kissed her hand to the audience and smiled languidly. "There ain't a lady or a gentleman here to-day but what

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has heard of this famous Egypti'n. She has danced before the crowned heads of Europe; she has been petted an' dined be the ay-lite of the world's capitals, an' is now on her way to appear in the opery-house in New York. That you have a chance to see her is be special arrangement. Havin' a day off, she has consented to appear here that you, ladies an' gentlemen, may attend her amazin' performance."

The girl in green stepped to the front of the platform, and with a languid smile and a few curtseys and steps gave a hint of that wondrous grace of hers. Then she leaned against the tent and watched the clouds. The dancer in pink lounged forward and stood on one foot, with arms akimbo, looking away off somewhere, over the midway, over the field, over the hills.

"Alvarita," cried the show-man, with a wave of his hand. "Cousin of the world-famed Carmencita, an' herself a Spanish lady of high birth. She is known in every quarter of the globe. His Royal Highness the King o' Englan', then Prince o' Wales, seen her dance before the London court an' sent her a boket of flowers. Of her a poet has said, 'Fairer than a lily, nimbler than a fawn.' To see her in her performance alone is worth double the money we ask—one dime—only one dime, to see the world-famed ladies in their beautiful entertainment."

The Wise Man of our Valley stroked his beard. From the show-man, now passing ticket after ticket to the line before him, he looked at a silver coin which twirled in his hand. From the coin he looked at me and smiled grimly.

"It is an education," he said. "What would us farmers do without this annual schoolin'? I come here to-day a pore, ignorant feller, an' be the judicious use of

An orange or a tintype.—Page 132.

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Perched on a fence.—Page 138.

a dollar I've seen things I'm blessed sure I'd never see in any other place. Mind the mermaid—the pickled mermaid down there. What a wonderful thing that was to stedy, an' for only five cents. An' the wild man from the Filipinos! We hear a heap o' them Filipino Islands these days, an' it's a special treat to see a feller from them parts a-caperin' 'round a cage, an' to see them feed him—only I wish they wouldn't 'a' spoiled him be tattooin' an eagle on his arm. Still, they is rumors that he was a barber before he become a Filipino, an' that it's the captivity that upsets his mind most, but it's well worth the money to watch him gnaw an' roar. They'll tell you these fairs is dyin' out—that they ain't so good as they used to be. Nonsense! As long as the human race is cravin' information the county fair'll be an institution. Where else could we see a lady an' a gentleman box like the two there in the tent be the wheel of fortune? Not seen it? That's well worth a dime. You might supposin' they was married, the way the lady hits the gentleman. You might——"

"The entertainment is about to begin," shouted the show-man.

He seemed to address himself entirely to the worthy standing before him, hesitating and still twirling the coin.

"Little Egypt is now ascending up on the stage." The megaphone was aimed point-blank at my wise friend, and to add to its persuasion the twang of the banjo sounded from the tent.

"It's an education," said the old man, and, joining the line, we went in.

Veteran Fireman.

To the clink of the banjos the girl was dancing. We saw her over a bank of hats, a black foreground for the green figure swinging to and fro in the pinkish light of the tent. And there was a personality about those hats. Each seemed in itself a spectator and the man beneath it a mere useless appendage. There were hats with brims of dandyish curl and crowns at a dashing tilt; *blasé* fedoras, drooping in a melancholy fashion that spoke a soul sated with the world and living for art; solemn hats, God-fearing headgear with straight brims, refusing to look devil-may-care, however abandonedly slanted; bulky hats, crowning ponderous figures and hiding, it seemed, heavy eyes and wide-open mouths. Before them, backward and forward over the little stage, flashed the bold figure. Hers might have been a dance of Egypt, of Spain, of Ireland—perhaps it was a little of them

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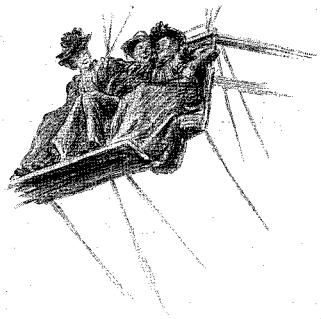
all—but dance the girl did. There was a rugged grace in her movements; there was life and spirit.

Little Egypt? So the show-man called her. Little Egypt, the omnipresent! I



saw her again that very week, down in a country called Egypt also. There Happy Joe Robinson presented her to a company of the drooping folks of lower Illinois. Her hair was red, and she wore pink, and timed her little steps to a wheezy melodeon. Happy Joe, too, explained that this same girl had made the Midway famous, and it was by the merest chance that he had been able to add her to his galaxy of stars, then touring the Mississippi in the greatest show under the sun. We met again at the street fair in Missouri—at least the glib show-man, pointing to a buxom woman in black, declared that, on the "bond of his guarantee," it was the celebrated dancer; yet that very month, in blue plush, she danced on Fireman's Day on the shore of the Sound—Oh, Egypt! Egypt!

Having a mighty good time.

But what would our county fair be without her; what without the mermaid, or the lady boxer, or the wild Filipino gnawing at his beef-bone? My Wise Man told me that day, when Alvarita had made her closing bow, that he had picked too many apples in his time to drive six miles to see one simply because it was particularly big. His position seems just.

When since the break of winter you have been plodding your fields; when at last you have shaved your acres clean and stuffed your barn until no room is left even for the pigeons; when you have sent your little ones over to their aunt's and gathered your medium ones about you in the spring-wagon on the promise that they will not stray from their mother's sight; when you have headed your team for the county fair, the prize pumpkin, the fattest hog, or your neighbor Lizzie Lumpkin's beautiful hand-painting in the art-gallery, are not likely to prove of very great drawing power. These are the things of your workaday life. If you are a bachelor, sentimental and anxious to make a deep impression on a certain young woman, the vital question is not whether she wishes to see the latest style harvester or the Perry Brothers' exhibit of Plymouth Rocks. It is rather, does she want an orange or a tintype. If you are particularly wealthy, you may even treat her to having her eyes examined by the oculist in the tent by the lunch-room.

The exhibits of live-stock and machinery are the reason of the being of the county fair. From them we may learn the plain truths of the agricultural gospel. In the music of the merry-go-round, in the rattle of the shooting gallery, and the shouts of the show-men we have the ritual. It is these that give life and light to the day and perhaps as we wander along the tented street, with every sense sated, the eye with color, from the red pop-corn to the green dancer; the ear with the crash of the hurdy-gurdy, the whine of the band, and the cries of the barkers; the taste with a half-green banana or a bit of patent taffy, there may by chance be driven into our dull minds some truths as to the value of lime on clay ground or of oyster-shells in hens.

There is life at the county fair, whether it be along the shores of the Sound, among the fat farms of the Lebanon Valley, in the groves of Egypt, or on the rolling fields

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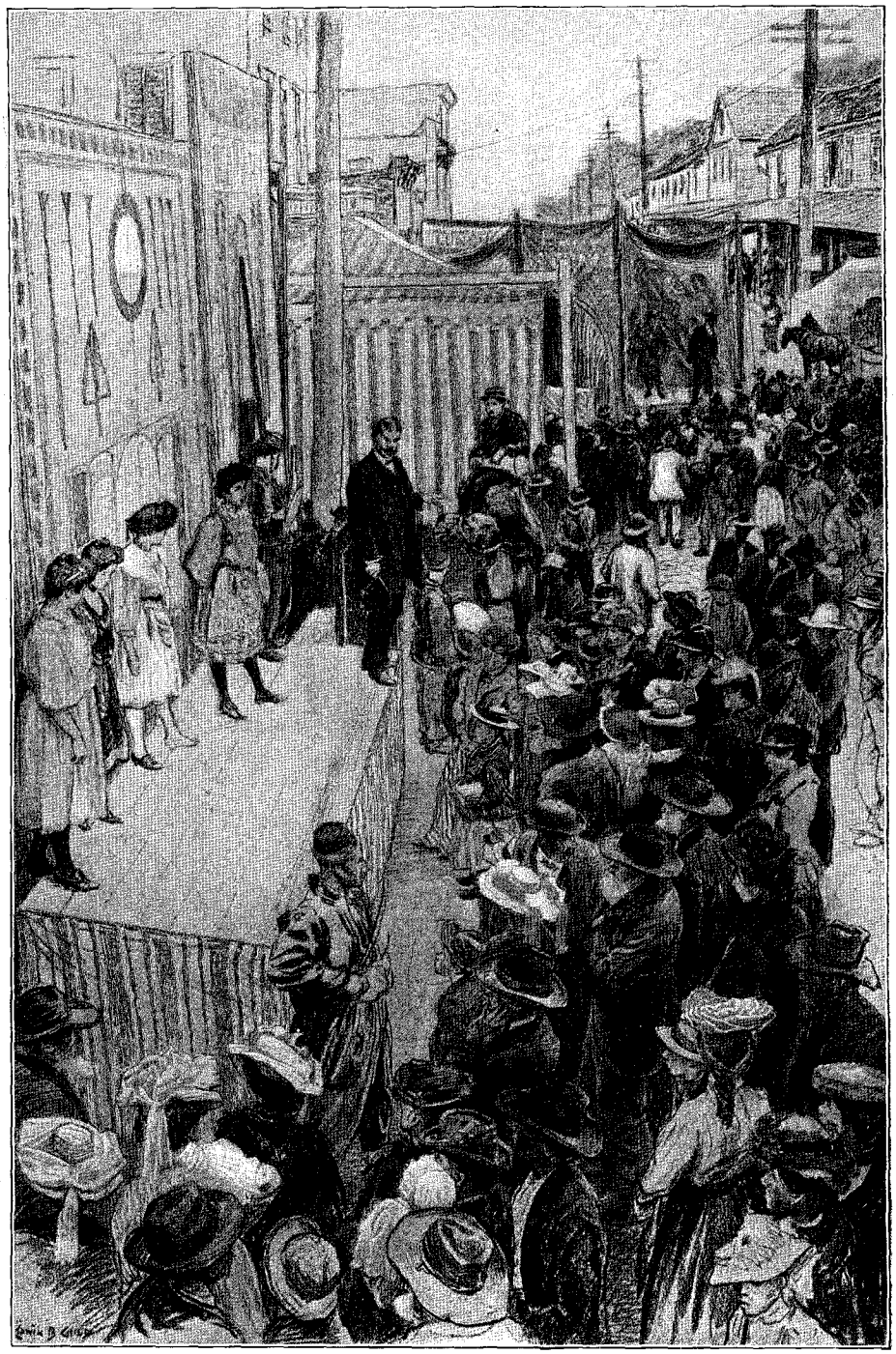

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

I had heard of that storied city of the Bible, Cairo.—Page 145.

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A Balloon Man.

of Kansas. So I found it. Long ago John Gay caught the spirit:

The mountebank now treads the stage and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-pudding, in his parti-colour'd jacket.
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
Of raree-shows, he sung, and Punch's feats.
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Were the poet turning his verses to-day he might add a few lines embodying the moving pictures, the glass-blowers, and the balloon. But had he wandered with the Wise Man among the people of our valley, had he sat beneath the canvas of Happy Joe's Greatest Show under the Sun, or watched the baby-show in the Kansas grove, he would have felt that, after all, he had covered the ground very fully.

The county fairs, North, East, South, or West, are alike in the main points. In the people themselves the chief differences are found, and these, for the most part, are tonsorial and sartorial—in the cut of the beard and the cut of the coat. The cut of the brain is pretty much the same everywhere. So much is this true that in taking stock of gatherings of this kind it seems wrong to exclude the horse-show in the Madison Square Garden. What is it, after all, but a county fair stripped of its side-shows? The people find themselves entertaining enough to do without them. The exhibits do differ, but about as many persons are there to watch the horses as go with the Wise Man to see the prize pumpkin. It is a great social rendezvous. And right here we have the key-note of the success of the fair. At all of them we have the smart set. In the Garden it looks bored and sits in a box. In Kansas it is a bit less bored and sits in a newly painted buggy. In Egypt it rides a mule. At all we have a middle class and all the other classes which according to the Declaration do not exist. For does not snobbery work from the bottom up rather than from the top down?

I endeavored to explain this similarity to our Wise Man that day as we leaned over the rail by the track watching some horses being worked before a race. It was difficult to point out to him how there could be any

The boldest figure "down East."—Page 136.

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interest in a fair where the people constituted themselves the show. When he heard how the great ones and the little ones of the land walked around and around, gazing at one another, he smiled gently.

"Say," he said, "don't you s'pose it kind o' tickles the angels to watch 'em?"

There was no time to reply. But if

Watching the "exempts" go by.—Page 138.

angels do smile they must have at that moment.

The race was off. A minute—and it was sweeping by us! We clambered on the rail and leaned madly over to get a glimpse of the finish. Two black bonnets and two broad black bodies shot out to obstruct our view. We knew them. We had seen these same Dunker sisters with a tall, pious brother in the poultry show discussing in low whispers Black Langhams, Buff Cochins, and Brown Leghorns. The tall, pious brother was gone, but we suspected that he might be found at the other end of the grand stand taking a clandestine view of the sport.

This racing is a terrible thing! Right before our eyes, across the track there, a lot of young men are struggling and shouting in a mad scramble for gain. Dollars risked on the speed of a horse! A week's earnings wagered on a single contest! Just two Sabbaths ago at the big bush-meeting, Brother Pulsifer, with this very day in mind, inveighed strongly against the race and the wine-cup. But Brother Pulsifer is near-sighted! Brother Pulsifer is deaf! He knows not the music in the muffled thunder of the bunch as they swing around the bend; in the shrill Hi! Hi! of the jockeys; in the roar of the grand-stand. Brother Pulsifer is a pious man and learned, but we wonder if he has read what the Good Book says of the ostrich, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and

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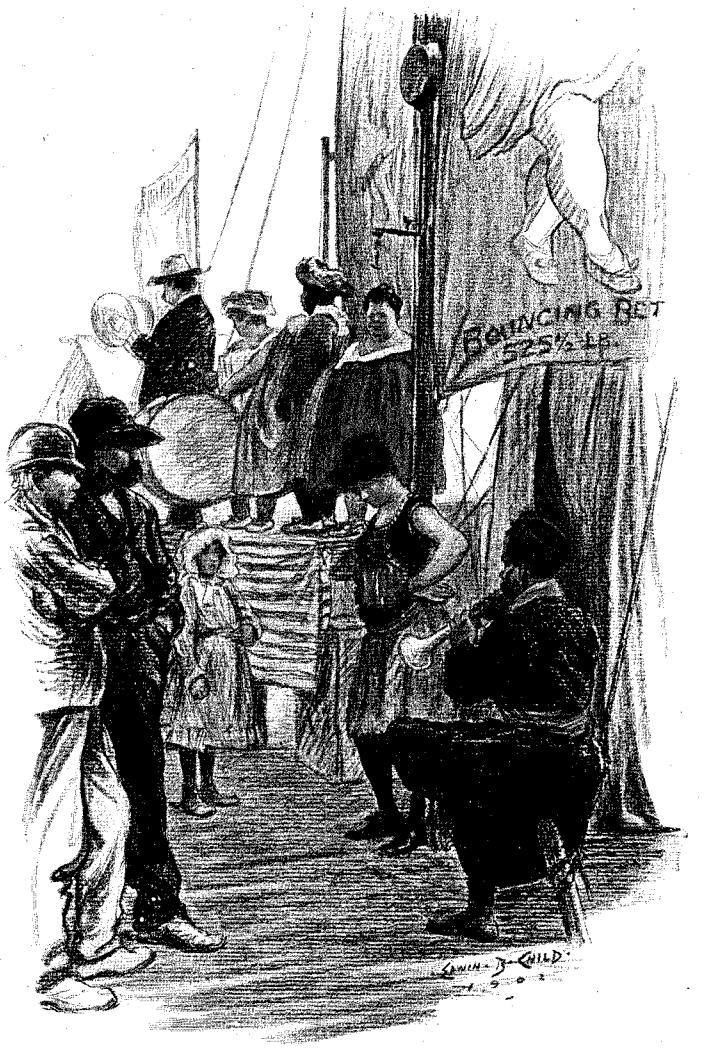
forgetteth that the foot may crush them:" "God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

It is the broad felt hats, the poke-bonnets and the buttonless Amish garb that give a distinctive tone to our Pennsylvania fairs, just as the fireman in his red coat and helmet, with a few extra caps suspended like canteens from his belt, stands



Little Egypt, the omnipresent.—Page 132.

Hold fast, sister! hold fast! Here, take a hand and climb on the second rail —you can lean over farther. They're off, sister! They're off! For the horse "saith among the trumpets Ha! Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

out as the boldest figure in the county gatherings further "down East." Again, you will notice a nautical cut in the beards near the coast. In the farmer you will find just enough of the bowl of the sea, and in the sailor just enough of the stride of the furrow to make it a grave question as to

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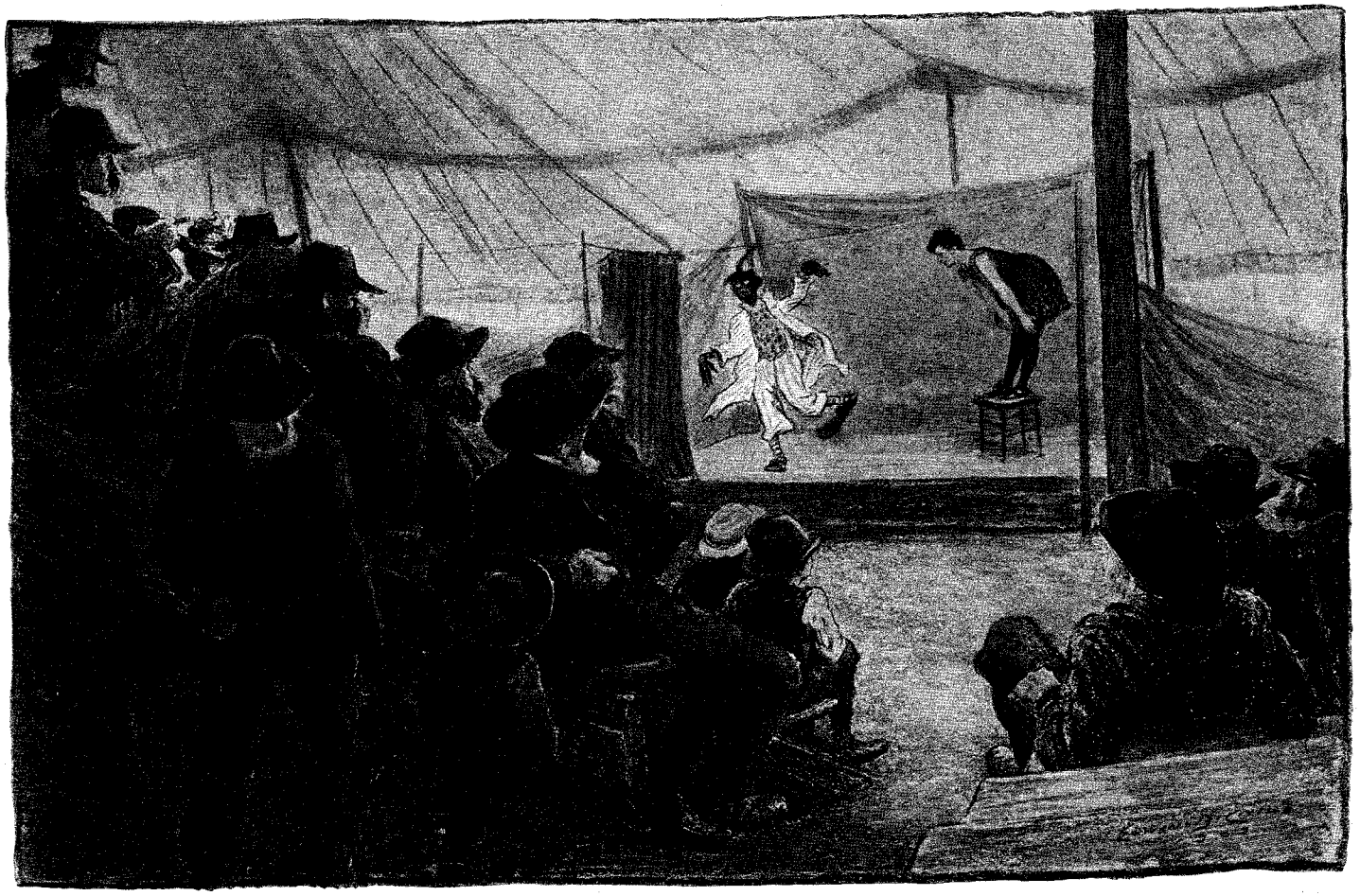

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Happy Joe Robinson's show was eminently refined.—Page 141.

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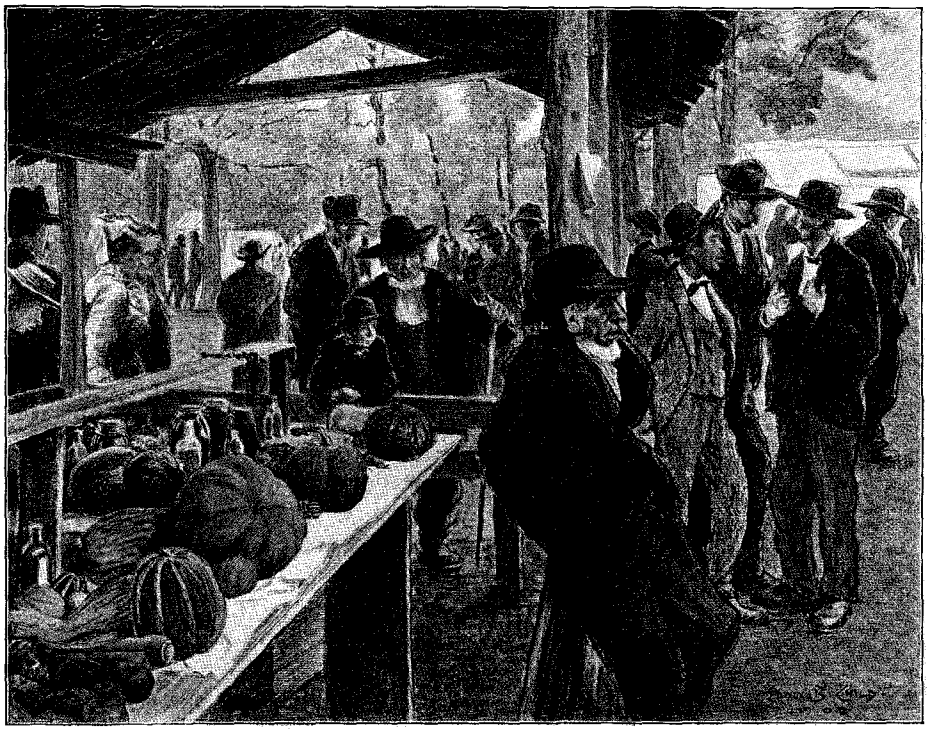

Droop, droop, droop.—Page 140.

whether to address a stranger as "Friend" or "Captain." They affect a peculiar style that is misleading. Studying a group of men perched on a fence watching the "exempts" go by, preceded by a bibulous band and followed by a rattling hand-engine, I have found it impossible to tell which kept summer boarders, which farmed in legitimate fashion, which sailed an oyster-sloop or was master of a stout clipper. Their clothes would have served equally well in a lumber-camp or a nor'-easter.

Move westward, and this problem will never perplex you. Where he appears at all, the fireman is relegated to a minor place, and the veteran comes to the fore. The old soldier is the most sociable of his race. His age and honors give him time to spend four days at the fair, where the rest of us look on one as dissipation. So in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, when in doubt you say "Comrade." But usually the veteran is unmistakably stamped by the faded blue uniform, the G. A. R. hat, and the large umbrella he invariably carries to protect them. To him the fair is no real treat. It is a side-show, indeed compared to the dedication of a monument or a regimental reunion. He has seen too many of them to rush about throwing baseballs at babies or tossing rings over canes. He is *blasé*. He plants himself in the shade of the band-stand, with a few of his cronies gathered about him, and discusses things in general.

My friend the Editor down in Egypt introduced me to a grand soldier—a little, brown man, with the uniform, the hat, and the umbrella. He had served in the Two Hundred and Something Illinois. The Editor made note of his presence for a local, and learned that he had just spent a week at the gathering up the road, and would have been in Washington that day at the great reunion had not his wife been took down with malary. He had come to the fair so as not to disturb her. Strolling with him along the line of booths and through the stocksheds, we fell in with a dignified, middle-aged man in black—a large black derby, black tie, black-striped shirt, and a very close-fitting and shiny

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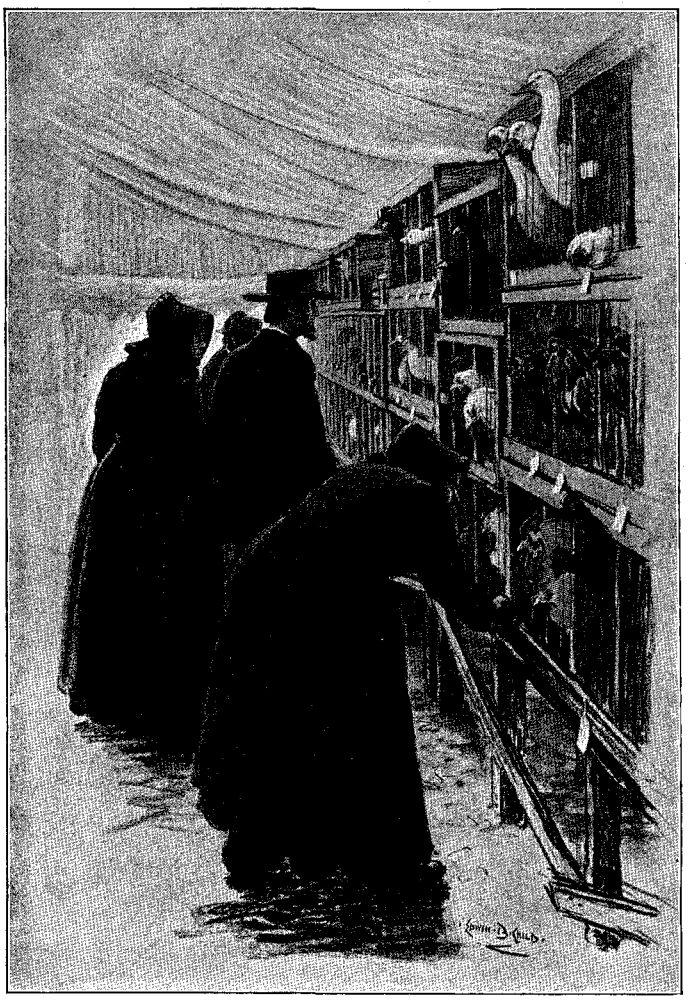
black suit. This person confided to us that he was a stranger and had crossed the river from Missoury with the twofold purpose of picking up a span of mules and seeing a lady friend. Together we wandered about the sunless grove, now venturing a guess on the weight of a hog, now tickling a colt with the drover's buggy whip, now pausing to watch a party of young men in the rifle-gallery.

I thought of our Wise Man and our fair. How out of place he would be here! How uninteresting he would hold it! This was a region that the wild Filipino, the lady boxer, and the heaviest actors in the world had not discovered. The Editor had apologized for it. It was mainly a social gathering, he explained, as we stood at the gate and he pointed across the road and into the woods where several families were camping in canvas-covered wagons.



In the poultry show.—Page 135.

In our valley they wear their hats on the backs of their heads on these feast-days. Here they pull them down over their ears. In our valley hat-brims, hair, beards, elbows point in every direction in an untrimmed, merry way. Here they all droop.

This drooping strikes one very forcibly when he leaves the plain of central Illinois and meets the first outpost of Egypt lean-

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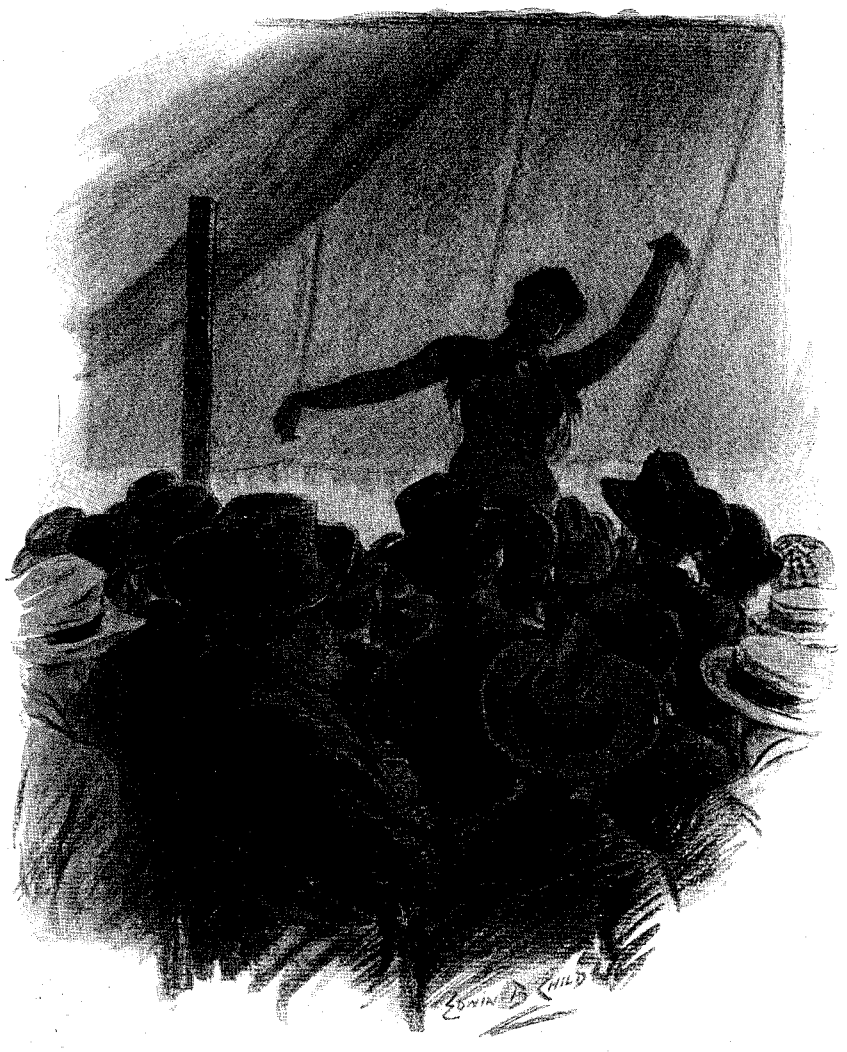

There was a personality about those hats.—Page 131.

ing against a pillar of the store porch, not even blinking. The hat-brim droops, almost hiding the face; the corners of the eyes droop; the long, thin mustache, the shoulders, even the trousers over the boot-tops, droop, droop, droop. He looks as though he were being continually rained on Even his mule seems to catch this dejected spirit. In the hills this oddity is still more marked. Further on in the open country near where the rivers meet the impression will not leave you. That day as I passed the gates into the grove the trees seemed as staid as the people. The heavy oaks almost shut the sunlight out, and in the cool shade the good folks of Egypt stood in little knots, exchanging greetings and discussing timely topics. On every stump there was an old man, or a woman with a baby. A thin stream wandered through the art-gallery, among the stock-pens, and back past the booths where the young men were spending their nickels with royal recklessness, but the centre of interest was the gate, for here you could see who was coming and going, and this was a social occasion.

As we sauntered about, the Veteran

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talked of up the river and down the river, and of his wife's folks in Arkansaw; the Drover spoke of his own country on the Missouri side, and the Editor explained that this was his first year away from the water. I ventured to remark that even if a bit inland the country was charming and the people most interesting; they carried one back to Huckleberry Finn.

First outpost of Egypt.—Page 139.

"Huckleberry who?" inquired the Editor, putting his hand to his ear.

"Huckleberry Finn," I shouted. The Veteran shook his head.

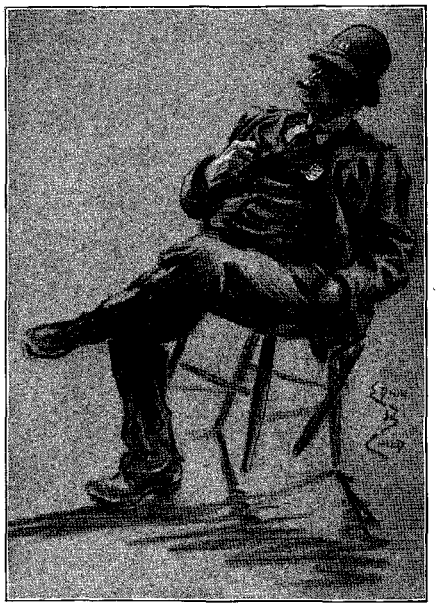
"Finn—Finn—Finn," he said, slowly, groping around the back of his neck with his hand, as though he had expected to find some information there.

The Drover allowed that the Finns lived either on this side or down in Arkansaw. The Editor shook his head.

So natural was the way in which they disclaimed Huckleberry, it began to seem possible that in their wanderings they might have run across Judge Thatcher or the Wilkses. Mutual acquaintances of this kind are sometimes embarrassing. Recalling a New York man who had met Mr. Pecksniff several times at his club—or was under the impression that he had seen him there, at least—it now seemed wiser to change the trend of our conversation by suggesting the matinee.

Happy Joe Robinson's show was eminently refined. That was his drawing-card. Standing before his tent he introduced us to one after another of his company—to Merry Jim, the negro impersonator; to Professor McGonigle, the juggler; to Little Egypt and the McChider children — and between each little speech he was careful to reiterate that their performance had been given in many towns under church auspices. This might easily have been true. If Merry Jim's buffoonery was a bit rugged, if Professor McGonigle had the air of Chicago,

A Type.



He was comfortably fixed to describe the glories to come.—Page 146.

and Little Egypt suggested the chorus, the songs and dances of the McChider children were worthy of the Sunday-school cantata. Happy Joe himself taught a great lesson when he sang to the accompaniment of a melodeon. Every long song has a moral. In this case it was repeated at the end of each of the twenty stanzas—Remember you have children of your own. Half of the audience was made up of small boys and girls; there was present a goodly

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proportion of babies in arms, but that made no difference. How could they forget the tall figure in the long purple frock-coat and the low waistcoat, with a great brown hat crushed in his hand, and swinging rhythmically to and fro! One could not but feel that in after years, when they did have children of their own, the admonition thundered at them that afternoon would be remembered.

"Dey's somfin' goin' on."

The Veteran said that it was a grand song, and I agreed with him. He declared that the performance as a whole was well worth the ten cents. The Drover had been to St. Louis, and so intimated that he would be charitably silent. The Editor explained that it was as much as we could expect so far inland. But over along the river——

Yes, over along the river things are different. There is more life there. So many boats go up and down, and floating shows and all that. Six miles is a long way inland, and these are primitive parts, but when you have come from Kansas they are restful. For Kansas is different, too, and there is life there. Here you do the fair in an hour, and retire to a stump, and doze and talk. There before the baby-show is over the races have begun, and when they have been run, the foot-ball game is on. Nightfall sends you to the International Hotel, and you have just time for supper, and hurry back to the grounds for the opera.

Life in Kansas in fair times is very wearing. If you are resolute, though, and forego the races and the foot-ball game, you will find things to see. In the morning you can watch the judges looking over the live-stock on the track enclosure, but there are so few people about then that it is dull. By noon it is livelier. The Minister and I reached the scene just as the afternoon boom had begun. We had a light luncheon in the tent supervised by the ladies of Zion Church, and started out as the band in the grand-stand opened its patriotic concert. Of the races we saw little or nothing, of course. We had a few sly glimpses of the pacers, and saw all of the mule and chariot contests from a secluded spot at the end of the track. But we missed the running and trotting. For myself, I had wearied of these things and of the side-shows so abundant in the East, and was content to be led through the pens and sheds where I could see what the rolling country about us was producing.

The agricultural implements alone were an artistic treat. For is there anything more beautiful than a binder fresh from the factory; anything more inspiring than a plough with its bright red beam and glistening share; anything more powerful than the mighty steam thresher! Unless you have farmed and have discussed with your next neighbor the advantage of this cultivator or the defects of that mower, you'd better watch the races. If you are an artist, longing for what you hold life's

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higher things, go to the gallery and gaze on some bad copy of nature. But here is where we find the best art! Cunning hands must have laid the red and green on this harvester, turned that projecting iron into a duck's-head, transformed the cross-bar into a golden rib. So light and dashing it looks, we almost fancy it, horse-winnowing. For the purpose of illustrating a point in the sermon the biblical methods were infinitely superior. Picture Ruth following a binder! Having found this line of thought, he started on a careful survey of it, but by good fortune our wanderings had carried us to a large pavilion.

He is *blasé*.—Page 138.

less, gliding through the grain. The sulky plow, the self-acting hay-rake, even the humble potato-lifter, seem to be tugging at their tethers. These machines, in the glory of their paint, are too beautiful to use! They should be collected in some gallery where we could wander among them, tying knots on imaginary sheaves; planting corn on a smooth, clean floor; listening to the music of the sheller crunching but the choicest ears; dozing to the swish and roar of the thresher as the dustless straw beats through it. It is like hanging a Van Dyck on a fence to send them into the field.

The Minister agreed with me. He believed in the old system of gleaning and

Standing outside on a little elevation, we looked down on a field of bonnets, which seemed to muffle a mighty buzz, now dying, now swelling again, now silent as a clerical-looking man stepped to the edge of the platform at the distant end.

"Lot 56," he cried, reading from a catalogue in his hand. "Lot 56—best boy baby over one year and not exceeding one year and six months—shown by the mother. Prize, $2. Twelve entries."

The buzz became a roar. Twelve mothers lifted themselves from the chaos of bonnets and climbed to the platform. From that moment the clergyman and his fellow judges were lost to our view. At rare intervals we could catch sight of a

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This racing is a terrible thing.—Page 135.

bit of black coat or a bald head, but they were quickly gone again.

My Minister mopped his brow. "I was a judge last year," he said.

A meek little man was standing close by, and we heard him chuckle.

"It is remarkable the way the women go in for it," he exclaimed. "Why, it'll take 'em a month to get over the decisions, and for the rest of their lives them judges won't have any repytations for eyesight or sense. I know how it is with my wife. She put Emily in with the best girls under one, last year. The child wasn't even placed. This year she has William in Lot 55, and I s'pose she's busy this minute explainin'——"

He stopped. He made a rush for a little woman who was forcing her way out of the crowd. She was holding a baby so high in the air that we could see a blue ribbon on his arm. It was William.

Several times that afternoon we saw the same young gentleman, and on every occasion he was reposing on the arm of the meek, scoffing little man, and he so reposed that the blue ribbon could not be missed.

While the baby show may be a source of much dissension in a community, it serves one good purpose. This is the time to visit the Palace of Art, for when the competition of the infants is on, this distinctly feminine side of the fair is deserted. So we found it. We wandered almost alone about the big hall, and with that privilege a long journey is repaid. But you can see much the same thing in our valley. Kansas may grow taller corn than we do, but our neighbor Lizzie Lumpkin's "Bit of the Susquehanna" equals, at least, this prize-winning blue grove. Her "Storm Off Atlantic City" far surpasses that "Moonlight on the Ocean." We can show you some beautiful fruits, both in oil and water-color in our valley, but in crayon and pencil we are far behind these. We have not passed the horse and cow class. Some day, perhaps, our Miss Lumpkin will give up blue and green for black and white, and we shall be able to do something in "after Gibsons" and panels full of cranes.

Kansas may boast of her corn and her cattle, but in the fine arts our valley holds her own. Leave the pictures and move along the hall. That embroidered frame is striking. I saw nothing like it at our fair, but down in Egypt there was a patchwork quilt, a mosaic in cotton, that makes that great one there look like a solid piece of material. That is an exquisite splasher —the one beneath the hand-made dress —and it is a prize-winner, too, but against those yellow slippers I'd match the pair Miss Lumpkin's mother crocheted for Mr. Lumpkin, and I'd win. The embroidered pillow-shams, the paper flowers, the best-dressed doll and the honorable mention whisk-broom holder are well enough in their way, but we hurry by them, being men.

Being men, we pause again. From art in hand-painting, we have soared into

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art in cake-baking. Before us on long tables rise rows of monuments to housewifery—chocolate-layer and cocoanut, marble, mountain, sponge and snow, angel-food and jelly-twist. How fine they must have looked on the first day! Now they seem a bit depressed. From each one a triangular slice has been cut. It lies wearily across the top, and a crescent hole in its corner shows where the official teeth have been. The cake has been judged! There is no need for it to swell up. So it sags.

The best dried corn, the canned cherries, the preserved tomatoes, the candied pears and strawberry jelly look the same North, East, South, and West, but they are as essential features of the county fair as the races and the live-stock. They lift it above the street-fair's level.

In some parts of the West they will tell you that these street-fairs are driving out the fine old county gatherings. It can never be. The street-fair is altogether a commercial venture, designed by the small merchants to gather in their town a crowd that will spend its money freely. Several large companies supply the attractions, and for a consideration from the associated store-keepers and saloon-men, they take over the village, block its thoroughfares with cheap shows, and make day and night hideous with the blare of their bands and the shouts of their barkers. The company gets the dimes taken in at the score of gates. The merchants make their profit from the crowd. The crowd flocks from show to show, and eats pop-corn and shouts as though it were having a mighty good time.

From the bright, trim Kansas grove, and the shade of the Egypt oaks, I dropped into the dusty streets of a Missouri town when it was crowded with these cheap shows. It soon was wearisome. There were no stumps to sit on, no trees to lounge under when one tired of listening to the barkers. And that was all there was to do, for the best of the shows was on the outside. The show-men themselves were far more entertaining than any performances they had to offer within their gates, and in their particular line they were wonders. Our Eastern barkers are mere tyros beside these fellows. A few here did simply lie roughly. The bullet-headed man that managed the snakes, allowed me to look, free of charge, at the boa-constrictor's teeth, and shouted at me that within there were seven hundred and fifty wrigglin' reptiles, and that I had his personal word of honor that the charmer before me had been two years in the Smithsonian Institution and had been declared by Government experts to be immune from a rattler's poison. I simply did not believe him. But the little fellow in the frock-coat, a derby, and a white bow tie, looking every inch a Sunday-school superintendent, took me into his confidence, and explained that it was high time I left the old farm and saw the world. I had heard of that storied city of the Bible, Cairo, and he had brought it to my very door. Here was an opportunity for me to see how the streets and houses looked; how the people lived, how they prayed to their strange gods, and how they fought. He was so kind and confidential about it that I felt really disappointed when I paid my dime and found in his tent a camel, a donkey, and a few Chicago Arabs.

With the memory of this fresh in my mind I stood listening to a handsome bronzed man before the animal show. He told us stories of life in the jungle, of the battles of lions and tigers, of the intelligence of the elephant and the cunning of the wolf. He had about him large pictures of all the beasts, and made his lecture clearer by referring to them with a long, pedagogic pointer. He told us of the lessons in fortitude, patience, and love that we could learn from the jungle people, and closed with a few words on the triumph of the mind over brute force as it would be illustrated when the lady in pink stepped into the den of roaring lions. Had I paid my money and gone away it would have been well spent. The fellow was so gentle and yet so masterful that you believed him in spite of yourself. And when you went within to see one lion, a few parrots, and an intellectual pony, the bullet-head man with his seven hundred and fifty wriggling snakes seemed truthful beside this master of their art.

But street-fairs must differ. Some of them must rise to the plane of the county fair. Some must fulfil the promise of the

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posters. One I have heard of, and I hope to go back to that Indiana town and do it from end to end with my friend the Chief of Police. It was he who told me of it. Our acquaintance thus far has been very limited, but when we parted it was with the promise that we should meet again. And when that promise is fulfilled he is to show me things well worth so long a journey.

We met in the early morning on the platform of the station. I had slept that night in the Palace Hotel. The hotel is in the station. This being a junction point my room was bounded on two sides by railroads. By midnight it seemed as though the house was the hub of a great spoke-work of tracks. The train East was due at four o'clock. The clerk, with kind precaution, awakened me at three. Outside on the platform I found a solitary man sitting in the glare of the electric light. It was easy to tell by the helmet perched on the top of his head and by the brass buttons on his blue cutaway coat that he was the police-officer of the town on night patrol. The proper thing to do on meeting the police-officer of a small place is to address him as "Chief." In this instance the proper thing was done, and the Chief waved me to a chair at his side.

There was a silence which at a time like this could be broken only by a cigar. It was offered with an apology for its character.

The Chief held it up under the light and gazed at it from afar off. "It looks as if it'll smoke," he said.

He spoke as though the act of smoking was to be voluntary on the part of the cigar, but in reality he helped it along by puffing very hard.

"Goin' East?" he asked.

"New York."

"Comin' back October 9th, of course?"

"I think not."

"No? Now I tell you it 'ud be well worth your while," he cried. "By crickety! it would. You just otter see our street-fair."

"Oh! is that all?" I said.

"All! Ain't that enough? You've never seen our street-fair, man, have you? Well, once you've seen it, you'll come regular. Now, to give you an idee—" He paused and smoked.

"To give you an idee, we have—" He smoked again. Then he fired it. "We have a Queen!"

"A Queen?" said I, getting at last waked up to the importance of the thing.

"Why, we crown her," he exclaimed. "You see it's this way. We vote for two weeks proceedin' the crownin'. Every vote costs five cents. I know one feller in this town who has already spent forty dollars ballotin' for his lady. Whoever gets the most votes is Queen, an' we give her a diamon' ring worth $150—think of that."

"What does the Queen do?" I inquired.

"Do?" he replied, sharply. There was a note of disgust in his tone. "Do?" he repeated. "Why, man, she's a regular Queen—she don't do nothin'."

Truly this was a fair worth seeing! I told him how I felt, and he smiled. I told him that I wanted to hear more about it, and he smiled again. Tilting his chair back on two legs, he rested his head against the wall, and with his elbow on the chair-arm and the cigar smoking itself between his fingers, he was comfortably fixed to describe the glories to come.

All the Little Egypts in the world dance at that fair, and a hundred brass-bands make the streets ring with martial music. A thousand little boys in blue velveteen drag the Queen's chariot, and a thousand little girls in white dresses, white stockings, white shoes, and pink ribbons follow it, singing carols. How the diamond flashes in Her Majesty's crown! Down Main Street she goes—past the bank, past the court-house, past the post-office. Before the Presbyterian church the royal coach halts, and a mighty chorus sings an anthem. A thousand sopranos trill the high notes. A thousand basses go "arum-arum-arump." Graciously the Queen bows. And the diamond flashes again. The little boys shout and fall to the ropes. On they go! by the drug-store; past the hotel. All the eloquent barkers in the world are in this street, but when the Queen comes they are silent. All the snake-charmers in the world show their teeth and bow to the ground. All the boa-constrictors show their teeth, too. The mermaids set up a terrible splashing and try to get out of their tanks, for they hear the roar in the streets and see the people rush-

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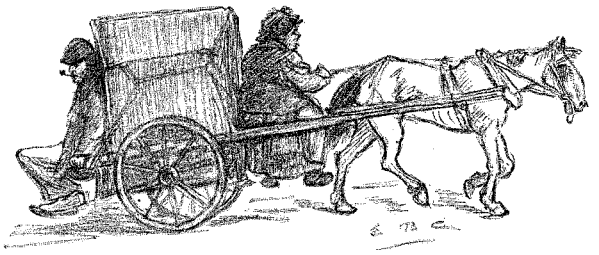
ing out of the tents. There are a great number of Professors McGonigle, and they all begin throwing knives at once, and it looks as though somebody will surely be hurt, but nobody is. There are only two McChider children in the wide world—Happy Joe told us so—and now they are piping their little song at double the regular speed. There is only one Happy Joe in the wide world, too, and when the Queen comes he catches her eye. He raises his right hand, folds back his long purple frock-coat, and hooks his thumb in a waistcoat pocket. His left hand goes to the brim of his brown fedora, and it sweeps from his head as he bows very low. The Queen has passed. The royal coach rolls on until it reaches the railroad track and doubles back into Indiana Avenue. We see Her Majesty no more.

Night comes. The ghostly tents glow in the moonlight. The street is deserted save for a single figure moving slowly to and fro across the square. He halts beneath the arc-light and stands there swinging his club. By his helmet we know him. It is the Chief. He is watching over them all—over the Queen and her court, over his town and his fair.



THE GRASS OF PARNASSUS

By John Finley

It grows not on some far and lonely height,
Reached only by steep climbing or by flight;
But nigh, in valleys, edging inland seas
Fed of sweet fountains, or on fragrant leas,
Scattering star petals 'mid the plainer grass,
Where children's feet may wander and men pass
Refreshed to drudging duties by its sight,
Or led to better living in its light.

Plant me this grass beside my homely fount,
I shall not care to climb Parnassus' mount.

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SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART I

I

IT is not often that youth allows itself to feel undividedly happy: the sensation is too much the result of selection and elimination to be within reach of the awakening clutch on life. But Kate Orme, for once, had yielded herself to happiness, letting it permeate every faculty as a spring rain soaks into a germinating meadow. There was nothing to account for this sudden sense of beatitude; but was it not this precisely which made it so irresistible, so overwhelming? There had been, within the last two months—since her engagement to Denis Peyton—no distinct addition to the sum of her happiness, and no possibility, she would have affirmed, of adding perceptibly to a total already incalculable. Inwardly and outwardly the conditions of her life were unchanged; but whereas before the air had been full of flitting wings, now they seemed to pause over her and she could trust herself to their shelter.

Many influences had combined to build up the centre of brooding peace in which she found herself. Her nature answered to the finest vibrations, and at first her joy in loving had been too great not to bring with it a certain confusion, a readjusting of the whole scenery of life. She found herself in a new country, wherein he who had led her there was least able to be her guide. There were moments when she felt that the first stranger in the street could have interpreted her happiness for her more easily than Denis. Then, as her eye adapted itself, as the lines flowed into each other, opening deep vistas upon new horizons, she began to enter into possession of her kingdom, to entertain the actual sense of its belonging to her. But she had never before felt that she also belonged to it; and this was the feeling which now came to complete her happiness, to give it the hallowing sense of permanence.

She rose from the writing-table where, list in hand, she had been going over the wedding-invitations, and walked toward the drawing-room window. Everything about her seemed to contribute to that rare harmony of feeling which levied a tax on every sense. The large coolness of the room, its fine traditional air of spacious living, its outlook over field and woodland toward the lake lying under the silver bloom of September; the very scent of the late violets in a glass on the writing-table; the rosy-mauve masses of hydrangea in tubs along the terrace; the fall, now and then, of a leaf through the still air—all, somehow, were mingled in the suffusion of well-being that yet made them seem but so much dross upon its current.

The girl's smile prolonged itself at the sight of a figure approaching from the lower slopes above the lake. The path was a short cut from the Peyton place, and she had known that Denis would appear in it at about that hour. Her smile, however, was prolonged not so much by his approach as by her sense of the impossibility of communicating her mood to him. The feeling did not disturb her. She could not imagine sharing her deepest moods with any one, and the world in which she lived with Denis was too bright and spacious to admit of any sense of constraint. Her smile was in truth a tribute to that clear-eyed directness of his which was so often a refuge from her own complexities.

Denis Peyton was used to being met with a smile. He might have been pardoned for thinking smiles the habitual wear of the human countenance; and his estimate of life and of himself was necessarily tinged by the cordial terms on which they had always met each other. He had in fact found life, from the start, an uncommonly

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agreeable business, culminating fitly enough in his engagement to the only girl he had ever wished to marry, and the inheritance, from his unhappy step-brother, of a fortune which agreeably widened his horizon. Such a combination of circumstances might well justify a young man in thinking himself of some account in the universe; and it seemed the final touch of fitness that the mourning which Denis still wore for poor Arthur should lend a new distinction to his somewhat florid good looks.

Kate Orme was not without an amused perception of her future husband's point of view; but she could enter into it with the tolerance which allows for the inconscient element in all our judgments. There was, for instance, no one more sentimentally humane than Denis's mother, the second Mrs. Peyton, a scented silvery person whose lavender silks and neutral-tinted manner expressed a mind with its blinds drawn down toward all the unpleasantnesses of life; yet it was clear that Mrs. Peyton saw a "dispensation" in the fact that her step-son had never married, and that his death had enabled Denis, at the right moment, to step gracefully into affluence. Was it not, after all, a sign of healthy-mindedness to take the gifts of the gods in this religious spirit, discovering fresh evidence of "design" in what had once seemed the sad fact of Arthur's inaccessibility to correction? Mrs. Peyton, beautifully conscious of having done her "best" for Arthur, would have thought it unchristian to repine at the providential failure of her efforts. Denis's deductions were, of course, a little less direct than his mother's. He had, besides, been fond of Arthur, and his efforts to keep the poor fellow straight had been less didactic and more spontaneous. Their result read itself, if not in any change in Arthur's character, at least in the revised wording of his will; and Denis's moral sense was pleasantly fortified by the discovery that it very substantially paid to be a good fellow.

The sense of general providentialness on which Mrs. Peyton reposed had in fact been confirmed by events which reduced Denis's mourning to a mere tribute of respect—since it would have been a mockery to deplore the disappearance of any one who had left behind him such an unsavory wake as poor Arthur. Kate did not quite know what had happened: her father was as firmly convinced as Mrs. Peyton that young girls should not be admitted to any open discussion of life. She could only gather, from the silences and evasions amid which she moved, that a woman had turned up—a woman who was of course "dreadful," and whose dreadfulness appeared to include a sort of shadowy claim upon Arthur. But the claim, whatever it was, had been promptly discredited. The whole question had vanished and the woman with it. The blinds were drawn again on the ugly side of things, and life was resumed on the usual assumption that no such side existed. Kate knew only that a darkness had crossed her sky and left it as unclouded as before.

Was it, perhaps, she now asked herself, the very lifting of the cloud—remote, unthreatening as it had been—which gave such new serenity to her heaven? It was horrible to think that one's deepest security was a mere sense of escape—that happiness was no more than a reprieve. The perversity of such ideas was emphasized by Peyton's approach. He had the gift of restoring things to their normal relations, of carrying one over the chasms of life through the closed tunnel of an incurious cheerfulness. All that was restless and questioning in the girl subsided in his presence, and she was content to take her love as a gift of grace, which began just where the office of reason ended. She was more than ever, to-day, in this mood of charmed surrender. More than ever he seemed the keynote of the accord between herself and life, the centre of a delightful complicity in every surrounding circumstance. One could not look at him without seeing that there was always a fair wind in his sails.

It was carrying him toward her, as usual, at a quick confident pace, which nevertheless lagged a little, she noticed, as he emerged from the beech-grove and struck across the lawn. He walked as though he were tired. She had meant to wait for him on the terrace, held in check by her usual inclination to linger on the threshold of her pleasures; but now something drew her toward him, and she went quickly down the steps and across the lawn.

"Denis, you look tired. I was afraid something had happened."

She had slipped her hand through his

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arm, and as they moved forward she glanced up at him, struck not so much by any new look in his face as by the fact that her approach had made no change in it.

"I am rather tired.—Is your father in?"

"Papa?" She looked up in surprise. "He went to town yesterday. Don't you remember?"

"Of course—I'd forgotten. You're alone, then?" She dropped his arm and stood before him. He was very pale now, with the furrowed look of extreme physical weariness.

"Denis—are you ill? *Has* anything happened?"

He forced a smile. "Yes—but you needn't look so frightened."

She drew a deep breath of reassurance. *He* was safe, after all! And all else, for a moment, seemed to swing below the rim of her world.

"Your mother——?" she then said, with a fresh start of fear.

"It's not my mother." They had reached the terrace, and he moved toward the house. "Let us go indoors. There's such a beastly glare out here."

He seemed to find relief in the cool obscurity of the drawing-room, where, after the brightness of the afternoon light, their faces were almost indistinguishable to each other. She sat down and he moved a few paces away. Before the writing-table he paused to look at the neatly-sorted heaps of wedding-cards.

"They are to be sent out to-morrow?"

"Yes."

He turned back and stood before her.

"It's about the woman," he began abruptly—"the woman who pretended to be Arthur's wife."

Kate started as at the clutch of an unacknowledged fear.

"She *was* his wife, then?"

Peyton made an impatient movement of negation. "If she was, why didn't she prove it? She hadn't a shred of evidence. The courts rejected her appeal."

"Well, then——?"

"Well, she's dead." He paused, and the next words came with difficulty. "She and the child."

"The child? There was a child?"

"Yes."

Kate started up and then sank down. These were not things about which young girls were told. The confused sense of horror had been nothing to this first sharp edge of fact.

"And both are dead?"

"Yes."

"How do you know? My father said she had gone away—gone back to the West——"

"So we thought. But this morning we found her."

"Found her?"

He motioned toward the window. "Out there—in the lake."

"Both?"

"Both."

She drooped before him shudderingly, her eyes hidden, as though to exclude the vision. "She had drowned herself?"

"Yes."

"Oh, poor thing—poor thing!"

They paused awhile, the minutes delving an abyss between them till he threw a few irrelevant words across the silence.

"One of the gardeners found them."

"Poor thing!"

"It was sufficiently horrible."

"Horrible—oh!" She had swung round again to her pole. "Poor Denis! *You* were not there—*you* didn't have to——?"

"I had to see her." She felt the instant relief in his voice. He could talk now, could distend his nerves in the warm air of her sympathy. "I had to identify her." He rose nervously and began to pace the room. "It's knocked the wind out of me. I—my God! I couldn't foresee it, could I?" He halted before her with outstretched hands of argument. "I did all I could—it's not *my* fault, is it?"

"Your fault? Denis!"

"She wouldn't take the money——" He broke off, checked by her awakened glance.

"The money? What money?" Her face changed, hardening as his relaxed. "Had you offered her *money* to give up the case?"

He stared a moment, and then dismissed the implication with a laugh.

"No—no; after the case was decided against her. She seemed hard up, and I sent Hinton to her with a cheque."

"And she refused it?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, I don't know—the usual thing. That she'd only wanted to prove she was

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his wife—on the child's account. That she'd never wanted his money. Hinton said she was very quiet—not in the least excited—but she sent back the cheque."

Kate sat motionless, her head bent, her hands clasped about her knees. She no longer looked at Peyton.

"Could there have been a mistake?" she asked slowly.

"A mistake?"

She raised her head now, and fixed her eyes on his, with a strange insistence of observation. "Could they have been married?"

"The courts didn't think so."

"Could the courts have been mistaken?"

He started up again, and threw himself into another chair. "Good God, Kate! We gave her every chance to prove her case—why didn't she do it? You don't know what you're talking about—such things are kept from girls. Why, whenever a man of Arthur's kind dies, such—such women turn up. There are lawyers who live on such jobs—ask your father about it. Of course, this woman expected to be bought off——"

"But if she wouldn't take your money?"

"She expected a big sum, I mean, to drop the case. When she found we meant to fight it, she saw the game was up. I suppose it was her last throw, and she was desperate; we don't know how many times she may have been through the same thing before. That kind of woman is always trying to make money out of the heirs of any man who—who has—been about with them."

Kate received this in silence. She had a sense of walking along a narrow ledge of consciousness above a sheer hallucinating depth into which she dared not look. But the depth drew her, and she plunged one terrified glance into it.

"But the child—the child was Arthur's?"

Peyton shrugged his shoulders. "There again—how can we tell? Why, I don't suppose the woman herself—I wish to heaven your father were here to explain!"

She rose and crossed over to him, laying her hands on his shoulders with a gesture almost maternal.

"Don't let us talk of it," she said. "You did all you could. Think what a comfort you were to poor Arthur."

He let her hands lie where she had placed them, without response or resistance.

"I tried—I tried hard to keep him straight!"

"We all know that—every one knows it. And we know how grateful he was—what a difference it made to him in the end. It would have been dreadful to think of his dying out there alone."

She drew him down on a sofa and seated herself by his side. A deep lassitude was upon him, and the hand she had possessed herself of lay in her hold inert.

"It was splendid of you to travel day and night as you did. And then that dreadful week before he died! But for you he would have died alone among strangers."

He sat silent, his head dropping forward, his eyes fixed. "Among strangers," he repeated absently.

She looked up, as if struck by a sudden thought. "That poor woman—did you ever see her while you were out there?"

He drew his hand away and gathered his brows together as if in an effort of remembrance.

"I saw her—oh, yes, I saw her." He pushed the tumbled hair from his forehead and stood up. "Let us go out," he said. "My head is in a fog. I want to get away from it all."

A wave of compunction drew her to her feet.

"It was my fault! I ought not to have asked so many questions." She turned and rang the bell. "I'll order the ponies—we shall have time for a drive before sunset."

II

WITH the sunset in their faces they swept through the keen-scented autumn air at the swiftest pace of Kate's ponies. She had given the reins to Peyton, and he had turned the horses' heads away from the lake, rising by woody upland lanes to the high pastures which still held the sunlight. The horses were fresh enough to claim his undivided attention, and he drove in silence, his smooth fair profile turned to his companion, who sat silent also.

Kate Orme was engaged in one of those rapid mental excursions which were forever sweeping her from the straight path of the actual into uncharted regions of conjecture. Her survey of life had always been marked by the tendency to seek out ultimate rela-

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tions, to extend her researches to the limit of her imaginative experience. But hitherto she had been like some young captive brought up in a windowless palace whose painted walls she takes for the actual world. Now the palace had been shaken to its base, and through a cleft in the walls she looked out upon life. For the first moment, all was indistinguishable blackness; then she began to detect vague shapes and confused gestures in the depths. There were people below there, men like Denis, girls like herself—for under the unlikeness she felt the strange affinity—all struggling in that awful coil of moral darkness, with agonized hands reaching up for rescue. Her heart shrank from the horror of it, and then, in a passion of pity, drew back to the edge of the abyss. Suddenly her eyes turned toward Denis. His face was grave, but less disturbed. And men knew about these things! They carried this abyss in their bosoms, and went about smiling, and sat at the feet of innocence. Could it be that Denis—Denis even——? Ah, no! She remembered what he had been to poor Arthur; she understood, now, the vague allusions to what he had tried to do for his brother. He had seen Arthur down there, in that coiling blackness, and had leaned over and tried to drag him out. But Arthur was too deep down, and his arms were interlocked with other arms—they had dragged each other deeper, poor souls, like drowning people who fight together in the waves! Kate's visualizing habit gave a hateful precision and persistency to the image she had evoked—she could not rid herself of the vision of anguished shapes striving together in the darkness. The horror of it took her by the throat—she drew a choking breath, and felt the tears on her face.

Peyton turned to her. The horses were climbing a hill, and his attention had strayed from them.

"This has done me good," he began; but as he looked his voice changed. "Kate! What is it? Why are you crying? Oh, for God's sake, *don't!*" he ended, his hand closing on her wrist.

She steadied herself and raised her eyes to his.

"I—I couldn't help it," she stammered, struggling in the sudden release of her pent compassion. "It seems so awful that we should stand so close to this horror—that it might have been you who——"

"I who——? What on earth do you mean?" he broke in stridently.

"Oh, don't you see? I found myself exulting that you and I were so far from it—above it—safe in ourselves and each other—and then the other feeling came—the sense of selfishness, of going by on the other side; and I tried to realize that it might have been you and I who—who were down there in the night and the flood——"

Peyton let the whip fall on the ponies' flanks. "Upon my soul," he said with a laugh, "you must have a nice opinion of both of us."

The words fell chillingly on the blaze of her self-immolation. Would she never learn to remember that Denis was incapable of mounting such hypothetical pyres? He might be as alive as herself to the direct demands of duty, but of its imaginative claims he was robustly unconscious. The thought brought a wholesome reaction of thankfulness.

"Ah, well," she said, the sunset dilating through her tears, "don't you see that I can bear to think such things only because they're impossibilities? It's easy to look over into the depths if one has a rampart to lean on. What I most pity poor Arthur for, is that, instead of that woman lying there, so dreadfully dead, there might have been a girl like me, so exquisitely alive because of him; but it seems cruel, doesn't it, to let what he was *not* add ever so little to the value of what you are? To let him contribute ever so little to my happiness by the difference there is between you?"

She was conscious, as she spoke, of straying again beyond his reach, through intricacies of sensation new even to her exploring susceptibilities. A happy literalness usually enabled him to strike a short cut through such labyrinths, and rejoin her smiling on the other side; but now she became wonderingly aware that he had been caught in the thick of her hypothesis.

"It's the difference that makes you care for me, then?" he broke out, with a kind of violence which seemed to renew his clutch on her wrist.

"The difference?"

He lashed the ponies again, so sharply that a murmur escaped her, and he drew them up, quivering, with an inconsequent

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"Steady, boys," at which their back-laid ears protested.

"It's because I'm moral and respectable, and all that, that you're fond of me," he went on; "you're—you're simply in love with my virtues. You couldn't imagine caring if I were down there in the ditch, as you say, with Arthur?"

The question fell on a silence which seemed to deepen suddenly within herself. Every thought hung bated on the sense that something was coming: her whole consciousness became a void to receive it.

"Denis!" she cried.

He turned on her almost savagely. "I don't want your pity, you know," he burst out. "You can keep that for Arthur. I had an idea women loved men for themselves—through everything, I mean. But I wouldn't steal your love—I don't want it on false pretenses, you understand. Go and look into other men's lives, that's all I ask of you. I slipped into it—it was just a case of holding my tongue when I ought to have spoken—but I—I—for God's sake, don't sit there staring! I suppose you've seen all along that I knew he was married to the woman."

III

THE housekeeper's reminding her that Mr. Orme would be at home the next day for dinner, and did she think he would like the venison with claret sauce or jelly? roused Kate to the first consciousness of her surroundings. Her father would return on the morrow: he would give to the dressing of the venison such minute consideration as, in his opinion, every detail affecting his comfort or convenience quite obviously merited. And if it were not the venison it would be something else; if it were not the housekeeper it would be Mr. Orme, charged with the results of a conference with his agent, a committee-meeting at his club, or any of the other incidents which, by happening to himself, became events. Kate found herself caught in the inexorable continuity of life, found herself gazing over a scene of ruin lit up by the punctual recurrence of habit as nature's calm stare lights the morrow of a whirlwind.

Life was going on, then, and dragging her at its wheels. She could neither check its rush nor wrench loose from it and drop out—oh, how blessedly!—into darkness and cessation. She must go bounding on, racked, broken, but alive in every fibre. The most she could hope was a few hours' respite, not from her own terrors, but from the pressure of outward claims: the midday halt, during which the victim is unbound while his torturers rest from their efforts. Till her father's return she would have the house to herself, and, the question of the venison despatched, could give herself to long lonely pacings of the empty rooms, and shuddering subsidences upon her pillow.

Her first impulse, as the mist cleared from her brain, was the habitual one of reaching out for ultimate relations. She wanted to know the worst; and for her, as she saw in a flash, the worst of it was the core of fatality in what had happened. She shrank from her own way of putting it—nor was it even figuratively true that she had ever felt, under her faith in Denis, any such doubt as the perception implied. But that was merely because her imagination had never put him to the test. She was fond of exposing herself to hypothetical ordeals, but somehow she had never carried Denis with her on these adventures. What she saw now was that, in a world of strangeness, he remained the object least strange to her. She was not in the tragic case of the girl who suddenly sees her lover unmasked. No mask had dropped from Denis's face: the pink shades had simply been lifted from the lamps, and she saw him for the first time in an unmitigated glare.

Such exposure does not alter the features, but it lays an ugly emphasis on the most charming lines, pushing the smile to a grin, the curve of good-nature to the droop of slackness. And it was precisely into the flagging lines of extreme weakness that Denis's graceful contour flowed. In the terrible talk which had followed his avowal, and wherein every word flashed a light on his moral processes, she had been less startled by what he had done than by the way in which his conscience had already become a passive surface for the channelling of consequences. He was like a child who has put a match to the curtains, and stands agape at the blaze. It was horribly naughty to put the match—but beyond

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that the child's responsibility did not extend. In this business of Arthur's, where all had been wrong from the beginning—where self-defence might well find a plea for its casuistries in the absence of a definite right to be measured by—it had been easy, after the first slip, to drop a little lower with each struggle. The woman—oh, the woman was—well, of the kind who prey on such men. Arthur, out there, at his lowest ebb, had drifted into living with her as a man drifts into drink or opium. He knew what she was—he knew where she had come from. But he had fallen ill, and she had nursed him—nursed him devotedly, of course. That was her chance, and she knew it. Before he was out of the fever she had the noose around him—he came to and found himself married. Such cases were common enough—if the man recovered he bought off the woman and got a divorce. It was all a part of the business—the marriage, the bribe, the divorce. Some of those women made a big income out of it—they were married and divorced once a year. If Arthur had only got well—but, instead, he had a relapse and died. And there was the woman, made his widow by mischance as it were, with her child on her arm—whose child?—and a scoundrelly black-mailing lawyer to work up her case for her. Her claim was clear enough—the right of dower, a third of his estate. But if he had never meant to marry her? If he had been trapped as patently as a rustic fleeced in a gambling hell? Arthur, in his last hours, had confessed to the marriage, but had also acknowledged its folly. And after his death, when Denis came to look about him and make enquiries, he found that the witnesses, if there had been any, were dispersed and undiscoverable. The whole question hinged on Arthur's statement to his brother. Suppress that statement, and the claim vanished, and with it the scandal, the humiliation, the life-long burden of the woman and child dragging the name of Peyton through heaven knew what depths. He had thought of that first, Denis swore, rather than of the money. The money, of course, had made a difference—he was too honest not to own it—but not till afterward, he declared—would have declared on his honour, but that the word tripped him up, and sent a flush to his forehead.

Thus, in broken phrases, he flung his defence at her: a defence improvised, pieced together as he went along, to mask the crude instinctiveness of his act. For with increasing clearness Kate saw, as she listened, that there had been no real struggle in his mind: that, but for the grim logic of chance, he might never have felt the need of any justification. If the woman, after the manner of such baffled huntresses, had wandered off in search of fresh prey, he might, quite sincerely, have congratulated himself on having saved a decent name and an honest fortune from her talons. It was the price she had paid to establish her claim that for the first time brought him to a startled sense of its justice. His conscience responded only to the concrete pressure of facts.

It was with the anguish of this discovery that Kate Orme locked herself in at the end of their talk. How the talk had ended, how at length she had got him from the room and the house, she recalled but confusedly. The tragedy of the woman's death, and of his own share in it, were as nothing in the disaster of his bright irreclaimableness. Once, when she had cried out, "You would have married me and said nothing," and he groaned back, "But I *have* told you," she felt like a trainer with a lash above some bewildered animal.

But she persisted savagely. "You told me because you had to; because your nerves gave way; because you knew it couldn't hurt you to tell." The perplexed appeal of his gaze had almost checked her. "You told me because it was a relief; but nothing will really relieve you—nothing will really help you—till you have told some one who—who *will* hurt you."

"Who will hurt me——?"

"Till you have told the truth as—as openly as you lied."

He started up, ghastly with fear. "I don't understand you."

"You must confess, then — publicly — openly — you must go to the judge. I don't know how it's done."

"To the judge? When they're both dead? When everything is at an end? What good could that do?" he groaned.

"Everything is not at an end for you—everything is just beginning. You must clear yourself of this guilt; and there is only one way—to confess it. And you must give back the money."

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This seemed to strike him as conclusive proof of her irrelevance. "I wish I had never heard of the money! But to whom would you have me give it back? I tell you she was a waif out of the gutter. I don't believe anyone knew her real name —I don't believe she had one."

"She must have had a mother and father."

"Am I to devote my life to hunting for them through the slums of California? And how shall I know when I have found them? It's impossible to make you understand. I did wrong—I did horribly wrong —but that is not the way to repair it."

"What is, then?"

He paused, a little askance at the question. "To do better—to do my best," he said, with a sudden flourish of firmness. "To take warning by this dreadful——"

"Oh, be silent," she cried out, and hid her face. He looked at her hopelessly.

At last he said: "I don't know what good it can do to go on talking. I have only one more thing to say. Of course you know that you are free."

He spoke simply, with a sudden return to his old voice and accent, at which she weakened as under a caress. She lifted her head and gazed at him. "Am I?" she said musingly.

"Kate!" burst from him; but she raised a silencing hand.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I am imprisoned—imprisoned with you in this dreadful thing. First I must help you to get out—then it will be time enough to think of myself."

His face fell and he stammered again: "I don't understand you."

"I can't say what I shall do—or how I shall feel—till I know what you are going to do and feel."

"You must see how I feel—that I'm half dead with it."

"Yes—but that is only half."

He turned this over for a perceptible space of time before asking slowly: "You mean that you'll give me up, if I don't do this crazy thing you propose?"

She paused in turn. "No," she said; "I don't want to bribe you. You must feel the need of it yourself."

"The need of proclaiming this thing publicly?"

"Yes."

He sat staring before him. "Of course, you realize what it would mean?" he began at length.

"To you?" she returned.

"I put that aside. To others—to you. I should go to prison."

"I suppose so," she said simply.

"You seem to take it very easily—I'm afraid my mother wouldn't."

"Your mother?" This produced the effect he had expected.

"You hadn't thought of her, I suppose? It would probably kill her."

"It would have killed her to think that you could do what you have done!"

"It would have made her very unhappy; but there's a difference."

Yes: there was a difference; a difference which no rhetoric could disguise. The secret sin would have made Mrs. Peyton wretched, but it would not have killed her. And she would have taken precisely Denis's view of the elasticity of atonement: she would have accepted private regrets as the genteel equivalent of open expiation. Kate could even imagine her extracting a "lesson" from the providential fact that her son had not been found out.

"You see it's not so simple," he broke out, with a tinge of doleful triumph.

"No: it's not simple," she assented.

"One must think of others," he continued, gathering faith in his argument as he saw her reduced to acquiescence.

She made no answer, and after a moment he rose to go. So far, in retrospect, she could follow the course of their talk; but when, in the act of parting, argument lapsed into entreaty, and renunciation into the passionate appeal to give him at least one more hearing, her memory lost itself in a tumult of pain, and she recalled only that, when the door closed on him, he took with him her promise to see him once again.

IV

SHE had promised to see him again; but the promise did not imply that she had rejected his offer of freedom. In the first rush of misery she had not fully repossessed herself, had felt herself entangled in his fate by a hundred meshes of association and habit; but after a sleepless night spent with the thought of him—that dreadful

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bridal of their souls—she woke to a morrow in which he had no part. She had not sought her freedom, nor had he given it: but a chasm had opened at their feet, and they found themselves on different sides.

Now she was able to scan the disaster from the melancholy vantage of her independence. She could even draw a solace from the fact that she had ceased to love Denis. It was inconceivable that an emotion so interwoven with every fibre of consciousness should cease as suddenly as the flow of sap in an uprooted plant; but she had never allowed herself to be tricked by the current phraseology of sentiment, and there were no stock axioms to protect her from the truth.

It was probably because she had ceased to love him that she could look forward with a kind of ghastly composure to seeing him again. She had stipulated, of course, that the wedding should be put off, but she had named no other condition beyond asking for two days to herself, two days during which he was not even to write. She wished to shut herself in with her misery, to accustom herself to it as she had accustomed herself to happiness. But actual seclusion was impossible: the subtle reactions of life almost at once began to break down her defences. She could no more have her wretchedness to herself than any other emotion: all the lives about her were so many unconscious factors in her sensations. She tried to concentrate herself on the thought as to how she could best help poor Denis; for love, in ebbing, had laid bare an unsuspected depth of pity. But she found it more and more difficult to consider his situation in the abstract light of right and wrong. Open expiation still seemed to her the only possible way of healing; but she tried vainly to think of Mrs. Peyton as taking such a view. Yet Mrs. Peyton ought at least to know what had happened: was it not, in the last resort, she who should pronounce on her son's course? For a moment Kate was fascinated by this evasion of responsibility; she had nearly decided to tell Denis that he must begin by confessing everything to his mother. But almost at once she began to shrink from the consequences. There was nothing she so dreaded for him as that any one should take a light view of his act: should turn its irremediableness into an excuse. And this, she foresaw, was what Mrs. Peyton would do. The first burst of misery over, she would envelop the whole situation in a mist of expediency. Brought to the bar of Kate's judgment, she at once revealed herself incapable of higher action.

Kate's conception of her was still under arraignment when the actual Mrs. Peyton fluttered in. It was the afternoon of the second day, as the girl phrased it in the dismal re-creation of her universe. She had been thinking so hard of Mrs. Peyton that the lady's silvery insubstantial presence seemed hardly more than a projection of the thought; but as Kate collected herself, and regained contact with the outer world, her preoccupation yielded to surprise. It was unusual for Mrs. Peyton to pay visits. For years she had remained enthroned in a semi-invalidism which prohibited effort while it did not preclude diversion; and the girl at once divined a special purpose in her coming.

Mrs. Peyton's traditions would not have permitted any direct method of attack; and Kate had to sit through the usual prelude of ejaculation and anecdote. Presently, however, the elder lady's voice gathered significance, and laying her hand on Kate's she murmured: "I have come to talk to you of this sad affair."

Kate began to tremble. Was it possible that Denis had after all spoken? A rising hope checked her utterance, and she saw in a flash that it still lay with him to regain his hold on her. But Mrs. Peyton went on delicately: "It has been a great shock to my poor boy. To be brought in contact with Arthur's past was in itself inexpressibly painful; but this last dreadful business —that woman's wicked act——"

"Wicked?" Kate exclaimed.

Mrs. Peyton's gentle stare reproved her. "Surely religion teaches us that suicide is a sin? And to murder her child! I ought not to speak to you of such things, my dear. No one has ever mentioned anything so dreadful in my presence: my dear husband used to screen me so carefully from the painful side of life. Where there is so much that is beautiful to dwell upon, we should try to ignore the existence of such horrors. But nowadays everything is in the papers; and Denis told me he thought it better that you should hear the news first from him."

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"But for you he would have died alone among strangers."—Page 151.

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Kate nodded without speaking.

"He felt how *dreadful* it was to have to tell you. But I tell him he takes a morbid view of the case. Of course one is shocked at the woman's crime—but, if one looks a little deeper, how can one help seeing that it may have been designed as the means of rescuing that poor child from a life of vice and misery? That is the view I want Denis to take: I want him to see how all the difficulties of life disappear when one has learned to look for a divine purpose in human sufferings."

Mrs. Peyton rested a moment on this period, as an experienced climber pauses to be overtaken by a less agile companion; but presently she became aware that Kate was still far below her, and perhaps needed a stronger incentive to the ascent.

"My dear child," she said adroitly, "I said just now that I was sorry that you had been obliged to hear of this sad affair; but, after all, it is only you who can avert its consequences."

Kate drew an eager breath. "Its consequences?" she faltered.

Mrs. Peyton's voice dropped solemnly. "Denis has told me everything," she said.

"Everything?"

"That you insist on putting off the marriage. Oh, my dear, I do implore you to reconsider that!"

Kate sank back with the sense of having passed again into a region of leaden shadow. "Is that all he told you?"

Mrs. Peyton gazed at her with arch raillery. "All? Isn't it everything—to him?"

"Did he give you my reason, I mean?"

"He said you felt that, after this shocking tragedy, there ought, in decency, to be a delay; and I quite understand the feeling. It does seem too unfortunate that the woman should have chosen this particular time! But you will find as you grow older that life is full of such sad contrasts."

Kate felt herself slowly petrifying under the warm drip of Mrs. Peyton's platitudes.

"It seems to me," the elder lady continued, "that there is only one point from which we ought to consider the question—and that is, its effect on Denis. But for that we ought to refuse to know anything about it. But it has made my boy so unhappy. The law-suit was a cruel ordeal to him—the dreadful notoriety, the revelation of poor Arthur's infirmities. Denis is as sensitive as a woman; it is his unusual refinement of feeling that makes him so worthy of being loved by you. But such sensitiveness may be carried to excess. He ought not to let this unhappy incident prey on him: it shows a lack of trust in the divine ordering of things. That is what troubles me: his faith in life has been shaken. And—you must forgive me, dear child—you *will* forgive me, I know—but I can't help blaming you a little——"

Mrs. Peyton's accent converted the accusation into a caress, which prolonged itself in a tremulous pressure of Kate's hand.

The girl gazed at her blankly. "You blame *me*——?"

"Don't be offended, my child. I only fear that your excessive sympathy with Denis, your own delicacy of feeling, may have led you to encourage his morbid ideas. He tells me you were very much shocked—as you naturally would be—as any girl must be—I would not have you otherwise, dear Kate! It is *beautiful* that you should both feel so; most beautiful; but you know religion teaches us not to yield too much to our grief. Let the dead bury their dead; the living owe themselves to each other. And what had this wretched woman to do with either of you? It is a misfortune for Denis to have been connected in any way with a man of Arthur Peyton's character; but, after all, poor Arthur did all he could to atone for the disgrace he brought on us, by making Denis his heir—and I am sure I have no wish to question the decrees of Providence." Mrs. Peyton paused again and then softly absorbed both of Kate's hands. "For my part," she continued, "I see in it all another instance of the beautiful ordering of events. Just after dear Denis's inheritance has removed the last obstacle to your marriage, this sad incident comes to show how desperately he needs you, how cruel it would be to ask him to defer his happiness."

She broke off, shaken out of her habitual placidity by the abrupt withdrawal of the girl's hands. Kate sat inertly staring, but no answer rose to her lips.

At length Mrs. Peyton resumed, gathering her draperies about her with a tentative hint of leave-taking: "I may go home and tell him that you will not put off the wedding?"

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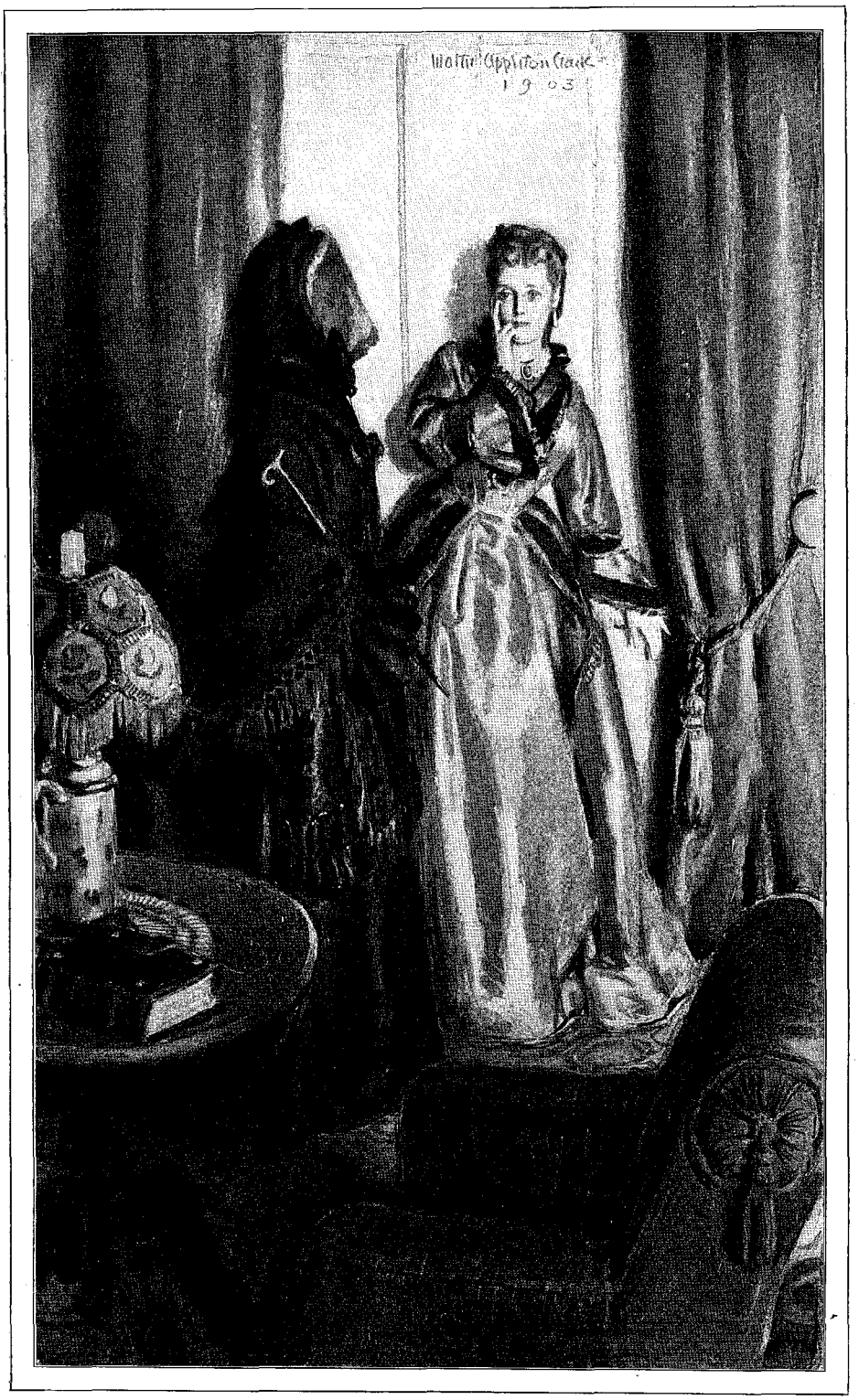

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"It is simply that you have ceased to love him."—Page 160.

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Kate was still silent, and her visitor looked at her with the mild surprise of an advocate unaccustomed to plead in vain.

"If your silence means refusal, my dear, I think you ought to realize the responsibility you assume." Mrs. Peyton's voice had acquired an edge of righteous asperity. "If Denis has a fault it is that he is too gentle, too yielding, too readily influenced by those he cares for. Your influence is paramount with him now—but if you turn from him just when he needs your help, who can say what the result will be?"

The argument, though impressively delivered, was hardly of a nature to carry conviction to its hearer; but it was perhaps for that very reason that she suddenly and unexpectedly replied to it by sinking back into her seat with a burst of tears. To Mrs. Peyton, however, tears were the signal of surrender, and, at Kate's side in an instant, she hastened to temper her triumph with magnanimity.

"Don't think I don't feel with you; but we must both forget ourselves for our boy's sake. I told him I should come back with your promise."

The arm she had slipped about Kate's shoulder fell back with the girl's sudden start. Kate had seen in a flash what capital would be made of her emotion.

"No, no, you misunderstand me. I can make no promise," she declared.

The older lady sat a moment irresolute; then she restored her arm to the shoulder from which it had been so abruptly displaced.

"My dear child," she said, in a tone of tender confidence, "if I have misunderstood you, ought you not to enlighten me? You asked me just now if Denis had given me your reason for this strange postponement. He gave me one reason, but it seems hardly sufficient to explain your conduct. If there is any other—and I know you well enough to feel sure there is—will you not trust me with it? If my boy has been unhappy enough to displease you, will you not give his mother the chance to plead his cause? Remember, no one should be condemned unheard. As Denis's mother, I have the right to ask for your reason."

"My reason? My reason?" Kate stammered, panting with the exhaustion of the struggle. Oh, if only Mrs. Peyton would release her! "If you have the right to know it, why doesn't he tell you?" she cried.

Mrs. Peyton stood up quivering. "I will go home and ask him," she said. "I will tell him he has your permission to speak."

She moved toward the door, with the nervous haste of a person unaccustomed to decisive action. But Kate sprang before her.

"No, no; don't ask him! I implore you not to ask him," she cried.

Mrs. Peyton turned on her with sudden authority of voice and gesture. "Do I understand you?" she said. "You admit that you have a reason for putting off your marriage, and yet you forbid me—me, Denis's mother—to ask him what it is? My poor child, I needn't ask, for I know already. If he has offended you, and you refuse him the chance to defend himself, I needn't look farther for your reason: it is simply that you have ceased to love him."

Kate fell back from the door which she had instinctively barricaded.

"Perhaps that is it," she murmured, letting Mrs. Peyton pass.

V

MR. ORME'S returning carriage-wheels crossed Mrs. Peyton's indignant flight; and an hour later Kate, in the bland candle-light of the dinner-hour, sat listening with practised fortitude to her father's comments on the venison.

She had wondered, as she awaited him in the drawing-room, if he would notice any change in her appearance. It seemed to her that the flagellation of her thoughts must have left visible traces. But Mr. Orme was not a man of subtle perceptions, save where his personal comfort was affected: though his egoism was clothed in the finest feelers, he did not suspect a similar surface in others. His daughter, as part of himself, came within the normal range of his solicitude; but she was an outlying region, a subject province; and Mr. Orme's was a highly centralized polity.

News of the painful incident—he often used Mrs. Peyton's vocabulary — had reached him at his club, and to some extent disturbed the assimilation of a carefully ordered breakfast; but since then two days

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had passed, and it did not take Mr. Orme forty-eight hours to resign himself to the misfortunes of others. It was all very nasty, of course, and he wished to heaven it hadn't happened to any one about to be connected with him; but he viewed it with the transient annoyance of a gentleman who has been splashed by the mud of a fatal runaway.

Mr. Orme affected, under such circumstances, a bluff and hearty stoicism as remote as possible from Mrs. Peyton's deprecating evasion of facts. It was a bad business; he was sorry Kate should have been mixed up with it; but she would be married soon now, and then she would see that life wasn't exactly a Sunday-school story. Everybody was exposed to such disagreeable accidents: he remembered a case in their own family—oh, a distant cousin whom Kate wouldn't have heard of—a poor fellow who had got entangled with just such a woman, and having (most properly) been sent packing by his father, had justified the latter's course by promptly forging his name—a very nasty affair altogether; but luckily the scandal had been hushed up, the woman bought off, and the prodigal, after a season of probation, safely married to a nice girl with a good income, who was told by the family that the doctors recommended his settling in California.

Luckily the scandal was hushed up: the phrase blazed out against the dark background of Kate's misery. That was doubtless what most people felt—the words represented the consensus of respectable opinion. The best way of repairing a fault was to hide it: to tear up the floor and bury the victim at night. Above all, no coroner and no autopsy!

She began to feel a strange interest in her distant cousin. "And his wife—did she know what he had done?"

Mr. Orme stared. His moral pointed, he had returned to the contemplation of his own affairs.

"His wife? Oh, of course not. The secret has been most admirably kept; but her property was put in trust, so she's quite safe with him."

Her property! Kate wondered if her faith in her husband had also been put in trust, if her sensibilities had been protected from his possible inroads.

"Do you think it quite fair to have deceived her in that way?"

Mr. Orme gave her a puzzled glance: he had no taste for the by-paths of ethical conjecture.

"His people wanted to give the poor fellow another chance: they did the best they could for him."

"And—he has done nothing dishonourable since?"

"Not that I know of: the last I heard was that they had a little boy, and that he was quite happy. At that distance he's not likely to bother *us*, at all events."

Long after Mr. Orme had left the topic, Kate remained lost in its contemplation. She had begun to perceive that the fair surface of life was honey-combed by a vast system of moral sewage. Every respectable household had its special arrangements for the private disposal of family scandals; it was only among the reckless and improvident that such hygienic precautions were neglected. Who was she to pass judgment on the merits of such a system? The social health must be preserved: the means devised were the result of long experience and the collective instinct of self-preservation. She had meant to tell her father that evening that her marriage had been put off; but she now abstained from doing so, not from any doubt of Mr. Orme's acquiescence—he could always be made to feel the force of conventional scruples—but because the whole question sank into insignificance beside the larger issue which his words had raised.

In her own room, that night, she passed through that travail of the soul of which the deeper life is born. Her first sense was of a great moral loneliness—an isolation more complete, more impenetrable, than that in which the discovery of Denis's act had plunged her. For she had vaguely leaned, then, on a collective sense of justice that should respond to her own ideas of right and wrong: she still believed in the logical correspondence of theory and practice. Now she saw that, among those nearest her, there was no one who recognized the moral need of expiation. She saw that to take her father or Mrs. Peyton into her confidence would be but to widen the circle of sterile misery in which she and Denis moved. At first the aspect of life thus revealed to her seemed simply mean

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and base—a world where honour was a pact of silence between adroit accomplices. The network of circumstance had tightened round her, and every effort to escape drew its meshes closer. But as her struggles subsided she felt the spiritual release which comes with acceptance: not connivance in dishonour, but recognition of evil. Out of that dark vision light was to come, the shaft of cloud turning to the pillar of fire. For here, at last, life lay before her as it was: not brave, garlanded and victorious, but naked, grovelling, and diseased, dragging its maimed limbs through the mud, yet lifting piteous hands to the stars. Love itself, once throned aloft on an altar of dreams, how it stole to her now, storm-beaten and scarred, pleading for the shelter of her breast! Love, indeed, not in the old sense in which she had conceived it, but a graver, austerer presence—the charity of the mystic three. She thought she had ceased to love Denis—but what had she loved in him but her happiness and his? Their affection had been the *garden enclosed* of the Canticles, where they were to walk forever in a delicate isolation of bliss. But now love appeared to her as something more than this—something wider, deeper, more enduring than the selfish passion of a man and a woman. She saw it in all its far-reaching issues, till the first meeting of two pairs of young eyes kindled a light which might be a high-lifted beacon across dark waters of humanity.

All this did not come to her clearly, consecutively, but in a series of blurred and shifting images. Marriage had meant to her, as it means to girls brought up in ignorance of life, simply the exquisite prolongation of wooing. If she had looked beyond, to the vision of wider ties, it was as a traveller gazes over a land veiled in golden haze, and so far distant that the imagination delays to explore it. But now through the blur of sensations one image strangely persisted—the image of Denis's child. Had she ever before thought of their having a child? She could not remember. She was like one who wakens from a long fever: she recalled nothing of her former self or of her former feelings. She knew only that the vision persisted—the vision of the child whose mother she was not to be. It was impossible that she should marry Denis—her inmost soul rejected him . . . but it was just because she was not to be the child's mother that its image followed her so pleadingly. For she saw with perfect clearness the inevitable course of events. Denis would marry some one else—he was one of the men who are fated to marry, and she needed not his mother's reminder that her abandonment of him at an emotional crisis would fling him upon the first sympathy within reach. He would marry a girl who knew nothing of his secret—for Kate was intensely aware that he would never again willingly confess himself—he would marry a girl who trusted him and leaned on him, as she, Kate Orme—the earlier Kate Orme—had done but two days since! And with this deception between them their child would be born: born to an inheritance of secret weakness, a vice of the moral fibre, as it might be born with some hidden physical taint which would destroy it before the cause could be detected. . . . Well, and what of it? Was she to hold herself responsible? Were not thousands of children born with some such unsuspected taint? . . . Ah, but if here was one that she could save? What if she, who had had so exquisite a vision of wifehood, should reconstruct from its ruins this vision of protecting maternity—if her love for her lover should be, not lost, but transformed, enlarged, into this passion of charity for his race? If she might expiate and redeem his fault by becoming a refuge from its consequences? Before this strange extension of her love all the old limitations seemed to fall. Something had cleft the surface of self, and there welled up the mysterious primal influences, the sacrificial instinct of her sex, a passion of spiritual motherhood that made her long to fling herself between the unborn child and its fate. . . .

She never knew, then or after, how she reached this mystic climax of effacement; she was only conscious, through her anguish, of that lift of the heart which made one of the saints declare that joy was the inmost core of sorrow. For it was indeed a kind of joy she felt, if old names must serve for such new meanings; a surge of liberating faith in life, the old *credo quia absurdum* which is the secret cry of all supreme endeavour.

(To be continued.)

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THE SEA-FIGHT OFF USHANT

MAY 28—JUNE 1, 1794

By Hilaire Belloc

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWY.

TO the Bretons, the Basques, and the Irish; the men of Cornwall, Devon, and Wales, of outer Scotland and the Hebrides (races not dissimilar in their hidden habits of thought and in the vague sadness of their eyes) the Northern Atlantic is a boundary for the mind.

The moods of that sea have colored their religion. Their suns have set in it so long, their forgotten adventures and their legends are so thoroughly a part of its mystery, it is so much their livelihood, their climate, background, resting-place, and grave, that their history can alone be comprehended by men who have themselves watched it from the great hills into which Europe breaks to meet the south-west wind.

In early summer—or rather in what is spring for the woods inland—that vast unknown of water wherein the people of whom I speak have set the blessed islands and all the region of death, carries a peculiar air not easily to be defined.

Winter—a winter not cold but furious—seems long to have left the ocean, but its menace and its fitful return still hang over the fortieth and fiftieth parallels during all the month of May and far into June: even the longest days are angered with sudden raids.

But all the while a hint of other things comes floating upon the Spanish current from the islands, from the Azores. Whole days of calm and livening weather creep in to oust the gales, and a man may slip from one port to another upon a rippling sea and in the light. There are perfumes in the wind off the land. These days determine the opening of another season. They are closed by the last storm returning from the full breadth of the horizon; clouds that never saw the fields, sea-clouds, run shredded close to the sea, and though the darkness and the cold have gone, there is noise and waste and the shores are blinded with spray.

Upon such a field was fought the first sea-fight between the French and the English in the Revolutionary wars.

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Already for two years the Revolution had grappled it in actual arms with the world it was destined to transform. The Republic had resisted the pressure of that strain, but had mastered it at the price of agony and perhaps of delirium. Her vast levies, the unflinching despotism of her martial law in the Terror, her exultation grown inhuman because it had trusted the vision of an absolute goal, these had so dissolved the very structure of French society as to disturb the natural economic processes of production. The molecular energy which is in a state, the innumerable intercommunication of individual activities, had been transformed into a mechanical energy of the whole. The interior life of the nation was paralyzed. Its wealth and food had failed.

There was no longer a Belgium to administer nor any silver to be sold; the end of the supplies of wheat was in sight.

It was in this agony—during the necessities that were driving the Great Committee to the worst of the Terror, in the moment which saw Danton and the Indulgents sacrificed, the awful experiment of the seven weeks' tyranny begun—that the French Agent in America was instructed to buy corn.

Of the many new things which the Great Committee created, from the tactics that Napoleon inherited to the educational system which the third Republic has had leisure to complete, this experiment in the feeding of Europe from the New World must be reckoned as not the least curious. For the first time since the

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Romans a whole nation was beleaguered; for the first time since the Romans its executive recognized a public state of siege; and the same centralized power that had imposed dictatorship took the rapid decision to draw food from foreign granaries.

It is necessary, in the story of what follows, to put aside from the mind the swirl and tumult of the Revolution, it is necessary to remember only the growing desperation of the famine and to fix one's eyes upon that long fleet of a hundred ships and more moving, under Van Stabel's tiny escort, uncertainly eastward, becalmed, baffled, and slow, all its 3,000 miles from New York to Brest. Turcoing was not yet fought, Fleurus undreamed of; the main wrestling was still wavering and breathless; the food of the men who (just before harvest) finally freed the Republic lay in the bluff hulls of that long, sluggish line of vessels. In the attempt to intercept such succor, in the defence of it, arose the action which is the theme of these lines.

It was on May 2d that Lord Howe sailed from Spithead with twenty-five sail of the line. He detached Montague westward with six vessels and himself ran down to assure himself that the French fleet was still in harbor at Brest—he so discovered it on May 5th and went off southward, searching if any other division lay off Gascony. He found none, and in a fortnight had returned to the northern station.

Meanwhile within the great port and arsenal of Brittany, that same fever, unwise, enormous, but creative—the enthusiastic violence which ultimately saved the eastern frontier—was at work upon the ships. It attempted prodigies; it destroyed in a blind fanaticism the very elements of so complex an organism as the naval forces of France; it put forth with prodigious activity the new and strange experiments which transformed and reinvigorated, but still left crippled and distorted, the arrangement of the fleet.

The officers—the best at least and those of the largest training—had disappeared in the emigration of the nobility. Many of those that had remained, the suspicion of treason, the violence of the civil war, had imprisoned, killed, or exiled. Such discipline as had survived the unpunished mutinies of the first two years of the Revolution, and the anarchy of the third, had been suddenly and abnormally strained by the new despotism of the Terror. What was worse, rapid promotion and a neglect of routine (the methods which were to prove so miraculous upon land, to produce Hoche, Marceau, and a hundred others) were applied hurriedly and with far less success to the more conservative service.

A ship is not a regiment, it is a home. Domestic traditions, conventions, follies, are still a religion aboard. Political enthusiasm breaks against those highly separate units; political doctrines can exercise none save a disturbing influence upon the routine and legend of a man-of-war. To insist upon such principles and to presuppose them in the officers and men of the fleet was to impair in a final manner the power of the Revolution at sea. Moreover, the sea develops in those who serve it something applied, reserved and silent, very ill-suited to respond to the spur of revolutionary endeavor.

It was not only that men were raised suddenly from the ranks to positions of responsibility, not only the extreme youth of some, the inexperience of others that injured the general command. There was also promotion by political prejudice and by the favor of the chance man who might have power in Paris.

Two further irremediable evils affected the force. The supply of men had failed; the gunners were untrained.

On land the depletion of the army, a depletion which had necessarily followed the voluntaryist theories of 1789, 1790, 1791, had been met by the conscription of 1793. At sea the forced levies could not be so immediately trained, so gradually moulded, so well distributed or so rapidly absorbed. One-half of those that manned the fleet in Brest had never before set foot on a deck; they had been drafted hurriedly from the neighborhood and drilled in their new duties day and night as civilians are pressed in the emergency of a siege.

The lack of gunners was a yet graver weakness. The old, highly trained corps of marine artillery had been disbanded—for political reasons—in the beginning of the year. Nothing had taken their

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place. That delicate and intimate knowledge of his arm, that half instinct of habit which makes the gunner part of the gun, which permits him before it is fired to follow up his shot and mark where it will tell, which gets the swing of his ship into his aim as a help rather than a hindrance—that all-powerful factor in naval warfare was wholly absent. In spite of her somewhat recent disasters and decline, England could probably boast at that moment the best gunners in Europe for sea-fighting; the French had very certainly the worst. To command all this a civilian, quite ignorant of the sea, a member and representative of that Committee of Ten which held all the wars in its hand, had come down to Brest in absolute command.

It was Jean Bon St. André, than whom the Revolution shows no stranger figure.

Already in middle age, of a long, clear and somewhat saddened countenance; dark, spare, intense, passionate yet speaking little; a man of short violent gesture, but of a steady glance, he was the product of persecution, of the Calvinist confession, and of the arid deserts of the Cevennes. He had been a minister of his church and had carried "the Word" into the forsaken villages of the mountains where his father, a fuller, had also wandered. Robespierre's judgment of him is preserved "Fourbe comme un Protestant:" it is unjust, for Robespierre was a bad judge of men. Jean Bon wore no mask save that of silence. There remain to us many letters that recall and define his youth. We read of "his flock," of the "ministry of the Lord," of "his call." He had possessed ambitions. He had desired a wider audience for his preaching and had attempted to obtain a church at Bordeaux. The Revolution had sent him—as it did so many of his colleagues in the Confession—to the National Parliament. Accident and tenacity had borne him to the Great Committee where all the fervor of his religious visions had been transformed into a purely political energy. He was here in Brest to command the fleet, full of hatred for the world which the Revolution was destroying; burning against the restrictions of the old *régime* which he had known only as the intolerable tyrant of souls. Beneath him a true sailor, Villaret Joyeuse, commanded as admiral.

Such was the man and such the equipment which left Brest upon May 16th to attempt the impossible.

Their orders were simple. The fleet was to sail in the latitude of Belle-Isle to a point about 300 miles from Brest in Mid-Atlantic. There it was to wait for the convoy of corn. If it fell in with it, the fleet was to escort it back into Brest; if the English were first encountered, it was to draw them away from the probable course of the convoy, yet not so far as to endanger their finding those ships again. It was to avoid any but necessary action: all its manœuvres were to depend upon the saving of the coming supply of food. To risk defeat would have been to risk the loss of the grain. At the same time, if the English fleet should be met first it was not to be lost touch of; if the enemy came up after the corn had been found, he was at once to be engaged.

With such instructions they reached the station indicated to them. For three days there was no sign of the American vessels or of an enemy's fleet.

Howe meanwhile had reconnoitred near Brest and learnt their departure. On the 20th (four days after they had sailed) he was informed of their position by neutral vessels. A little before eleven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 28th, the look-out on the foremost of his vessels saw the French fleet far off to the southward, and coming fast up northerly toward them before the southerly wind. The French also had observed the enemy. To draw them away from the supposed route of the convoy Villaret's most direct manœuvre would have been to wear round and run to the south and east. Had he done so, however, he would have lost the wind-gauge which was to remain his unique advantage for twenty-four hours. He therefore went into the wind and ran as close as he could west by south, for as the wind rose it backed and enabled him to make a little southing; he gradually drew the enemy farther from the path of the expected ships. Toward three o'clock he had so much the lead of the English that he could tack with safety. On board Lord Howe's flag-vessel, everything, even the desire to obtain the wind-gauge of the French, was subordinated to the instruction to engage. He therefore tacked the moment the French had

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done so, and all afternoon the two great fleets went racing close-hauled, east-south-east, driving into the gale, their topsails double-reefed, but their whole fabrics straining, carrying all they could bear.

Had the English attempted to keep their original distances the chase would have been pursued indefinitely, for though the inexperience and confusion of the new and untrained French commanders made their manœuvres far slower than the enemy's, yet once on a course the ships sailed at least as close as the English and as fast.

Lord Howe formed another plan. He detached his fastest vessels into a squadron under Paseley's command and ordered them to harass Villaret's slower ships which had fallen to the rear of the French line. The Cæsar, the Orion, the Audacious, the Queen, and some six others, obeyed this command, but in spite of some irregular exchange of shots in the afternoon, it was not till evening that the heavy Revolutionnaire, a straggler of 110 guns, was caught up by the lighter 74's, who successively engaged her. She bore the successive fire of the five English ships; as each opened on her, her pace slackened and her chances became more desperate. The fire grew combined and convergent, the Queen was coming up to make a sixth opponent and had already begun to drop long, ineffectual shots when, just as the sun set behind the clouds of the dying gale, the Audacious drew up and, at last alone, completed the ruin of the Revolutionnaire. Her masts went by the board; she had lost every power but that of reply.

All through the twilight the hulk kept up a return fire, till it grew so dark that the gun-flashes showed along the sea and even the nearest ships were in doubt as to what the end had been. It was hoped, then affirmed, that she had struck. The master of the Audacious, his mizzen lost just at the end of the fight, desired to believe it; a young lieutenant on the Queen wrote it down in his diary for a fact; the rumor reached the flag-ship; it was a legend that died hard in the fleet.

But the Revolutionnaire did not strike: the darkness saved her. When it was so far into the night that all further combat was impossible (it was nearly ten before the firing ceased), she crawled off under a jury-sail right before the southwest wind for Rochefort; and when it dawned next day she saw the Audacious also dismasted, far off, crawling for England to refit, and so the first skirmish of the great battle ended.

That night both fleets held their course, still driving south and east, the wind less violent in the darkness. With the full light of the next morning it rose again most furiously; they still threshed into it, fifty sail of the line and more, reaching, crowding their canvas, careening, and plunging over huge head-seas.

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It was already the middle of the morning. The low and flying clouds that had chased across the sky since the first of dawn ran swifter under the increasing gale; the seas came rolling up upon the mass of ships, catching the long French line first, on the starboard bows; they rolled on, greater and more regular as the wind hardened. They tossed the English ships a long way off, out of gun-shot, to leeward, as they ran their race under a press of sail, and held as close as their build would let them, straining to force an action, and forgetful of the great cargoes of grain in whose defence the enemy had drawn them away. Jean Bon, straight from the starving capital and the Committee, knew what those cargoes meant; he knew it far better than did the Admiral or the boys from the Breton fields, who were now first attempting the sea. Perhaps he would have been for carrying on the chase, and for running days on end across the waste of the North Atlantic, always just holding the enemy to his heels, never engaging till he was sure that the food was safe in Brest.

But Villaret Joyeuse had that talent of action which, in the matter of arms, concerns itself only with immediate things and grasps a field. He knew that the fastest ship of a pursuer can always catch the slowest of the pursued. He saw that the enemy to leeward were so well abreast of him that their foremost ships had but to go about to attain and cut off his rear-guard, and to force an action; when, long before noon, Howe turned his line right round, going now westward, Villaret too turned his, so lessening the space between them. He signalled for his rear and centre to keep their distances. He ordered the ships of

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the head of his line to go freer, and close with the van of Lord Howe's fleet.

It was toward eleven o'clock that this wise order (which, with better training, with true gunners, and a more serviceable staff might have led to a decisive victory for the French) was given. The French van bore away with the wind on their quarter, and as they came within range of the leading English ships, opened fire.

They had all these advantages: they were to windward of the English, and could choose their position; they could escape if they were hard pressed, or if successful could manœuvre more freely. They were, on the whole, more heavily gunned. Their movement was rapid and unexpected (for the English had thought of the whole day as a chase) and they could turn their broadsides to the enemy, and rake him before he could meet their manœuvre. On all these accounts, though the practice and especially the gunnery of the French were so strikingly inferior, they inflicted in a few moments of firing a very considerable damage upon the English van.

It was the Cæsar that led the English line: not that the position had been especially assigned to her, but that she sailed faster than any other ship, and, in the rush southward, she had passed them all. We possess in her journal an account of the confusion that followed the French attack.

Howe had already determined upon the tactics which Villaret had foreseen he would adopt. It was exactly noon when he signalled to the Cæsar to tack and cut the French line; the rest were to wheel in her wake and the whole fleet was to divide the enemy as by a charge.

It was the time-honored method: the leading ship striking the enemy's line, the rest of the fleet coming after her in order. Had that manœuvre been executed as it was commanded, the French rear would have been cut off and presumably destroyed. But Villaret had calculated well; such as it was, the fire of his van had proved effective—and the Cæsar refused.

From the poop of the Queen Charlotte, of the Queen, of all the vessels behind her —they saw her fail. The great seas burst under her weather bows as she attempted it, the enemy raked her as she stood up to them silent. Her foreyard was wounded, the Queen just astern menaced a collision. The Cæsar's captain feared the issue. Her helm went over, her head-sails gradually filled, she fell away from the wind and, wearing round slowly, passed out of action behind the line of her companions. All the while the enemy, in spite of their random fire, hulled her, once and again, until she had got beyond the reach of their guns, and her orders and leadership had both been thrown away.

This misfortune gave the French the time they needed. They bore up to the English line in its hesitation, and passed down it, firing such broadsides as their untrained gunners could direct; the English, out of order, a vanguard only, and not presenting all their available guns toward the enemy, could make no effectual reply. Lord Howe, by a rapid decision, forced an action in spite of this failure.

His flag-ship went about without regard to her position in the line, and steered straight for the rear of the French fleet. The Bellerophon, the Orion, the Leviathans the Barfleur (possibly the Queen), and some others—all those who had been up near the Cæsar in the van of the English—understood that they were not to follow, but to copy the Queen Charlotte. Each went round singly and bore down on the starboard tack, making for the last ships of the French line. In ten minutes they had opened fire; within half an hour two French 74's, the Tyrannicide and the Indomptable, were cut off and fighting the odds desperately, alone. The Terrible, of 110 guns, was embarrassed and in danger of capture. Villaret Joyeuse had no choice but to wear round as rapidly as might be, to attempt to beat off the English and to save his three vessels.

He did so; but when the hard, long hour of close fighting was over and the English had abandoned their attempt, the deeper effect of the fight appeared—the great superiority of the English gunners, the excellent training, the sharp initiative of the English captains, had begun that great career of twenty years which forms the chief memory in the history of their country.

The English ships were almost unscathed —the French found the Indomptable a wreck. Of the rescuers, the Montagnard was so wounded that "she dared not go on the port tack"; the Terrible "had lost her

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fore top-mast, and could no longer look up into wind." Upon the French ships that had attained this doubtful advantage, three men had fallen to one upon their enemy's decks.

Nor was this the full measure of the result. The English had been beaten off; but the Indomptable had to be sent to France under an escort difficult to spare; the Montagnard disappeared in the night, unable to keep her place; and the impression of success immediate and future successes to come, which obtained on the French ships, was shared neither by Villaret, who fell back from action northward under the wind, nor by Jean Bon, whose gloomy report remains to us.

The English had been beaten off; but Villaret had lost the wind-gauge, and the one advantage that had done something to counterbalance his raw gunners and improvised staff was gone.

More important than all, Howe had felt the "bearing of the enemy."

There is one lesson no commander, wise or foolish, will ever miss—the training shown by the enemy in the first essays of a campaign. The quality of his courage may easily be missed or exaggerated; his blunders may be hidden, but his professional demeanor in close action cannot pass unperceived. Howe knew now what he had to meet; it was what so many had prophesied in England, what on that day his own immediate experience could confirm—the French fleet was disorganized by revolution, ill-manned, uncertain, desperate rather than firm. He had no longer to meet the solid units of the American war. The officers were gone, the trained seamen disbanded. He was fighting, not the pride of the old and rotten monarchy that had checked the English fleets twelve years before, but the mere enthusiasm, the experiments and the amorphic incapacity, with which democracies begin to handle technical, slowly developed, and traditionary things—the guns were no longer in the hands of gunners.

It was the learning of this lesson, coupled with the new advantage of the wind, that determined the nature of his action and victory, two days later, on June 1st.

Howe's attack had been made a little after one; the firing ceased before three. The wind, backing round south and increasing in violence, was blowing a full gale toward evening, when, before it was dark, there ran down along the surface of the sea and driven before the storm, an impenetrable mist that separated the fleets and forced a long truce upon the fighting.

The two first bouts of the battle were over. On the Wednesday nothing had been done save the elimination of the Audacious and the Revolutionnaire. On this Thursday the results I have described had appeared. It was as though of two wrestlers neither had pressed the other in a first engagement; in a second, one had almost been thrown, but at the expense to the other of a strain and of such a revelation of his weak points as would be fatal to him in the final struggle.

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With the dawn of Friday the dense fog still swept the sea in spite of the rush of the gale, and the fleets groped westward continually out into the Atlantic. They would have lost each other had not the haze lifted a little in the forenoon, and shown the French that their course was no longer that of their enemies. They went about in order to keep in touch with the English, and all night, as the fog mixed with the drizzling rain, the two fleets went parallel to each other on the port tack, still westward and close to the wind. In the night a reinforcement of three ships managed to join Villaret.

It was not till the afternoon of Saturday, the 31st, that the fog lifted. The lines of ships saw each other clearly over five miles of tumbling water in between; it was too late to engage; but at the break of day on the morrow—Sunday, June 1st—the English fleet formed for action, and Villaret drew up in order opposite, far away northward on their lee. Right across both lines and taking every ship abeam as it lay, roared the south wind, and the battle-field between them was the steep water, the spindrift, and the confusion of a storm.

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It was at eight o'clock that Howe, in the centre of the line, ran up the signal "No. 34," which marked the new tactics he had learned two days before, and upon which the later trial of the Cæsar's commander turned. It was an order for each ship to

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choose an opponent in the fleet before her, to bear down upon that opponent right before the wind, to go under her stern, raking her as they passed, then to luff and engage from the leeward. Some time was lost in seeing that the signal was understood and repeated and in forming the fleet for attack. It was not till long past nine that the action opened.

In that loud morning, under the heavy gale, all the twenty-five of them ran heeling down the wind; the dull eastern light was full on their towers of sloping canvas under the rush of the low clouds. The French in line awaited them in silence as they came; then, at short range, the first guns began to drown the storm, and the attack blazed out at the centre from the flag-ship, immediately after, from the great Royal Sovereign, the Russell, the Defence; a few moments later from the Valiant, the Orion, the Queen, and the Royal George, as they closed with the French Northumberland, with the Jemappes, with the Trente-et-un-Mai, and the heavy-armed Republicain. By ten o'clock the whole sea was occupied by a mere confusion.

It was a battle not to be described in any terms of order or by any plan; each ship singly set on its opponent, grappled sometimes, always close by the board, fought each its duel by the sheer weight of gun-fire; by their rapidity, energy, and aim the English guns determined the issue for the English.

You may think to have heard the guns too often in this recital. You cannot have their din and mastery too loud in your ears if you are to understand the First of June. The guns that are always the arbiters of battles, the guns which have twice in our century saved and lost the French, were on that day the sole dispensers of victory. The French sailors of the Revolution had forgotten gunnery, that central thing in naval warfare to which their modern descendants turn all their energies, and which, if it can be exaggerated, they now exaggerate. They shot high, they wasted ricochets upon the sea, they were slow and clumsy in the running of the carriages, in the sponging, and all the while the broadsides of the enemy crashed down their spars, splintered their hulls and decks, broke their packed crews. The smoke, through which none but direct opponents could be seen, and these but fitfully—topsails above the cloud; the perpetual rending of yards; the masts that fell at intervals with an uproar, cumbering sometimes the decks of the enemy or trailing a moment on the leap of the high sea to leeward; the ceaseless and bewildering thunder that shook the air till the snapping of great spars, the cries of men, and even the shouting of the gale were overwhelmed—all these things were the guns, and especially the thousand guns of the English.

Consider but one of these many inextricable single fights: the duel of the two flag-ships. The Queen Charlotte, running astern of the Montagne, had been caught —almost wedged—between that vessel and the Jacobin. With an equal training in either opponent the two ships should have overwhelmed the one: as it was, the Queen Charlotte lost but forty-two men, the Montagne 300. The Queen Charlotte lost only her top-mast—the Montagne could hardly hold up to the wind.

Or consider of the whole battle this one fact in figures. The fighting had been almost as close as a land-fight, the number of the crews much the same on either side, yet the English lost barely 1,100, the French over 5,000.

All that whirlwind of struggle was well put down in the log of the Queen Charlotte by a simple fellow that had suffered it—"a most tremendous cannonade."

So, not by tactics nor even by the smarter handling of the ships, but by the guns, the First of June was determined.

At some time upon which the logs greatly differ, but I think a little after noon, exhaustion rather than a decisive result halted the fire. The ships, for the most part, drifted separate; the smoke cleared.

There was then apparent from the poop of the Montagne the factor without which not all their inferiority in trained men and in gunnery would have lost the French their ships: I mean the English advantage of the wind.

During the heat of the action the ships, locked and hardly manœuvring, had drifted northward, heaving on the high seas before the gale. Each vessel, therefore, English or French, that lost its masts or spars, fell behind the general movement and remained abandoned. But to remain abandoned was to be held securely within the English line.

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What Jean Bon saw far off up the weather when the crippled ships had drawn apart was eleven of his own lying helpless hulks, or at the best unmanageable, "pell-mell with the English." Of the enemy but two were dismasted.

He took with him the Trente-et-un-Mai and some two or three others, and sailed slowly and with difficulty toward his abandoned vessels. Four he saved and towed away, seven he was compelled to leave, and of these seven all save one, the Vengeur, of which I shall speak in a moment, fell prizes to Lord Howe.

This rescue of the four and the abandonment of the seven was the last manœuvre of the action. By two o'clock all firing had ceased. The enemies stood separate though disorderly, and perhaps under the persuasion of that caution which later Nelson condemned, perhaps under the necessity of recovering from a victory in which nearly half his ships had lost a mast and two were bare wrecks, Lord Howe refused to renew the attack. Had he been able (or willing) to do so, and had he judged it possible (perhaps it was not) to hold the sea another day, he would have intercepted the supplies and reaped the fruit of his victory. As it was, of the whole long day but half was occupied in the fighting—half was a truce, for not till nightfall did either force sail away.

. . . . . .

Three whole hours and more—all the afternoon—the fleets lay wounded in their long straggling lines, facing each other over a wide lane of sea; not moving save for the slight leeway that each made under the failing storm.

For the wind died down as the light mellowed toward evening, the clouds swept more slowly northward, leaving a clear sky. By five o'clock no trace of the gale was left save those regular banks of high rounded seas which sweep solemnly and without foam in a parallel advance as they follow up the passage of our storms. To this swell the fleets still lay nearly abeam, rolling their dented spars.

There was no sound beyond the slight surge of the square bows as they dipped, and that clear noise of hammering which comes so sharply over water. To this note of silence there was even added a kind of repose. The French line, too shattered to haul their wind, could not bear up for a further engagement. It stood sullenly all the hours—waiting, perhaps, for Howe to re-engage, unable to bring help to the seven hulks that lay in the midst of the enemy, abandoned.

Neither, as I have said, did Howe, though the light airs were with him, choose to take up the challenge. He too would have found difficulty in manœuvring with his dangerous spars. He confined himself to the restoring of his vessels and to the leisurely capture of the French wrecks that the drift of the battle had left securely within his line.

Of these, one has made so great a name and has been the theme of so many songs that her exact story deserves a passing record, and I will go back upon the history of the battle to write it down.

The Avenger (she was now the Vengeur du Peuple—she had been in the old days the Vengeur), already an old boat to which there clung the memories of nearly a hundred years; built at the charges of some woman in order to privateer against the nation that had robbed her of a husband; patched for war after war, re-rigged, re-canvased—the old boat had survived to see the first struggles of a new world. She carried seventy-four guns and of men, 753—most of them ignorant of the sea. She had gone into battle about half-way between the flag-ship and the rear of the French fleet. The Brunswick—just opposite the Vengeur when Howe sent up signal No. 34—took her for opponent and ran before the wind to pass under her stern. The manœuvre failed. The Brunswick caught anchors with her enemy—for an hour they poured their fire into each other desperately at the very mouths of the guns. The Vengeur prepared to board, but in the middle of that confusion, smoke, and hell, a second ship (whom the French say was the Ramillies) loomed out with tall sails in the smoke, chose her position, and added the pounding of her eighty guns against the lacerated hull. The Vengeur fought on. One mast went by the board, another, a third and last.

Half of her men were dead or dying, but a good madness had taken them in those furious hours; clumsily as the peasants handled the guns and slowly as they

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recharged, unable as they were to use their lower ports, yet the enthusiasm of a new day, free from lords, preserved them under a stress that men are not meant to endure. Their first opponent, the Brunswick, broke off, dismasted and drifted to leeward, signalling her inability. She thought the Vengeur had already struck; she was in error; her boast remains but one of many such errors in the English logs. The Vengeur continued the fight—with what opponent the turmoil hides from us; but their feeble and half-extinguished fire was heard in the far smoke as the main of the French line drifted to leeward, still engaged. For half an hour this went on; her men yet fell, her guns spoke more and more rarely.

The lull during which the smoke had cleared before the driving wind and in which Jean Bon from the quarter-deck of the Montagne had seen his abandoned ships caught up in the enemy's skein, showed the Vengeur also, the last but one in the line of the abandoned eleven, lying helpless and wrecked in the middle sea. Her fire had ceased; no ship of the enemy's was near enough to harm her as the French admiral bore slowly up to rescue what he could of his defeated vessels. Four—as I have written—he saved in spite of ships so wounded that not one could go about.

The Trente-et-un-Mai came up toward the Vengeur. Such men—the remnant of her crew—as yet stood whole or but slightly hurt, were at the pumps, for she was sinking. But the Trente-et-un-Mai could not stand close enough to the wind to reach the wreck, and from that lacerated and bloody deck they saw Jean Bon's small squadron and their luckier fellows go off again before the wind.

Renaudin, her captain, a man cautious, accurate, and silent, upon whose story the truth of this depends, knew very well that the hull was a prey either to the enemy or to the sea. The water gained on him and the battle was over. His ship had lost what sailors call the "life"—that buoyancy on the water which is always hope. She sogged heavily in the trough, and the pumps were clanking wearily, and now to no purpose, keeping her above for a few more hours as by a sheer effort of arms.

All about her and her ruined companions the English fleet lay at ease. The prizes were sure and the victors mended and refreshed, biding their time to board such easy prizes; still the pumps went on and Renaudin had already despaired.

It was signalled from the English flagship to the Alfred to take the hull in tow; with a last hope a spar and one poor headsail had been run up in the desire, however vain, to crawl to the French line. Three other ships joined her pursuers and gained on her. The Alfred fired a shot across her bows and launched a boat. The Orion fired over her and Renaudin hauled down his flag, and the boy that boarded him took his sword. The decks were all strewn with men, not true sailors, not fully understanding, and not content to yield.

Renaudin knew the danger, which his men had not well grasped. He asked to be taken to the commander of the Alfred, and told him that the Vengeur was slowly filling. How near she was to her end he had not divined.

It was, however, soon apparent to all the vessels near that the Vengeur was sinking. Before six the Calypso put out boats also; in all they took from their prize in the first batch 213 men. The boats having disembarked their prisoners, prepared to return.

But as they went there was seen from all the ships something that stamped itself upon history. Renaudin in the moment of his capitulation and shame ran up from the cabin with his son and saw it from the deck of the Alfred close at hand. Far away to the northward Jean Bon saw it from the poop of the Montagne, Villaret by him. A boy who served in the Queen saw it also—he thought it was the Jacobin that had come to her last hour, and noted it in his diary. Howe saw it and reported it as a thing more strange even than the truth.

The old decks, "on which a man could not lay a two-foot-rule without finding a gun-shot-hole," had touched the water, and the agony of the Vengeur had begun. Her poop felt the sea, her bows rose, and under the level light of evening in the calm that had succeeded those few days of storm and that seemed a natural close for the great action, such of her wounded as could come to their feet appeared against the sky.

The passion or delirium of men in battle is something compelling silence upon us who have not enjoyed it. This high temper was now mixed with one of those affec-

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tions from which religions spring, and whose tempest is the beginning of new seasons for Europe. In such exaltations death is a kind of victory, and the divine enthusiasm which resides dormant in man is capable for a few moments of astonishing despair.

The men in the Vengeur called out, some their fate and some their terror; but a major note—the note of a battle not yet ended—left an impression of triumph. They displayed such emblems as remained to them of the three colors, scarves or rags, they cried across the water the name of the Republic, which was already a title for the things they had fought for and hardly known.

Then, 300 miles from Brittany, just off that shelf of the sea-floor on which Europe stands, she went down her thousand fathoms into the "Trench of the Azores" and the darkness that never moves.

. . . . . .

When all this was over and done, when the sun had set and the great arch of June twilight shone clear in the calmer air, each of the fleets slowly abandoned its strange truce; Howe sailing back to England with his six prizes and his fifteen ships all whole, his wrecks well aided.

Jean Bon crept more slowly into the advancing night, towing his three dismasted ships, and dreading even the slight way that his van might make in the light airs. So they reached home painfully: Howe bringing into Plymouth the first fruits of that great and successful war which England was to wage for twenty years by sea; Jean Bon meeting and chasing Montague's small squadron on the 9th and making on the 11th the tortuous entry of Brest.

Von Stabel and his vast treasure of grain in whose defence all these days had been passed and whom in the pressure of action the Admiral seemed to have forgotten, followed close upon the heels of the action and reached harbor on the 14th. He had passed spars, wreckage, and the bodies of men upon the sea, and as the great convoy showed like a train of lights before the harbor and as the populace learnt that the food had come, they on land knew that the famine was ended; it was their principal care, and the battle seemed drawn. But the men of the escort who had seen the wreckage far out were still saying to each other that "a great fight had been fought," and they were right. Nor is it certain that such a fight could now be held upon the sea.

Indeed, it had been of such moment that a hundred legends sprang up around it. Barrere, a Gascon landsman, glowed with a picture of the Vengeur sinking indomitable, manned, her colors flying. Prieur de la Marne thought it *constant* (an admitted fact) that three English ships had gone down. An English officer, with less excuse, for he was present there, saw "three French ships" go down before his eyes! Ballard, on the Queen, was positive of captures that were never made.

The exact detailing of so much valor is more nourishing than all these things.

THE SYMPHONY

By Robert Haven Schauffler

CARRY me home to the pine-wood;
Give me to rest by the sea;
Leave me alone with the lulling tone
Of the South-wind's phantasy.

For I am weary of discord,
Sick of the clash of this strife,
Sick of the bane of this prelude of pain,
And I yearn for the Symphony—Life.

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THE BURGLAR AND THE LADY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KARL ANDERSON

NATHAN selected a window which had a rug under it. He made a neat semi-circular scratch at the bottom of the upper sash, replaced the implement — a Christmas present from an old friend—in his kit, put on a pair of gloves, and gently but firmly pressed upon the glass until the segment fell in. (Now you see why he had chosen a window with a rug under it.) Then he took off his gloves (which were only useful for this one feature of the task), reached in, unbolted the latch, raised the window and, humming a little tune—in a whisper, of course—he entered the silent darkness of the house.

He knew very little about the plan of the house, being a stranger in this city. It was, of course, quite unprofessional, but do not think badly of him, for there are occasions when even burglars cannot be choosers. However amateurish it may sound, he actually knew nothing about the occupants of this house except what he had observed during the day. He had observed enough to make him know it was worth while. He had not observed enough to make him realize that it was not worth the risk. By this time Nathan had reached the dining-room.

"Ah, I see, they carry the silver up-stairs, sideboard drawers and all," Nathan observed to himself in the dark. "A good idea that." He was a critical chap.

Next the library; nothing convertible. Then the drawing-room; only a few trinkets. "I hate to go up-stairs," reflected Nathan, shaking his head in the dark. But being a man of character he softly felt his way up to the second floor. Nothing worthy of him.

"I feared as much," sighed Nathan, in bitter disappointment. Though there had been no light in the second story throughout the long evening, while he waited and watched, yet, he now confessed to himself, he had cherished secret hopes of finding the silver there. "Waited and watched" sounds as if he had stood at the corner, or sauntering back and forth, had gazed up at the house, like a sentimental lover. Of course you understand that he had stridden by like a father of a growing family going for a doctor, or a commuter trying to catch a trolley at the next corner, and somehow he was always in a shadow when he happened to pass the policeman.

Some of you might have left in discouragement. Even Nathan, man of decision that he was, hesitated there in the darkness. For it is considered very unprofessional to ascend to high altitudes. If the second floor is twice as dangerous as the first, the third floor is four times as dangerous as the second. It is a geometric ratio. The lay mind is so woefully ignorant about these things; no high-class, self-respecting burglar carries a revolver or ascends to the third story—if he can help it. But Nathan's need was great, and the beautiful lady with the wonderful earrings, he had followed home from shopping, had turned in at this house. He ascended the stairs—without removing his rubber overshoes.

If you or I had been in his place, two, possibly three of the steps would have creaked. All were silent to Nathan's talented tread. As the delicate touch of the surgeon can detect the complexity of a fracture, as the acute mind of the lawyer can feel almost instinctively the weak spot in a witness's story, where the layman would see only strength, so can the expert in Nathan's calling feel with his mere hands the creakiness of certain stairs and skip them. But Nathan was not puffed up in his superiority. It was all in the night's work to him.

Ah, here was the top landing at last, and a few seconds of well-earned rest. It was on the third floor that he had seen the familiar effects of the lights and shadows, followed at last by sudden darkness, which meant going to bed. That was hours ago. "No such easy routine life for me," mused Nathan, rising from the top landing. "I

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am a hustler. I work long after most of you are luxuriously sleeping, like fat, well-fed cattle." Yet he was not envious; had he not just finished a long régime of routine regularity in a retired country place, surrounded by plenty of congenial friends? And he had been bored with it all. This, ah, this was living again! There was the old familiar sound of long-drawn breathing. As the lashing of the angry waves is to the sailor, as the tramp of battalions marching to the front is to the born soldier, so is the delicious, because dangerous thrill of rhythmic snoring to the born burglar who loves art for art's sake.

Now for the adroit opening of the door, and pray heavens it be unlocked. It was not. He was considered an adept at this, and though a little out of practice, he found his hand had not lost its cunning—or rather both hands, for it took two hands and very steady ones. He spent six minutes at it—but he made only one very slight click, and that during the noisy ninth exhalation of the male sleeper. "Odd," thought Nathan, "the last place I ran across a snorer who made number nine his climax, I was unfortunate." But this only lent spice to his work. If it weren't for things of this kind, burglary would be mere drudgery.

Nathan had also detected the lighter breathing of a female nose. "These slender aquiline noses always do it that way," Nathan recollected, feeling possibly a bit pleased with himself for his ability to tell from her snore that she was the one he had seen with the earrings, during the afternoon. Those earrings! They were worthy of him.

Now, Nathan was as gallant as most dashing men, but in his professional capacity he did not fancy woman. It is so with all of his calling, and if you women only knew it, you would get your sisters instead of your brothers to spend the night in the house during your husband's absence. A burglar is much more afraid of nervous, easily wakened women than of mere stolid, snoring men, or even dogs. If he has the natural inborn love of animals, he can make friends with most dogs, but women will not lie still, no matter how kindly you may speak to them.

Nathan had noiselessly emptied a jewel-tray by this time. "Ah," said Nathan to the earrings, "I am glad to meet you at last. I have admired you from a distance," he added, as he put them in his waist-coat pocket. It was a silly habit, but he always talked thus in working.

The deep breathing had continued, though once he feared the masculine snore was waning, but it was only a roll-over. The lady continued in the deep, sweet sleep of which Nathan approved.

Now, if he had only stopped there all might have been well, but Nathan sorely needed some ready cash. Why, he lacked the actual necessities of life, not to speak of railroad fare, for a man of Nathan's standing did not fancy riding on the bumpers like mere hoboes and sociologists. Nathan was something of a snob.

He tried the trousers. Left-hand side, only keys. Right-hand side: Ah, a rather fat bunch of bills. Another roll-over on the gentleman's part, followed by heavier breathing than ever. "Snore on," thought Nathan.

"Filmore! There's a man in the room!" It was the lady's voice, high and shrill, and Nathan—you won't despise him for it?—felt little icicles along his spine. Also he quietly sank to the floor and lay still as if frozen all over. Long years of professional training made him do it instinctively.

"Filmore! Filmore! wake up. There's a man in the room!" She was shaking him.

Nathan was crawling toward the door.

"There, there, dearie, you've got a nightmare." The husband tried to sound sleepy, but he only sounded tremulous. He had been awake for five minutes.

"There he is! Quick, Filmore!"

Nathan was crossing a fateful streak of street light.

"Nonsense, my dear," said her protector, and turned over snoring bravely.

Not so the weak and shrinking female. As quick as a cat, she sprang out of bed, and before Nathan could arise, she was upon his back, trying to hold him down and screaming for Filmore most inconsiderately, despite his evident desire to sleep.

It was the most unpleasant situation in all Nathan's varied career. He did not want to hurt her, but in trying to reach the door he had only kicked it shut, and now he could not get free of her long enough to get it open. Meanwhile she was screaming even louder than Filmore was snoring, and

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the window was wide open. Nathan grasped her slender neck and clutched tight.

"Let go, or I'll hit you," commanded Nathan.

"Filmore, do you hear!" she gurgled. "Help, oh!" But Nathan shut her off. But still she clung on, scratching and biting like a lioness in her den. Filmore could not see that because his back was turned. He could not hear well, because he was snoring.

"Madame, I don't want to hurt you," whispered Nathan at bay, "but if you don't let go, I'll kill you."

"He's killing me, Filmore!—Oh—oh!" Again Nathan shut her off. And again she fought him fiercely.

Then Nathan—oh Nathan!—snatched one arm free and gave the lady—Nathan, Nathan!—a sharp upper cut under the chin. She staggered, still clutching him; he shook her off, he ran to the window, hoping to find a—yes, there was a soft flower-bed to jump for. But this was the third story. He hesitated. Filmore was snoring. Here came the lady, and just then the dread sound of a roundsman's whistle cut the silence. Nathan jumped. He whizzed through the air, struck a projecting grape-trestle near the ground, and presently found that he had been for some seconds in a rose-bed with a broken ankle-bone, the lady screaming overhead, and the world awhirl about him. Policemen were running up the street—noisily as usual. Here they came, nearer and nearer. Nathan lying in the shadow could see them. Ah, they passed the house, thanks to an echo. This gave him a chance. He could not go fast or far with one leg, but he dragged himself along the ground toward the deeper shadow of the house, under the trellis. The police were returning. Nathan could see them as he pulled himself up the porch steps. There was a hammock. Not being occupied at present, Nathan took it. "Just what I want," said he, and fainted. Some men would have tried to reach the alley and fainted there. They would have been caught. You see Nathan was a philosopher.

If he had not fainted, he would have heard Filmore's voice shouting: "Stop thief!" most stirringly, and Nathan would have enjoyed this, for he was also a humorist. But Nathan did not move.

The police cleverly located the screams and shouted up encouragement. Filmore was the spokesman from the window.

They found the burglar's tracks in the rose-bed. They looked down in the cellar, out in the alley, under the coal-bin, under the porch, but naturally not in the hammock. Who ever heard of looking for a burglar in a hammock? Quite unprecedented. Ridiculous. They spent the rest of the night searching the slums for suspicious characters.

. . . . . .

When Nathan awoke it was broad daylight and the reminiscent sound of turning a latch was what aroused him. A servant opened a door nearby. Nathan sat up, and put his good foot on the floor. "I thought you would never come to the door," he said, irascibly; "but no matter," he added, kindly, yet regretting it was not a maid instead of a butler. Nathan needed breakfast.

"What are you doing in this hammock?"

Nathan raised his eyebrows haughtily, then condescendingly, "It was the only thing I could find," said Nathan, limping.

"I did not hear you ring," the butler added a little more respectfully somehow. "Have you met with an accident, sir?" Nathan's face was knotted in pain.

"I don't suppose it amounts to anything," said Nathan in a tone to show he forgave the butler; "but on the way down-town to the station to take an early train, I have slipped and hurt my ankle, rather severely, I fear. I took the liberty of—oh, oh, pardon me—but I believe I am going to——"

"My! you are white—Oh, Lord!"

For Nathan had fainted. At least he was tenderly carried from the hammock into the house by the butler and another servant. They were now pouring whiskey down his throat. "That is very good rye," thought Nathan, remembering how wistfully he had passed it by on the sideboard last night. He never drank during business hours.

"You are very kind," said Nathan, "but I am not accustomed to strong drink and so I fear, on my empty stomach—you see, I was about to take breakfast at the station——"

"Oh!" said a sympathetic maid, and here began Nathan's breakfast. They

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had his whole story out of him before he had finished, an interesting story; he said he feared the brandy ("Brandy!" the butler winked indulgently at the coachman) had made his poor tongue run wild, and he hoped they'd pardon him. Meanwhile Nathan was planning. It was a delicate situation.

"It's given you a splendid appetite at any rate," said the sympathetic maid. Somehow, they always were sympathetic with Nathan.

"Splendid!" he said, casting his eyes fondly upon her. "Thank you, I will have another cup, since you insist. I'll venture to say you made that coffee yourself." Nathan, like Napoleon, believed in a hearty breakfast before going into action.

"And now," he said, from the fullness of his heart and stomach, "all I require to make my happiness complete is that you will convey my warm thanks to the lady of the house for her gracious hospitality, and my sincere regret that I cannot thank her in person." He spoke with the recklessness of the well-fed. "Then if you will kindly call me a carriage—a closed carriage, please; an open one might give me a cold in my ankle."

"Oh, but," returned the sympathetic maid, encouragingly, "you *can* thank Mrs. Dodge in person."

"She told me she would be out presently to see about your leg," nodded the butler.

"Ah!" said Nathan, visibly affected by this kindness. "This is too good, but I fear I cannot wait. You see the next train leaves at——'

The butler arose. "I'll tell her you are in a hurry," he said, hastening to the door.

"Pray do not disturb her on my——" but the obliging butler had gone.

"She's only in the next room," the maid assured Nathan.

"Oh, I see," he said, reflectively.

"Talking to the police detective," the maid whispered, mysteriously.

"Indeed!" responded Nathan.

"Yes," more mysteriously, "giving him a description of the burglar!" Nathan was evidently impressed. "The burglar?" he inquired, perplexed.

"An awful thing happened here last night."

"You don't say so! In this very house?" Nathan was such a responsive listener.

"Here's the paper," said the sympathetic maid. "It tells all about it."

The butler re-entered. "Mrs. Dodge will be here in a few minutes," he announced, gladly.

"Too bad," said Nathan; "I cannot wait."

"But she told me expressly not to call your carriage till after she saw you."

Nathan saw that the butler knew his place, and Nathan knew that he could not go alone. "How good of her," he said. The situation required a different plan.

"I told her how anxious you were to thank her in person," said the butler.

"How good of you," said Nathan; then turning to the maid, "You are all so good," he beamed. "That will do now," he said, nodding kindly at the butler. "This is very absorbing," for just then his eye was caught by large headlines over a description of a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with a bold burglar at the house of General Filmore Dodge, the well-known political leader, the Democratic candidate for mayor of the city.

The General, it appeared, was a general of militia, and a very brave man. For on being awakened by the terrified screams of his young wife, the beautiful Mrs. Helen Dodge, he was amazed to find a cowardly ruffian at her throat endeavoring to choke her. Naturally, he sprang to his feet, dealt the intruder a terrific blow, knocking him across the room; then grappled with his desperate antagonist. Finally, the General, who is a large, powerful man, and was a well-known athlete in his younger days, succeeded in overcoming his adversary, and then, with a superhuman effort, dragged him across the room to the window, opened it and "threw him out into the night," as the reporter put it. Meanwhile, the terror-stricken young wife was screaming hysterically. (Just like a woman.) These feminine cries, however, had the good effect of bringing the ever-watchful police on the dead run. The General himself, in his excitement, had not thought of calling for help until after throwing the burglar out into the night. The police made a thorough search of the premises and neighborhood, but though they found tracks where the thief had landed upon a flower-bed, "the latter was evidently unhurt, and having such a start had made good his escape."

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Drawn by Karl Anderson.

The beautiful lady with the wonderful earrings had turned in at this house.—Page 173.

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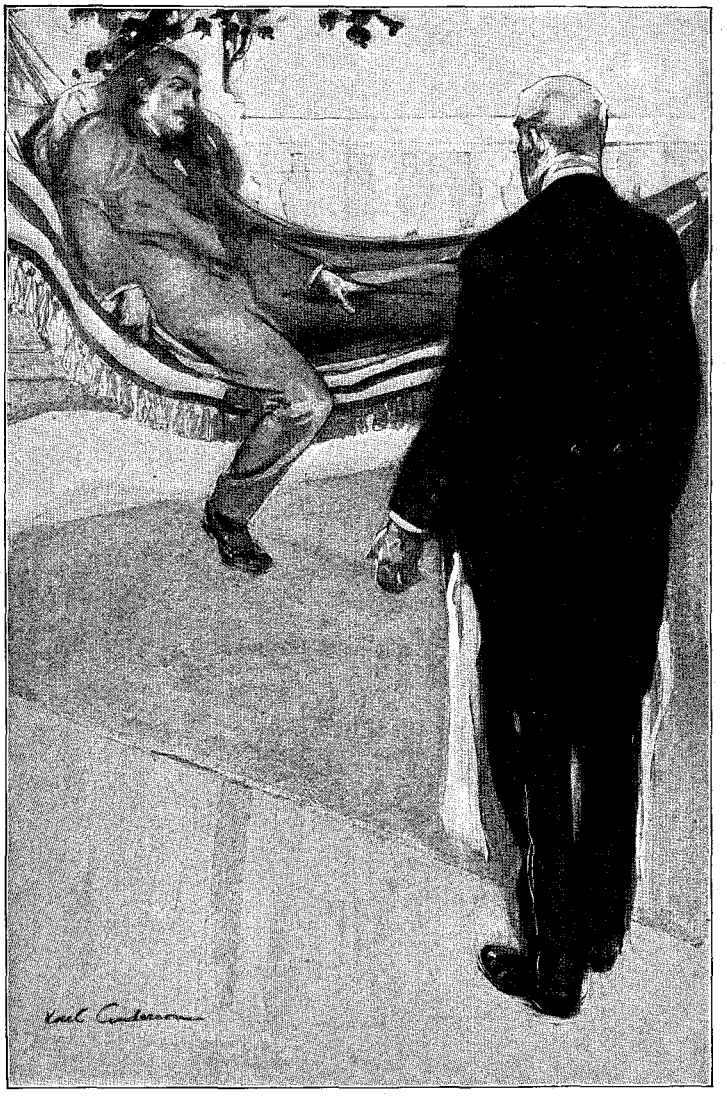

"What are you doing in this hammock?"—Page 175.

The stalwart General kindly consented to be interviewed. He said that naturally he regretted the necessity of throwing a fellow human being out of the window, for even the humblest is yet a fellow-man, "But you see, boys, when I woke up and found that cowardly ruffian choking my dear wife—well, if I had it to do over again, I suppose I would act exactly as I did last night, and I leave it to any of you if you would not, too!"

Mrs. Dodge, whose face and neck were badly bruised, was asked to make a statement, but she was too much overcome by the fright to add anything to her husband's account except that her bruises were mere scratches, and that she is very thankful her husband escaped. It was stated, however, that the loss of her earrings was irreparable, as they were a family heirloom, which she prized more than the whole house. She directed police headquarters to send out descriptions to all the cities to get the jewels back at any price.

An editorial inside, entitled "Our Gal-

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"There is a full account of it in the paper in your hand."—Page 182.

lant General," predicted that this episode, though small in itself, was all that had been needed to bring over the doubtful element in the party, and would assure the election of General Filmore Dodge as our next mayor.

"And yet," mused Nathan, cynical bachelor though he was, "some men do not believe in matrimony!" He was tying up his possessions—some would call them kit and swag—in the editorial sheet. It might prove necessary to lose the bundle quietly. And meanwhile he was consumed with a wild desire to behold this woman, clothed and in her right mind.

At this point the door opened, and Nathan heard a man's voice, "Good-by, Mrs. Dodge, if the crook is still in reach, he cannot escape us—it is impossible; my men are scattered over all quarters of the city and suburbs. And as for the earrings——"

"Ah, do find the earrings," said a soft low voice that sent a thrill through Nathan, "if you have to pay double their value. Good-day, Captain. John, please show the gentleman out."

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"And now," mused Nathan, as he stuck his little bundle in his pocket, "and now comes my chance." He had formed his plan. It never took Nathan long.

There stood framed in the doorway the most beautiful woman Nathan had ever seen, tall and slender and fair; a small, delicate face, with the fine aquiline nose held high. Yesterday he had only seen the earrings. To-day he beheld a woman who was not afraid, and the earrings were in his pocket.

He tried to rise to meet her, tottered, stuck out his bad leg, gasped and fell at her feet. "I wonder," thought Nathan on the floor, "if she will recognize me when I look up."

Without waiting to ring for servants, the lady leaned over and helped him up with her lithe strong arms—did not Nathan know how strong they were?—just as he had felt sure she would. His features were twisted with pain. At any rate they were twisted beyond recognition. He groaned and sank back on the sofa, covering his face with his hands.

The lady straightway pulled off Nathan's shoe and felt his ankle. "Why, there's a fracture here," she said, and touched the bell. She did not ask him if it hurt him—poor fellow. She seemed to know it did.

"It was that horse-block you tripped on? I've always said it was misplaced."

Such a lovely voice, Nathan hadn't the heart to contradict it. "Can it be possible," he thought, "that this is the same voice I so lately heard in another key?"

The butler came in answer to the bell.

"John, please telephone to St. Luke's Hospital for an ambulance, and then bring the rest of that court-plaster and a basin of water and a towel."

Nathan appreciated this, but did not fancy the idea of the ambulance. The surgeon always brought a policeman along and Nathan had no use for policemen. Moreover, they would go through his clothes at the hospital. He decided to amend his plan.

John returned with the court-plaster. She cut off several strips. John left the room. Now Nathan untwisted his face and looked up at her, almost asking with his eyes if she did not recognize him, then suddenly dropped his eyes again. She had not recognized him, but Nathan had recognized his own finger-prints on that slender throat, and the burglar blushed.

"I'm sorry I hurt you," said the lady, seeing the color.

"When?" said Nathan.

"When I put on the court-plaster," said the lady.

"You didn't," mumbled Nathan, "but you might have." He seemed an ill-natured person. Oh, Nathan, Nathan! how could you! Such a little throat. But he turned it off, as men will, especially after a good meal. "Just think," he mused, as she dressed his face, "a few hours ago those soft slender fingers were trying to scratch my eyes out, and now they are washing the blood away. A few hours ago that delicate creature was sitting on my back, and now she's been filling my stomach."

The lady, meanwhile, seemed preoccupied, but determined to do her duty. "I don't see how your face was scratched so much in tripping over a horse-block."

"And I, in turn," said Nathan, with an apologetic smile, "fail to see how your face was scratched so much while a burglar was waking your husband."

The lady did not seem to crave his sympathy.

"You see I've read the paper," said Nathan.

She made no reply.

"I suppose," ventured Nathan, urbanely, "your husband is a very deep sleeper."

The lady replied, "Does your ankle pain you very much?" Nathan, unlike the butler, did not know his place.

"I trust you will not consider me presuming," said Nathan, "when I remark that the burglar ought to be ashamed of himself to hurt a lady—a lady like you."

The lady raised her eye-brows slightly, then smiled kindly and added, "But then he's only a burglar."

Nathan sighed, "True, too true." It was cruel to rub it in. Then he added, "But if he were lying here as I am"—the lady started—"and could see what he has done, as I do—yes, even a burglar might feel shame and remorse."

The lady was busy with the court-plaster.

"Don't you think so?" ventured Nathan.

The lady made no reply.

"Madame," Nathan inquired, sym-

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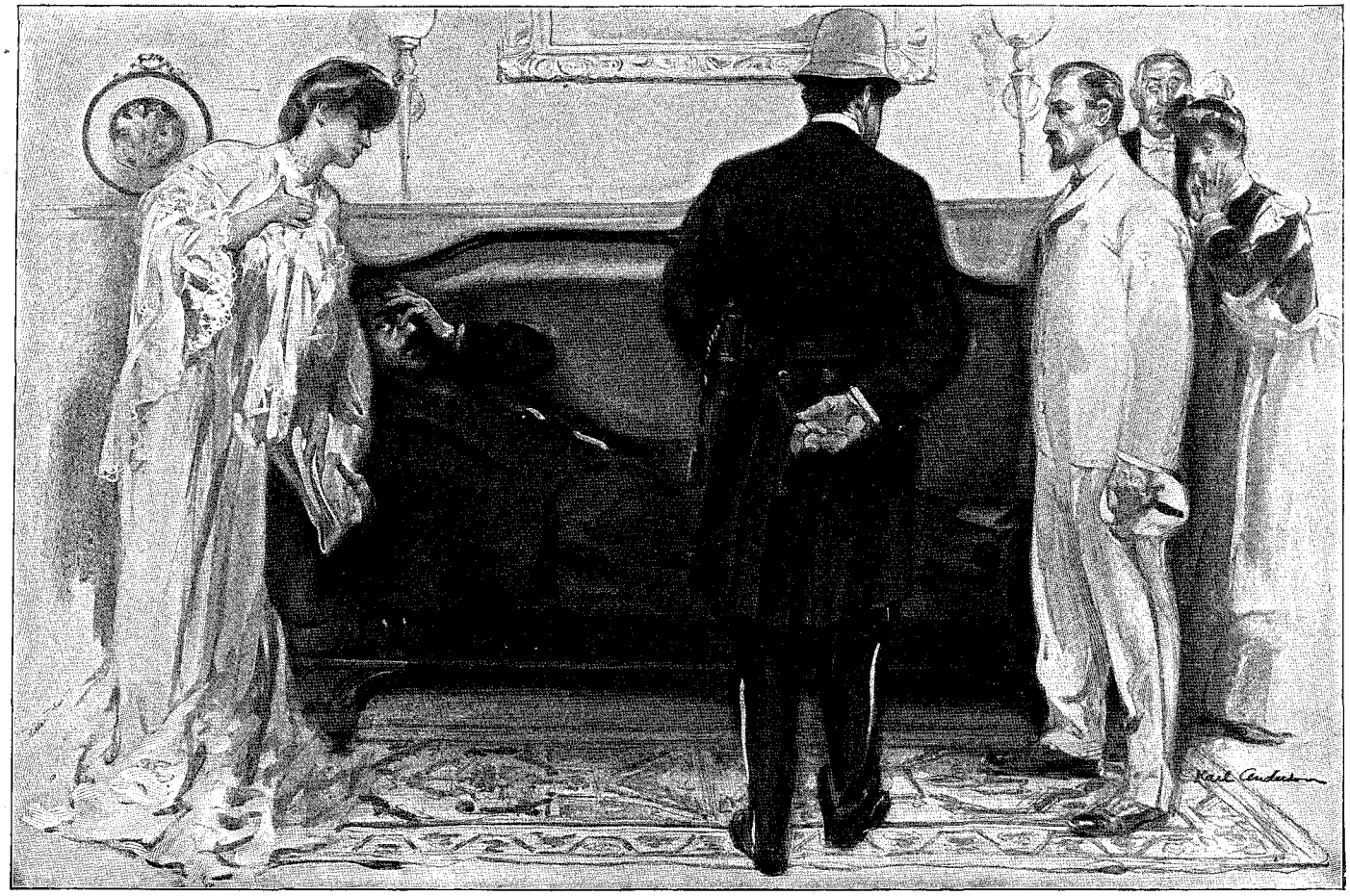

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

"Thank you, Madame," said Nathan; "thank you for the newspaper."—Page 182.

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pathetically, "may I ask if your husband was hurt as much as you?"

"A man naturally knows how to protect himself," said the lady.

"Naturally," said Nathan; ("I thought I could make her answer me") "but a lady —a lady, I suppose, can only scream?"

"There is a full account of it in the paper in your hand," said the lady, haughtily.

"Yes," said Nathan, tapping the paper, "it says this act of bravery will win your husband's election."

The lady was looking out of the window.

"The ambulance ought to be here," she said, tersely.

"Then I must hurry," murmured Nathan, stretched out on the sofa.

"Hurry?" asked the lady, perplexed.

"Madame," said Nathan, gazing up at her eyes, "your husband must be a very brave man."

"As brave as a lion," the lady answered.

"God bless you," said Nathan.

"I beg your pardon?" asked the lady, returning her attention to him.

"For being so kind and considerate to a poor man, who, who—for being so kind and considerate, Madame."

"There now, that dressing will do till you reach the hospital," said the lady. "Here it comes."

"It?" said Nathan.

"The ambulance," said the lady. Nathan heard the bell now, coming up the street as noisily as the police last night. He hated abruptness, but there was no time to lose.

"Madame," he asked, suddenly, "are you sure you lost your earrings?" The ambulance was drawing up at the house. "Are you sure it was not all a night-mare, after all?"

The beautiful lady recoiled. She darted a sudden horrified look at his face, then at his shoes. Black earth of the flower-bed was caked upon them. The door bell rang. "How did you hurt your leg?" she hissed, fiercely, coming bravely toward him again.

Then answered Nathan, like a fool or an artist: "I said on your horse-block, but not all rose-beds are beds of roses. And not all generals are what their wives want people to think. Madame, you are the bravest woman I ever——"

The surgeon and a policeman appeared at the door.

"Here we are, ma'am," said the policeman —deferentially to the wife of the next mayor.

"Made our best time, Mrs. Dodge," smirked the ambulance surgeon—to the leader of local society.

"Officer!" shrilled the lady; her eyes were blazing; she clutched Nathan's shoulder, as if fearing another jump from the window, "this man, I've been feeding and nursing!——"

"Ow! my shoulder!" cried Nathan. He grabbed her little hand with one of his, as if in pain, and while rustling the newspaper with the other, whispered quickly, "Never fear, I won't tell on your husband if you won't tell on me." The two officials were approaching.

"This man," the lady repeated in a dazed manner, "this man, I've been feeding and nursing—is a good man—that is why I've been taking such care of him. Don't you see? And I just wanted to say, he deserves the best of care, Dr. Howe, the best of care," she repeated, nervously. They were spreading out the stretcher for Nathan.

"Thank you, Madame," said Nathan; "thank you for the newspaper." He put one hand under it as he handed the paper to her. They lifted him from the sofa.

"Any patient of yours would have the best of care, Mrs. Dodge," smirked the surgeon. "But you, Mrs. Dodge, need a little care yourself; too much excitement—for such a nervous temperament!" ("These hysterical women!" he added, under his breath.)

"Who wouldn't be excited—see what I have found!" cried the lady, joyfully. She displayed the earrings.

The stretcher-bearers stopped abruptly.

"What!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"Where, m'am?" cried the policeman.

"In the flower-bed," said the lady.

Nathan, reclining on the stretcher, was gazing at her with admiration—his last look.

"By the way, if not asking too much, Madame," he said, reaching into his pocket —was he a fool or artist?— "will you not keep this little bundle of personal possessions till I am well again? They are precious to me—gifts from one I admire."

The lady stood in the door-way with her nose held high. "Call for them when you are out of the hospital," she said.

The patient on the stretcher heaved a sentimental though satisfied sigh as the ambulance went clanging down the street.

The bundle had not been opened when he called for it. Nathan was not a fool.

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXVII

AT midnight, one month later, Daniel Dean, bearer of dispatches to the Confederate General in Virginia, rode out of abandoned Richmond with the cavalry of young Fitzhugh Lee. They had threaded their way amid troops, trains, and artillery across the bridge. The city was on fire. By its light the stream of humanity was pouring out of town—Davis and his cabinet, citizens, soldiers, down to the mechanics in the armories and workshops. The chief concern with all was the same, a little to eat for a few days; for, with the morning, the enemy would come and Confederate money would be as mist. Afar off the little fleet of Confederate gunboats blazed and the thundering explosions of their magazines split the clear air. Freight depots with supplies were burning. Plunderers were spreading the fires and slipping like ghouls through red light and black shadows. At daybreak the last retreating gun rumbled past and, at sunrise, Dan looked back from the hills on the smoking and deserted city and Grant's blue lines sweeping into it.

Once only he saw his great chief—the next morning before day, when he rode through the chill mist and darkness to find the headquarters of the commanding General—two little fires of rubbish and two ambulances—with Lee lying on a blanket under the open sky. He rose, as Dan drew near, and the firelight fell full on his bronzed and mournful face. He looked so sad and so noble that the boy's heart was wrenched, and as Dan turned away, he said, brokenly:

"General, I am General Dean's son and I want to thank you——" he could get no farther. Lee laid one hand on his shoulder.

"Be as good a man as your father was, my boy," he said, and Dan rode back the pitiable way through the rear of that noble army of Virginia—through tattered, worn, hungry soldiers, through the broken débris of wagons and abandoned guns, through skeleton horses and skeleton men.

All hope was gone, but Fitz Lee led his cavalry through the Yankee lines and escaped. In that flight Daniel Dean got his only wound in the war—a bullet through the shoulder. When the surrender came Fitz Lee gave up, too, and led back his command to get Grant's generous terms. But all his men did not go with him, and among the cavalrymen who went on toward southwestern Virginia was Dan—making his way back to Richard Hunt—for gallant Morgan was dead and Hunt was general of the old command.

Behind him, Chad was with Grant. He saw the surrender—saw Lee look toward his army, when he came down the steps after he had given up, saw him strike his hands together three times and ride Traveller away through the profound and silent respect of his enemies and the tearful worship of his own men. And Chad got permission straightway to go back to Ohio and be mustered out with his old regiment, and he, too, started back through Virginia.

Meanwhile Dan was drawing near the mountains. After the fight over in Kentucky with Yankees and Daws Dillon's guerilla band, he had chased Burbridge to the edge of the Bluegrass and, coming back, he had found Harry gone. Harry had refused to accept a parole and had escaped. Not a man, Dan was told, had fired a shot at him as he ran. One soldier raised his musket, but an old sergeant struck the muzzle upward.

Dan was worn out as he drew near Abingdon. The wound in his shoulder was festering and he was in a high fever. At the camp of Morgan's Men he found only a

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Margaret was listening eagerly.—Page 191.

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hospital left—for General Hunt had gone southward—and the hospital was what he most needed now. As he lay, unconscious with fever, next day, a giant figure, lying near, turned his head and stared at the boy. It was Rebel Jerry Dillon, who was still helpless from the fearful wounds his brother, Yankee Jake, had given him. And thus, Chadwick Buford, making for the Ohio to be mustered out with his old regiment, saw the two messmates, a few days later, when he rode into the deserted rebel camp.

All was over. Red Mars had passed beyond the horizon and the white Star of Peace already shone faintly on the ravaged South. The shattered remnants of Morgan's cavalry, pall-bearers of the Lost Cause—had gone South—bare-footed and in rags—to guard Jefferson Davis to safety. Chad's heart was wrung when he stepped into the little hospital they had left behind—a space cleared into a thicket of rhododendron. There was not a tent—there was little medicine—little food. The drizzling rain dropped on the group of ragged sick men from the branches above them. Nearly all were youthful, and the youngest was a mere boy, who lay delirious with his head on the root of a tree. As Chad stood looking, the boy opened his eyes and his mouth twitched with pain.

"Hello, you damned Yankee." Again his mouth twitched and again the old dare-devil light that Chad knew so well kindled in his hazy eyes.

"I said," he repeated, distinctly, "Hello, you damned Yank. *Damned* Yank I said." Chad beckoned to two men.

"Go bring a stretcher."

The men shook their heads with a grim smile—they had no stretcher.

The boy talked dreamily.

"Say, Yank, didn't we give you hell in—oh, well, in lots o' places. But you've got me." The two soldiers were lifting him in their arms. "Goin' to take me to prison? Goin' to take me out to shoot me, Yank? You *are* a damned Yank." A hoarse growl rose behind them and the giant lifted himself on one elbow, swaying his head from side to side.

"Let that boy alone!" Dan nodded back at him confidently.

"That's all right, Jerry. This Yank's a friend of mine." His brow wrinkled. "At any rate he looks like somebody I know. He's goin' to give me something to eat and get me well—like hell," he added to himself—passing off into unconsciousness again. Chad had the lad carried to his own tent, had him stripped, bathed, and bandaged and stood looking down at him. It was hard to believe that the broken, aged youth was the red-cheeked, vigorous lad whom he had known as Daniel Dean. He was ragged, starved, all but bare-footed, wounded, sick, and yet he was as undaunted, as defiant, as when he charged with Morgan's dare-devils—at the beginning of the war. Then Chad went back to the hospital—with a blanket and some medicine.

"They are friends," he said to the Confederate surgeon, pointing at a huge gaunt figure.

"I reckon that big fellow has saved that boy's life a dozen times. Yes, they're mess-mates." And Chad stood looking down at Jerry Dillon, one of the giant twins—whose name was a terror throughout the mountains of the middle south. Then he turned and the surgeon followed. There was a rustle of branches to one side and the wounded man lifted his head at the sound. The branches parted and the ox-like face of Yankee Jake peered through. For a full minute the two brothers stared at each other.

"I reckon you got me, Jake," said Jerry. Jake had moved slowly forward and was looking down at his enemy—his heavy head wagging from side to side. Jerry was fumbling at his belt. The big knife flashed, but Jake's hand was as quick as its gleam, and he had the wrist that held it. His great fingers crushed together and the blade dropped on the ground and again they looked at each other. Slowly, Yankee Jake picked up the knife. The other moved not a muscle and in his fierce eyes was no plea for mercy. The point of the blade moved slowly down—down over the rebel's heart and was thrust into its sheath again. Then Jake let go the wrist.

"Don't tech it agin," he said, and he strode away. The big fellow lay blinking. He did not open his lips when, in a moment, Yankee Jake slouched in with a canteen of water. When Chad came back, one giant was drawing on the other a pair of socks. The other was still silent and had his face turned the other way.

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A day later Dan came to his senses. A tent was above him, a blanket was beneath him and there were clothes on his body that felt strangely fresh and clean. He looked up to see Chad's face between the flaps of the tent.

"D'you do this?"

"That's all right," said Chad. "This war is over." And he went away to let Dan think it out. When he came again, Dan held out his hand silently.

XXVIII

THE rain was falling with a steady roar when General Hunt broke camp a few days before. The mountain-tops were black with thunder-clouds and along the muddy road went Morgan's Men—most of them on mules which had been taken from abandoned wagons when news of the surrender came—without saddles and with blind bridles or rope halters—the rest slopping along through the yellow mud on foot—literally—for few of them had shoes; they were on their way to protect Davis and join Johnston, now that Lee was no more. There was no murmuring, no faltering, and it touched Richard Hunt to observe that they were now more prompt to obedience, when it was optional with them whether they should go or stay, than they had ever been in the proudest days of the Confederacy.

Threatened from Tennessee and cut off from Richmond, Hunt had made up his mind to march eastward to join Lee, when the news of the surrender came. Had the sun at that moment dropped suddenly to the horizon from the heaven above them, those Confederates would have been hardly more startled or plunged into deeper despair. Crowds of infantry threw down their arms and, with the rest, all sense of discipline was lost. Of the cavalry, however, not more than ten men declined to march south and out they moved through the drenching rain in a silence that was broken only with a single cheer when ninety men from another Kentucky brigade joined them, who, too, felt that as long as the Confederate Government survived, there was work for them to do. So on they went to keep up the struggle, if the word was given, skirmishing, fighting and slipping past the enemies that were hemming them in, on with Davis, his cabinet, and General Breckinridge to join Taylor and Forrest in Alabama. Across the border of South Carolina, an irate old lady upbraided Hunt for allowing his soldiers to take forage from her barn.

"You are a gang of thieving Kentuckians," she said, hotly; "you are afraid to go home, while our boys are surrendering decently."

"Madam!"—for the second time Renfrew the Silent spoke—spoke from the depths of his once brilliant jacket—"You South Carolinians had a good deal to say about getting up this war, but we Kentuckians have contracted to close it out."

Then came the last Confederate council of war. In turn, each officer spoke of his men and of himself and each to the same effect; the cause was lost and there was no use prolonging the war.

"We will give our lives to secure your safety, but we cannot urge our men to struggle against a fate that is inevitable and perhaps thus forfeit all hope of a restoration to their homes and friends."

Davis was affable, dignified, calm, undaunted.

"I will hear of no plan that is concerned only with my safety. A few brave men can prolong the war until this panic has passed and they will be a nucleus for thousands more."

The answer was silence, as the gaunt, beaten man looked from face to face. He rose with an effort.

"I see all hope is gone," he said, bitterly, and though his calm remained, his bearing was less erect, his face was deathly pale and his step so infirm that he leaned upon General Breckinridge as he neared the door—in the bitterest moment, perhaps, of his life.

So, the old Morgan's Men, so long separated, were united at the end. In a broken voice, General Hunt forbade the men who had followed him on foot three hundred miles from Virginia to go farther, but to disperse to their homes; and they wept like children.

In front of him was a big force of Federal cavalry; retreat the way he had come was impossible and to the left, if he es-

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caped, was the sea; but dauntless Hunt refused to surrender except at the order of a superior, or unless told that all was done that could be done to assure the escape of his President. That order came from General Breckinridge.

"Surrender," was the message. "Go back to your homes, I will not have one of these young men encounter one more hazard for my sake."

That night Richard Hunt fought out his fight with himself, pacing to and fro under the stars. He had struggled faithfully for what he believed, still believed, and would, perhaps, always believe, was right. He had fought for the broadest ideal of liberty as he understood it, for citizen, State, and nation. The appeal had gone to the sword and the verdict was against him. He would accept it. He would go home, take the oath of allegiance, resume the law, and, as an American citizen, do his duty. He had no sense of humiliation; he had no apology to make and would never have—he had done his duty. He felt no bitterness, and had no fault to find with his foes, who were brave and had done their duty as they had seen it; for he granted them the right to see a different duty from what he had decided was his. And that was all.

Renfrew the Silent was waiting at the smouldering fire. He neither looked up nor made any comment when the General spoke his determination. His own face grew more sullen and he reached his hand into his breast and pulled from his faded jacket the tattered colors that he once had borne.

"These will never be lowered as long as I live," he said, "nor afterwards if I can prevent it." And lowered they never were. On a little island in the Pacific Ocean, this strange soldier, after leaving his property and his kindred forever, lived out his life among the natives with this blood-stained remnant of the Stars and Bars over his hut, and when he died the flag was hung over his grave, and above that grave to-day the tattered emblem still sways in southern air.

. . . . . .

A week earlier, two Rebels and two Yankees started across the mountain together—Chad and Dan and the giant Dillon twins—Chad and Yankee Jake afoot. Down the Cumberland they went and up Lonesome toward the shaggy flank of Black Mountain where the Great Reaper had mowed down Chad's first friends. The logs of the cabin were still standing, though the roof was caved in and the yard was a tangle of undergrowth. A dull pain settled in Chad's breast, as he looked, and when they climbed the spur, he choked when he caught sight of the graves under the big poplar.

There was the little pen that he had built over his foster-mother's grave—still undisturbed. He said nothing and, as they went on up, he kept his gnawing memories to himself. Only ten years before, and he seemed an old, old man now. He recognized the spot where he had slept the first night and awakened to that fearful never-forgotten storm at sunrise, which lived in his memory now as a mighty portent of the storms of human passion that had swept around him on many a battlefield. There was the very tree where he had killed the squirrel and the rattlesnake. It was bursting spring now, but the buds of laurel and rhododendron were unbroken. Down Kingdom Come they went. Here was where he had met the old cow, and here was the little hill where Jack had fought Whizzer and he had fought Tad Dillon and where he had first seen Melissa. Again the scarlet of her tattered gown flashed before his eyes. At the bend of the river they parted from the giant twins. Faithful Jake's face was foolish, when Chad took him by the hand and spoke to him, as man to man, and Jerry, his surly brother, turned his face quickly when Dan told him that he would never forget him, and made him promise to come to see him, if Jerry ever took another raft down to the capital. Looking back from the hill, Chad saw them slowly moving along a path toward the woods—not looking at each other and speaking not at all.

Beyond rose the smoke of the old Turner cabin. On the porch sat the old Turner mother, her bonnet in her hand, her eyes looking down the river. Dozing at her feet was Jack—old Jack. She had never forgiven Chad, and she could not forgive him now, though Chad saw her eyes soften, when she looked at the tat-

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tered butternut that Dan wore. But Jack—half-blind and aged—sprang trembling to his feet when he heard Chad's voice and whimpered like a child. Chad sank on the porch with one arm about the old dog's neck. Mother Turner answered all questions shortly.

Melissa had gone to the "Settlemints." Why? The old woman would not answer. She was coming back, but she was ill. She had never been well since she went afoot, one cold night, to warn some *Yankee* that Dan Dillon was after him. Chad started. It was Melissa who had perhaps saved his life. Tad Dillon had stepped into Dan's shoes, and the war was still going on in the hills. Tom Turner had died in prison. The old mother was waiting for Dolph and Rube to come back—she was looking for them every hour—day and night. She did not know what had become of the schoolmaster—but Chad did, and he told her. The schoolmaster had died, storming breastworks at Gettysburg. The old woman said not a word.

Dan was too weak to ride now. So Chad got Dave Hilton, Melissa's old sweetheart, to take Dixie to Richmond—a little town on the edge of the Bluegrass—and leave her there, and he bought the old canoe. She would have no use for it, Mother Turner said—he could have it for nothing; but when Chad thrust a ten-dollar Federal bill into her hands, she broke down and threw her arms around him and cried.

So down the river went Chad and Dan—drifting with the tide—Chad in the stern, Dan lying at full length, with his head on a blue army-coat and looking up at the overswung branches and the sky and the clouds above them—down, through a mist of memories for Chad—down to the capital.

And Harry Dean, too, was on his way home—coming up from the far South—up through the ravaged land of his own people, past homes and fields which his own hands had helped to lay waste.

XXIX

THE early spring sunshine lay like a benediction over the Dean household, for Margaret and her mother were home from exile, once more. On the corner of the veranda sat Mrs. Dean, where she always sat, knitting. Under the big weeping willow in the garden was her husband's grave. When she was not seated near it, she was there in the porch, and to it her eyes seemed always to stray when she lifted them from her work.

The mail had just come and Margaret was reading a letter from Dan, and, as she read, her cheeks flushed.

"He took me into his own tent, mother, and put his own clothes on me and nursed me like a brother. And now he is going to take me to you and Margaret, he says, and I shall be strong enough, I hope, to start in a week. I shall be his friend for life."

Neither mother nor daughter spoke when the girl ceased reading. Only Margaret rose soon and walked down the gravelled walk to the stile. Beneath the hill the creek sparkled. She could see the very spot where her brothers and the queer little stranger in from the mountains were fishing the day he came into her life. She remembered the indignant heart-beat with which she had heard him call her "little gal" and she smiled now, but she could recall the very tone of his voice and the steady look in his clear eyes when he offered her the perch he had caught. Even then his spirit appealed unconsciously to her, when he sturdily refused to go up to the house because her brother was ' feelin' hard towards him." How strange and far away all that seemed now! Up the creek and around the woods she strolled, deep in memories. For a long while she sat on a stone wall in the sunshine—thinking and dreaming, and it was growing late when she started back to the house. At the stile, she turned for a moment to look at the old Buford home across the fields. As she looked, she saw the pike-gate open and a woman's figure enter and she kept her eyes idly upon it as she walked to the house. The woman came slowly and hesitatingly toward the yard. When she drew nearer, Margaret could see that she wore homespun, home-made shoes, and a poke-bonnet. On her hands were yarn half-mits and, as she walked, she pushed her bonnet from her eyes with one hand, first to one side, then to the other—looking at the locusts planted along the avenue, the cedars in the yard, the sweep of lawn overspread with springing bluegrass. At the yard gate, she stopped, leaning over it—her eyes fixed on the

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stately white house, with its mighty pillars. Margaret was standing on the steps now, motionless and waiting, and, knowing that she was seen, the woman opened the gate and walked up the gravelled path—never taking her eyes from the figure on the porch. Straight she walked to the foot of the steps and there she stopped and, pushing her bonnet back, she said simply:

"Are you Mar-ga-ret?" pronouncing the name slowly and with great distinctness.

Margaret started.

"Yes," she said.

The girl merely looked at her—long and hard. Once her lips moved:

"Mar-ga-ret," and still she looked.

"Do you know whar Chad is?"

Margaret flushed.

"Who are you?"

"Melissy."

Melissa! The two girls looked deep into each other's eyes and, for one flashing moment, each saw the other's heart—bared and beating—and Margaret saw, too, a strange light ebb slowly from the other's face and a strange shadow follow slowly after.

"You mean Captain Buford?"

"I mean Chad. Is he dead?"

"No, he is bringing my brother home."

"Harry?"

"No—Dan."

"Dan—here?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"As soon as my brother gets well enough to travel. He is wounded."

Melissa turned her face then. Her mouth twitched and her clasped hands were working in and out. Then she turned again.

"I come up here from the mountains, afoot, jus' to tell ye—to tell *you* that Chad ain't no—" she stopped suddenly, seeing Margaret's quick flush—"*Chad's mother was married.* I jus' found it out last week. He ain't no"— she started fiercely again and stopped again. "But I come here fer *him*—not fer *you*. *You* oughtn't to 'a' keered. Hit wouldn't 'a' been his fault. He never was the same after he come back from here. Hit worried him most to death an' I know hit was you—*you* he was always thinkin' about. He didn't keer 'cept fer you." Again that shadow came and deepened. "An' you oughtn't to 'a' keered what he was—and that's why I hate you," she said, calmly—"fer worryin' him an' bein' so high-heeled that you was willin' to let him mighty nigh bust his heart about somethin' that wasn't his fault. I come fer him—you understand—fer *him*. I hate *you!*"

She turned without another word, walked slowly back down the walk and out the gate. Margaret stood dazed, helpless, almost frightened. She heard the girl cough and saw now that she walked as if weak and ill. As she turned into the road, Margaret ran down the steps and across the fields to the turnpike. When she reached the road-fence, the girl was coming around the bend with her eyes on the ground, and every now and then she would cough and put her hand to her breast. She looked up quickly, hearing the noise ahead of her, and stopped as Margaret climbed the low stone wall and sprang down.

"Melissa, Melissa! You musn't hate me. You musn't hate *me.*" Margaret's eyes were streaming and her voice trembled with kindness. She walked up to the girl and put one hand on her shoulder. "You are sick. I know you are, and you must come back to the house."

Melissa gave way then and breaking from the girl's clasp she leaned against the stone wall and sobbed, while Margaret put her arms about her and waited silently.

"Come now," she said, "let me help you over. There now. You must come back and get something to eat and lie down." And Margaret led Melissa back across the fields.

XXX

IT was strange to Chad that he should be drifting toward a new life down the river which once before had carried him to a new world. The future then was no darker than now, but he could hardly connect himself with the little fellow in coon-skin cap and moccasins who had floated down on a raft so many years ago, when at every turn of the river his eager eyes looked for a new and thrilling mys-

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tery. They talked of the long fight, the two lads, for, in spite of the war-worn look of them, both were still nothing but boys—and they talked with no bitterness of camp life, night attacks, surprises, escapes, imprisonment, incidents of march and battle. Both spoke little of their boyhood days or of the future. The pall of defeat overhung Dan. To him the world seemed to be nearing an end, while to Chad the outlook was what he had known all his life—nothing to begin with and everything to be done. Once only Dan voiced his own trouble:

"What are you going to do, Chad—now that this infernal war is over? Going into the regular army?"

"No," said Chad, decisively. About his own future Dan volunteered nothing—he only turned his head quickly to the passing woods, as though in fear that Chad might ask some similar question, but Chad was silent. And thus they glided between high cliffs and down into the lowlands until at last, through a little gorge between two swelling river hills, Dan's eye caught sight of an orchard, a leafy woodland, and a pasture of bluegrass. With a cry he raised himself on one elbow.

"Home! I tell you, Chad, we're getting home!" He closed his eyes and drew the sweet air in as though he were drinking it down like wine. His eyes were sparkling when he opened them again and there was a new color in his face. On they drifted until, toward noon, the black column of smoke that meant the capital loomed against the horizon. There Mrs. Dean was waiting for them, and Chad turned his face aside when the mother took her son in her arms. With a sad smile she held out her hand to Chad.

"You must come home with us," Mrs. Dean said, with quiet decision.

"Where is Margaret, mother?" Chad almost trembled when he heard the name.

"Margaret couldn't come. She is not very well and she is taking care of Harry."

The very station had tragic memories to Chad. There was the long hill which he had twice climbed—once on a lame foot and once on flying Dixie—past the armory and the graveyard. He had seen enough dead since he peered through the iron gates, to fill a dozen graveyards the like in size. Going up in the train, he could see the barn where he had slept in the hayloft the first time he came to the Bluegrass, and the creek-bridge where Major Buford had taken him into his carriage. Major Buford was dead. He had almost died in prison, Mrs. Dean said, and Chad choked and could say nothing. Once Dan began a series of eager questions about the house and farm, and the servants and the neighbors, but his mother's answers were hesitant and he stopped short. She, too, asked but few questions, and the three were quiet while the train rolled on with little more speed than Chad and Dixie had made on that long ago night-ride to save Dan and Rebel Jerry. About that ride Chad had kept Harry's lips and his own closed, for he wished no such appeal as that to go to Margaret Dean. Margaret was not at the station in Lexington. She was not well, Rufus said; so Chad would not go with them that night, but would come out next day.

"I owe my son's life to you, Captain Buford," said Mrs. Dean, with trembling lip, "and you must make our house your home while you are here. I bring that message to you from Harry and Margaret."

Chad could hardly speak his thanks. He would be in the Bluegrass only a few days, he stammered, but he would go out to see them next day. That night he went to the old inn where the Major had taken him to dinner. Next day, he sent a negro-boy for Dixie, and got a horse from the livery stable where he had bought the old brood mare. Early in the afternoon, he rode out the broad turnpike in a nervous tumult of feeling that more than once made him halt in the road. He wore his uniform, which was new, and made him uncomfortable—it looked too much like waving a victorious flag in the face of a beaten enemy—but it was the only stitch of clothes he had, and that he might not explain. It was the first of May. Just eight years before, Chad with a burning heart had watched Richard Hunt gayly dancing with Margaret, while the dead chieftain, Morgan, gayly fiddled for the merry crowd. Now the sun shone as it did then, the birds sang, the wind shook the happy leaves and trembled through the budding heads of bluegrass to show that nature had known no war and that her mood was never other than of hope and peace. But there were no fat cattle browsing in the Dean pastures now, no flocks of Southdown sheep with

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frisking lambs. The worm fences had lost their riders and were broken down here and there. The gate sagged on its hinges; the fences around yard and garden and orchard had known no whitewash for years; the paint on the noble old house was cracked and peeling, the roof of the barn was sunken in, and the cabins of the quarters were closed, for the hand of war, though unclenched, still lay heavy on the home of the Deans. Snowball came to take his horse. He was respectful, but his white teeth did not flash the welcome Chad once had known. Another horse stood at the hitching-post and on it was a cavalry saddle and a rebel army blanket, and Chad did not have to guess whose it might be. From the porch, Dan shouted and came down to meet him, and Harry hurried to the door, followed by Mrs. Dean. Margaret was not to be seen, and Chad was glad—he would have a little more time for self-control. She did not appear even when they were seated in the porch until Dan shouted for her toward the garden; and then looking toward the gate Chad saw her coming up the garden walk bareheaded, dressed in white, with flowers in her hand; and walking by her side, looking into her face and talking earnestly, was Richard Hunt. The sight of him nerved Chad at once to steel. Margaret did not lift her face until she was half-way to the porch and then she stopped suddenly.

"Why, there's Captain Buford," Chad heard her say, and she came on ahead, walking rapidly. Chad felt the blood in his face again and when he saw Margaret nearing him—pale, sweet, frank, gracious, unconscious—it seemed that he was living over again another scene in his life when he had come from the mountains to live with Major Buford; and, with a sudden prayer that his past might now be wiped as clean as it was then, he turned from Margaret's hand-clasp to look into the brave, searching eyes of Richard Hunt and feel his sinewy fingers in a grip that in all frankness told Chad plainly that between them, at least, one war was not quite over yet.

"I am glad to meet you, Captain Buford, in these piping times of peace."

"And I am glad to meet you, General Hunt—only in times of peace," said Chad, smiling. The two measured each other swiftly, calmly. Chad had a mighty admiration for Richard Hunt. Here was a man who knew no fight but to the finish, who would die as gamely in a drawing-room as on a battle-field. To think of him—a brigadier-general at twenty-seven, as undaunted, as unbeaten as when he heard the first bullet of the war whistle and, at that moment, as good an American as Chadwick Buford or any Unionist who had given his life for his cause! Such a foe thrilled Chad, and somehow he felt that Margaret was measuring them as they were measuring each other. Against such a man what chance had he? He would have been comforted could he have known Richard Hunt's thoughts, for that gentleman had gone back to the picture of a ragged mountain boy in old Major Buford's carriage, one court day long ago, and now he was looking that same lad over from the visor of his cap down his superb length to the heels of his riding-boots. His eyes rested long on Chad's face. The change was incredible, but blood had told. The face was high-bred, clean, frank, nobly handsome; it had strength and dignity, and the scar on his cheek told a story that was as well known to foe as to friend.

"I have been wanting to thank you, not only for trying to keep us out of that infernal prison after the Ohio raid, but for trying to get us out. Harry here told me. That was generous."

"That was nothing," said Chad. "You forget, you could have killed me once and —and you didn't." Margaret was listening eagerly.

"You didn't give me time," laughed General Hunt.

"Oh yes, I did. I saw you lift your pistol and drop it again. I have never ceased to wonder why you did that."

Richard Hunt laughed. "Perhaps I'm sorry sometimes that I did," he said with a certain dryness.

"Oh no, you aren't, General," said Margaret.

Thus they chatted and laughed and joked together above the sombre tide of feeling that showed in the face of each if it reached not his tongue, for when the war was over, the hatchet in Kentucky was buried at once and buried deep. Son came back to father, brother to brother, neighbor to neighbor and the sundered threads, unravelled by the war, were knitted together fast. That is why the

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post-bellum terrors of reconstruction were practically unknown in the State. The negroes scattered, to be sure, not from disloyalty so much as from a feverish desire to learn whether they really could come and go as they pleased. When they learned that, most of them drifted back to the quarters where they were born, and meanwhile the white man's hand that had wielded the sword went just as bravely to the plough, and the work of rebuilding war-shattered ruins began at once. Old Mammy appeared, by and by, shook hands with General Hunt and made Chad a curtsey of rather distant dignity. She had gone into exile with her "chile" and her "ole Mistis" and had come home with them to stay, untempted by the doubtful sweets of freedom. "Old Tom, her husband, had remained with Major Buford, was with him on his deathbed," said Margaret, "and was on the place still, too old, he said, to take root elsewhere."

Toward the middle of the afternoon Dan rose and suggested that they take a walk about the place. Margaret had gone in to attend to some household duties, and Richard Hunt was going away next day and would stay, he said, with Mrs. Dean, who was tired and would not join them. The three walked toward the dismantled barn where the tournament had taken place and out into the woods. Looking back, Chad saw Margaret and General Hunt going slowly toward the garden and he knew that some crisis was at hand between the two. He had hard work listening to Dan and Harry as they planned for the future, and recalled to each other and to him the incidents of their boyhood. Harry meant to study law, he said, and practice in Lexington; Dan would stay at home and run the farm. Neither brother mentioned that the old place was heavily mortgaged, but Chad guessed the fact and it made him heartsick to think of the struggle that was before them and of the privations yet in store for Mrs. Dean and Margaret.

"Why don't you, Chad?"

"Do what?"

"Stay here and study law, "Harry smiled. "We'll go into partnership."

Chad shook his head. "No," he said, decisively. "I've already made up my mind. I'm going West."

"I'm sorry," said Harry, and no more; he had learned long ago how useless it was to combat any purpose of Chadwick Buford.

General Hunt and Margaret were still away when they got back to the house. In fact, the sun was sinking when they came in from the woods, still walking slowly, General Hunt talking earnestly and Margaret with her hands clasped before her and her eyes on the path. The faces of both looked pale, even that far away, but when they neared the porch the General was joking and Margaret was smiling, nor was anything perceptible to Chad when he said good-by, except a certain tenderness in his tone and manner toward Margaret, and one fleeting look of distress in her clear eyes. He was on his horse now, and was lifting his cap.

"Good-by, Captain," he said. "I'm glad you got through the war alive. Perhaps I'll tell you some day why I didn't shoot you that morning." And then he rode away, a gallant, knightly figure, across the pasture. At the gate he waved his cap and at a gallop was gone.

After supper a heaven-born chance led Mrs. Dean to stroll out into the lovely night. Margaret rose to go too, and Chad followed. The same chance, perhaps, led old Mammy to come out on the porch and call Mrs. Dean back. Chad and Margaret walked on toward the stiles where still hung Margaret's weather-beaten Stars and Bars. The girl smiled and touched the flag.

"That was very nice of you to salute me that morning. I never felt so bitter against Yankees after that day. I'll take it down now," and she detached it and rolled it tenderly about the slender staff.

"That was not my doing," said Chad, "though if I had been Grant, and there with the whole Union army, I would have had it salute you. I was under orders, but I went back for help. May I carry it for you?"

"Yes," said Margaret, handing it to him. Chad had started toward the garden, but Margaret turned him toward the stiles and they walked now down through the pasture toward the creek that ran like a wind-shaken ribbon of silver under the moon.

"Won't you tell me something about Major Buford? I've been wanting to ask, but I simply hadn't the heart. Can't we go over there to-night? I want to see the old place, and I must leave to-morrow."

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"To-morrow!" said Margaret. "Why—I—I was going to take you over there to-morrow, for I—but, of course, you must go to-night if it is to be your only chance."

And so, as they walked along, Margaret told Chad of the old Major's last days, after he was released from prison, and came home to die. She went to see him every day and she was at his bedside when he breathed his last. He had mortgaged his farm to help the Confederate cause and to pay indemnity for a guerilla raid, and Jerome Conners held his notes for large amounts.

"The lawyer told me that he believed some of the notes were forged, but he couldn't prove it. He says it is doubtful if more than the house and a few acres will be left." A light broke in on Chad's brain.

"He told you?"

Margaret blushed. "He left all he had to me," she said, simply.

"I'm so glad," said Chad.

"Except a horse which belongs to you. The old mare is dead."

"Dear old Major!"

At the stone fence Margaret reached for the flag.

"We'll leave it here until we come back," she said, dropping it in a shadow. Somehow the talk of Major Buford seemed to bring them nearer together—so near that once Chad started to call her by her first name and stopped when it had half passed his lips. Margaret smiled.

"The war is over," she said, and Chad spoke eagerly:

"And you'll call me——"

"Yes, Chad."

The very leaves over Chad's head danced suddenly and yet the girl was so simple and frank and kind that the springing hope in his breast was as quickly chilled.

"Did he ever speak of me except about business matters?"

"Never at all at first," said Margaret, blushing again incomprehensively, "but he forgave you before he died."

"Thank God for that!"

"And you will see what he did for you—the last thing of his life."

They were crossing the field now.

"I have seen Melissa," said Margaret, suddenly. Chad was so startled that he stopped in the path.

"She came all the way from the mountains to ask if you were dead, and to tell me about—about your mother. She had just learned it, she said, and she did not know that you knew. And I never let her know that I knew, since I supposed you had some reason for not wanting her to know."

"I did," said Chad, sadly, but he did not tell his reason. Melissa would never have learned the one thing from him as Margaret would not learn the other now.

"She came on foot to ask about you and to defend you against—against me. And she went back afoot. She disappeared one morning before we got up. She seemed very ill, too, and unhappy. She was coughing all the time, and I wakened one night and heard her sobbing, but she was so sullen and fierce that I was almost afraid of her. Next morning she was gone. I would have taken her part of the way home myself. Poor thing!" Chad was walking with his head bent.

"I'm going down to see her before I go West."

"You are going West—to live?"

"Yes."

They had reached the yard gate now which creaked on rusty hinges when Chad pulled it open. The yard was running wild with plantains, the gravelled walk was overgrown, the house was closed, shuttered, and dark, and the spirit of desolation overhung the place, but the ruin looked gentle in the moonlight. Chad's throat hurt and his eyes filled.

"I want to show you now the last thing he did," said Margaret. Her eyes lighted with tenderness and she led him wondering down through the tangled garden to the old family graveyard.

"Climb over and look, Chad," she said, leaning over the wall.

There was the grave of the Major's father which he knew so well; next that, to the left, was a new mound under which rested the Major himself. To the right was a stone marked "Chadwick Buford, born in Virginia, 1750, died in Kentucky"—and then another stone marked simply:

Mary Buford.

"He had both brought from the mountains," said Margaret, softly, "and the last time he was out of the house was when he

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leaned here to watch them buried there. He said there would always be a place next your mother for you. 'Tell the boy that,' he said." Chad put his arms around the tombstone and then sank on one knee by his mother's grave. It was strewn with withered violets.

"You—*you* did that, Margaret?"

Margaret nodded through her tears.

. . . . . .

The wonder of it! They stood very still, looking for a long time into each other's eyes. Could the veil of the hereafter have been lifted for them at that moment and they have seen themselves walking that same garden path, hand in hand, their faces seamed with age to other eyes, but changed in not a line to them, the vision would not have added a jot to their perfect faith. They would have nodded to each other and smiled—"Yes, we know, we know!" The night, the rushing earth, the star-swept spaces of the infinite held no greater wonder than was theirs—they held no wonder at all. The moon shone, that night, for them; the wind whispered, leaves danced, flowers nodded, and crickets chirped from the grass for them; the farthest star kept eternal lids apart just for them and beyond, the Maker himself looked down, that night, just to bless them.

. . . . . .

Back they went through the old garden, hand in hand. No caress had ever passed between these two. That any man could ever dare even to dream of touching her sacred lips had been beyond the boy's imaginings—such was the reverence in his love for her—and his very soul shook when, at the gate, Margaret's eyes dropped from his to the sabre cut on his cheek and she suddenly lifted her face.

"I know how you got that, Chad," she said, and with her lips she gently touched the scar. Almost timidly the boy drew her to him. Again her lips were lifted in sweet surrender, and every wound that he had known in his life was healed.

"I'll show you your horse, Chad."

They did not waken old Tom, but went around to the stable and Chad led out a handsome colt, his satiny coat shining in the moonlight like silver. He lifted his proud head, when he saw Margaret, and whinnied.

"He knows his mistress, Margaret—and he's yours."

"Oh, no, Chad."

"Yes," said Chad, "I've still got Dixie."

"Do you still call her Dixie?"

"All through the war."

Homeward they went through the dewy fields.

"I wish I could have seen the Major before he died. If he could only have known how I suffered at causing him so much sorrow. And if you could have known——"

"He did know and so did I—later. But I was hurt that you did not tell me how you were troubled."

"I couldn't, Margaret. I couldn't reason then, and I can't now. I tried to see you."

"I could not make my mother more unhappy than she already was," said Margaret, gently.

"I know, I know."

They had reached the stone wall and Chad picked up the flag again.

"This is the only time I have ever carried this flag, unless I—unless it had been captured."

"You had captured it, Chad."

"There?" Chad pointed to the stiles and Margaret nodded.

"There—here—everywhere."

Seated on the porch Mrs. Dean and Harry and Dan saw them coming across the field and Mrs. Dean sighed.

"Father would not say a word against it, mother," said the elder boy, "if he were here."

"No," said Dan, "not a word."

"Listen, mother," said Harry, and he told the two about Chad's ride for Dan from Frankfort to Lexington. "He asked me not to tell. He did not wish Margaret to know. And listen again, mother. In a skirmish one day we were fighting hand to hand. I saw one man with his pistol levelled at me and another with his sabre lifted on Chad. He saw them both. My pistol was empty, and do you know what he did? He shot the man who was about to shoot me instead of his own assailant. That is how he got that scar. I did tell Margaret that."

"Yes, you must go down in the mountains first," Margaret was saying, "and see if

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there is anything you can do for the people who were so good to you—and to see Melissa. I am worried about her."

"And then I must come back to you?"

"Yes, you must come back to see me once more, if you can. And then some day you will come again and buy back the Major's farm"—she stopped, blushing. "I think that was his wish, Chad, that you and I—but I would never let him say it."

"And if that should take too long?"

"I will come to you, Chad," said Margaret.

. . . . . .

Old Mammy came out on the porch as they were climbing the stile.

"Ole Miss," she said, indignantly, "my Tom say that he can't get nary a triflin' nigger to come out hyeh to wuk, an' ef that cawnfiel' ain't ploughed mighty soon, it's gwine to bu'n up."

"How many horses are there on the place, Mammy?" asked Dan.

"Hosses!" sniffed the old woman. "They ain't *nary* a hoss—nothin' but two ole broken-down mules."

"Well, I'll take one and start that job myself," said Harry.

"And I'll take the other," said Dan.

Mammy groaned.

. . . . . .

And still the wonder of that night to Chad and Margaret!

"It was General Hunt who taught me to understand—and forgive. Do you know what he said? That every man, on both sides, was right—who did his duty."

"God bless him," said Chad.

XXXI

MOTHER TURNER was sitting in the porch with old Jack at her feet when Chad and Dixie came to the gate, her bonnet off, her eyes turned toward the West. The stillness of death lay over the place, and over the strong old face some preternatural sorrow. She did not rise when she saw Chad, she did not speak when he spoke. She turned merely and looked at him with a look of helpless suffering. She knew the question that was on his lips, for she dumbly motioned toward the door and then put her trembling hands on the railing of the porch and bent her face down on them. With sickening fear, Chad stepped on the threshold—cap in hand—and old Jack followed, whimpering. As his eyes grew accustomed to the dark interior, he could see a sheeted form on a bed in the corner and, on the pillow, a white face.

"Melissa!" he called, brokenly. A groan from the porch answered him, and, as Chad dropped to his knees, the old woman sobbed aloud.

In low tones, as though in fear they might disturb the dead girl's sleep, the two talked on the porch. Brokenly, the old woman told Chad how the girl had sickened and suffered with never a word of complaint. How, all through the war, she had fought his battles so fiercely that no one dared attack him in her hearing. How, sick as she was, she had gone, that night, to save his life. How she had nearly died from the result of cold and exposure and was never the same afterward. How she worked in the house and in the garden to keep their bodies and souls together, after the old hunter was shot down and her boys were gone to the war. How she had learned the story of Chad's mother from old Nathan Cherry's daughter and how, when the old woman forbade her going to the Bluegrass, she had slipped away and gone afoot to clear his name. And then the old woman led Chad to where once had grown the rose-bush he had brought Melissa from the Bluegrass, and pointed silently to a box that seemed to have been pressed a few inches into the soft earth, and when Chad lifted it, he saw under it the imprint of a human foot—his own, made that morning when he held out a rose-leaf to her and she had struck it from his hand and turned him, as an enemy, from her door.

Chad silently went inside and threw open the window to let the last sunlight in: and he sat there, with his face as changeless as the still face on the pillow, sat there until the sun went down and the darkness came in and closed softly about her. She had died, the old woman said, with his name on her lips.

. . . . . .

Dolph and Rube had come back and they would take good care of the old

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mother until the end of her days. But Jack—what should be done with Jack? The old dog could follow him no longer. He could live hardly more than another year, and the old mother wanted him—to remind her, she said, of Chad and of Melissa, who had loved him. He patted his faithful old friend tenderly and, when he mounted Dixie, late the next afternoon, Jack started to follow him.

"No, Jack," said Chad, and he rode on, with his eyes blurred. On the top of the steep mountain he dismounted, to let his horse rest a moment, and sat on a log, looking toward the sun. He could not go back to Margaret and happiness—not now. It seemed hardly fair to the dead girl down in the valley. He would send Margaret word, and she would understand.

Once again he was starting his life over afresh, with his old capital, a strong body and a stout heart. In his breast still burned the spirit that had led his race to the land, had wrenched it from savage and from king, had made it the high temple of Liberty for the worship of freemen—the Kingdom Come for the oppressed of the earth—and, himself the unconscious Shepherd of that Spirit, he was going to help carry its ideals across a continent Westward to another sea and on—who knows—to the gates of the rising sun. An eagle swept over his head, as he rose, and the soft patter of feet sounded behind him. It was Jack trotting after him. He stooped and took the old dog in his arms.

"Go back home, Jack!" he said. Without a whimper, old Jack slowly wheeled, but he stopped and turned again and sat on his haunches—looking back.

"Go home, Jack!" Again the old dog trotted down the path and once more he turned.

"Home, Jack!" said Chad.

The eagle was a dim, black speck in the band of yellow that lay over the rim of the sinking sun, and, after its flight, horse and rider took the westward way.

THE END

HARVEST TIME

By Martha Fenner

WHEN little Bacchus in purpling shadows
Drinks to the harvest year;
When the harvest moon with her keen bright sickle
Mows through the valleys sere;
When golden Plenty and Peace her sister,
With the Bacchanals, come arm in arm,
To drink of the year's rare vintage flowing
In the red wine rich and warm:

Then little Bacchus in purpling shadows
Lifts his golden goblet high,
And drinks, with the Bacchanals in waiting,
To the bright days soon to die;
And the harvest moon grows faint and fainter;
And dims and dies in the chill of the morn,
While the east wind blows through the blackened grasses
To answer the hunter's horn.

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IN QUIET WAYS

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IN QUIET WAYS

BY BEATRICE HANSCOM

I KNEW it with a child's delight,
The rambling farm-house painted white
With green blinds grateful to the sight
In sultry weather;
Where by the white-stone-bordered walks
Flourished the flaunting holly-hocks,
And pinks and peonies and phlox
All bloomed together.

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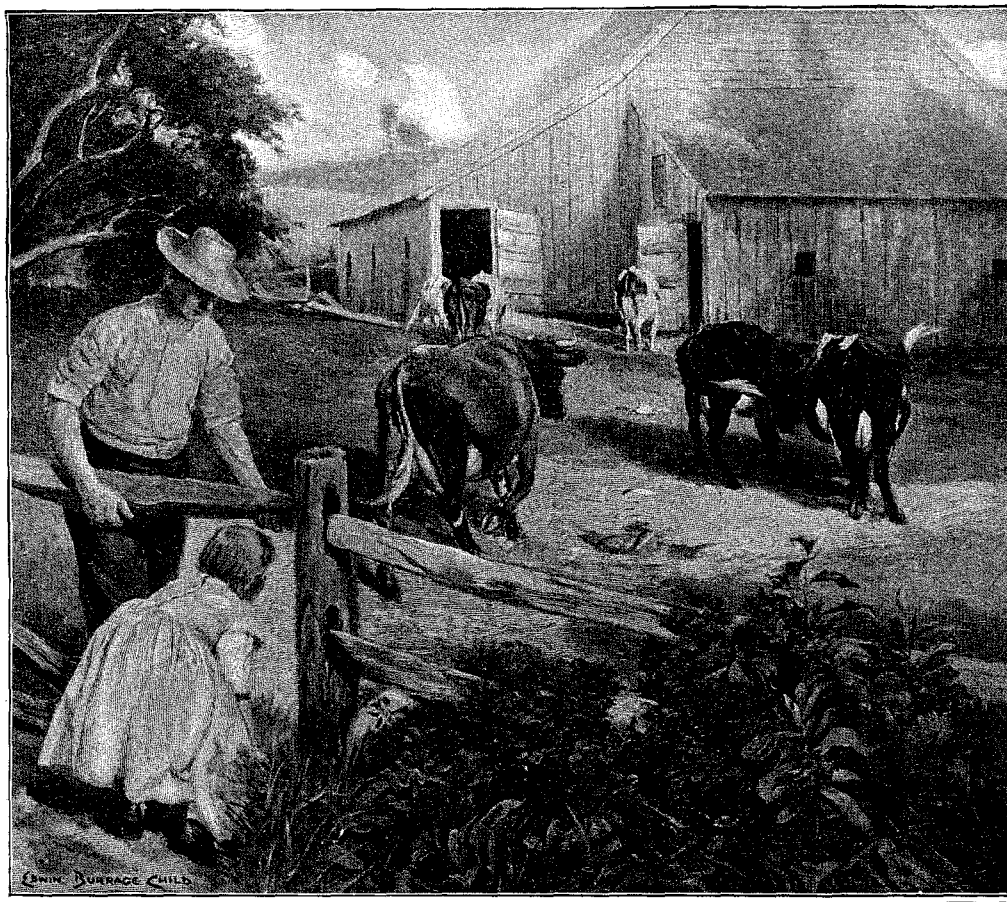
THERE Aunt Matilda had begun
Her life, and dwelt till it was done.
Each enterprising morning sun
Shone at her greeting.
A red-cheeked lass helped within doors,
A lusty yokel "did" the chores,
Took the farm produce to the stores,
And drove to meeting.



I LIKED the "best room," where among
Old portraits, my small new one hung;
Where odorous clove-apples flung
Their spicy sweetness;
And where through blinds closed sternly tight,
Crept little "chinks" of yellow light
That danced and turned and fled the sight
Of such prim neatness.

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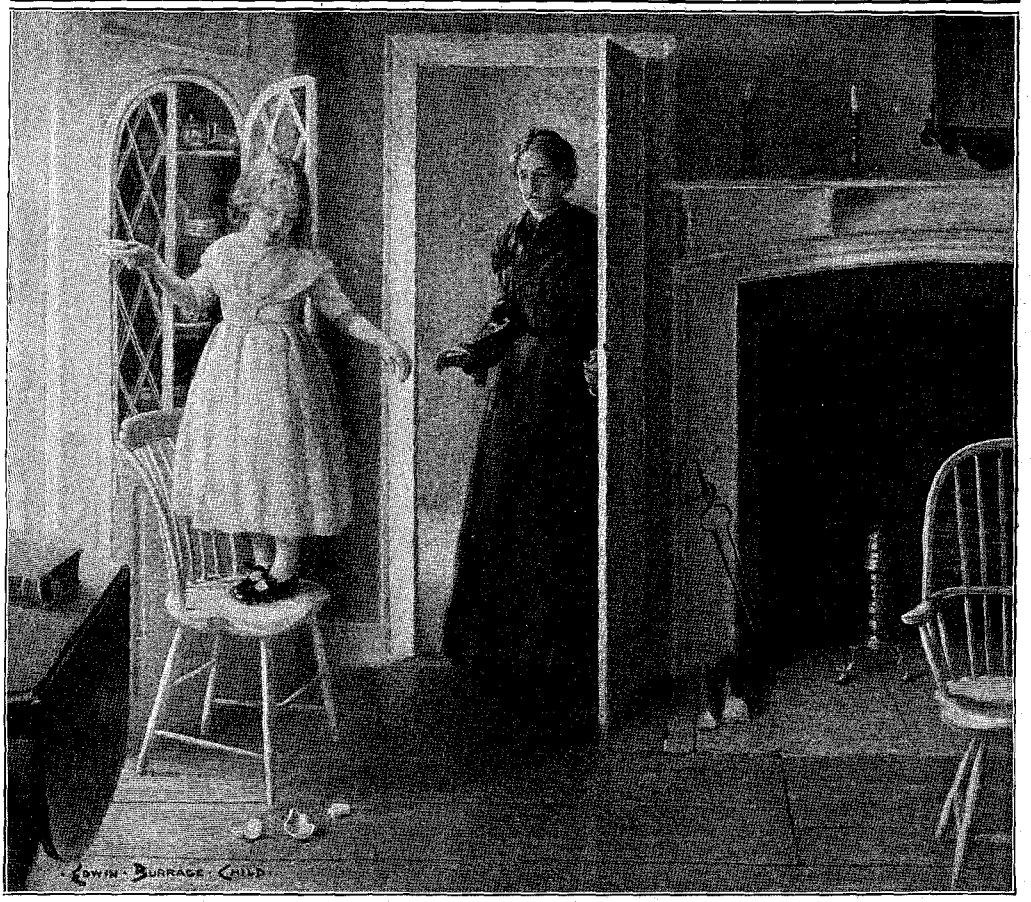
THERE, too, she showed with proper pride,
The spinet, mute "since Sister died,"
With faded music placed inside
As though in token
That losing her who touched those keys,
Had stilled the old-time melodies,
Now lain away 'mongst memories
Grown faint and broken.



BUT better, if one wished to play,
The cheery room of every-day ;
The red-bricked hearth where Tabby lay
In peaceful slumber:
The glass-doored cupboard where in state
Stood every treasured cup and plate,
Which my keen interest—and Fate—
Decreased in number.

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THE stiff old sofa, deep and wide,
Produced a most effective slide.
Its horse-hair tufts could be untied
By Mischief's fingers
That yet grew gentle did they stray
Where by Barnes' Notes her Bible lay,
Whose well-worn marker "Watch and Pray"
In memory lingers.

AND then the kitchen—ah, what spells
Seemed blent with its delicious smells,
When kisses went for jams and jells
By one small trader;
And just outside, in morning light,
Long rows of milk-pans shone as bright
As armor worn by parfit knight
Or bold crusader.

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BUT best, beneath the old oak's shade,
The rustic seat that Grandsire made,
Where friendly squirrels frisked and played
With no more notion
That harm could come, than had the bees
Lured by the garden-breathing breeze
That set the feathery locust-trees
In soft commotion.

FOR when the sun sank in the west,
'Twas there she loved to sit and rest;
To watch the oriole's pendent nest
So gently swaying;
Or see, far down the dusty road,
Come, all untroubled by the goad,
The oxen with their fragrant load
Fresh from the haying

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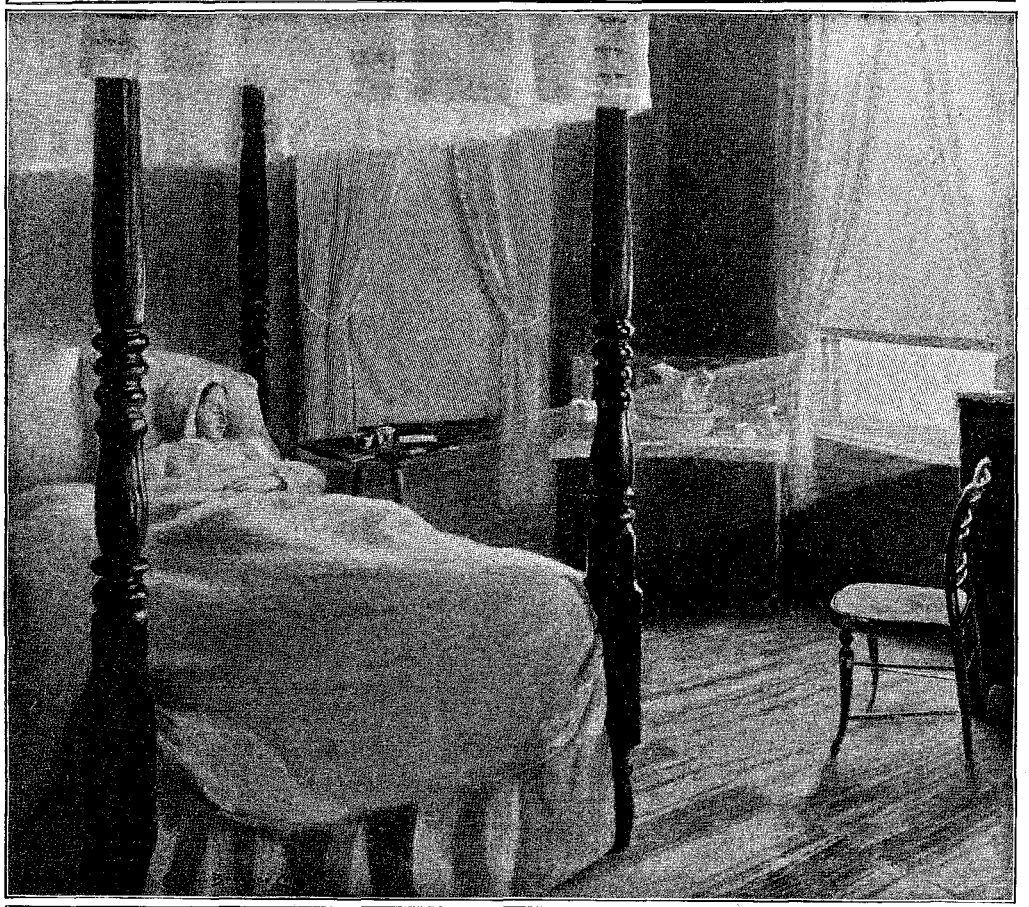
IT seemed that nothing rough or rude
Broke in upon her quietude:
Peace cloistered her. She never viewed
Wild woe or weeping.
E'en the Death-Angel waited, lest
He should disturb that tranquil breast,
For when he bore her to her rest,
He took her sleeping.



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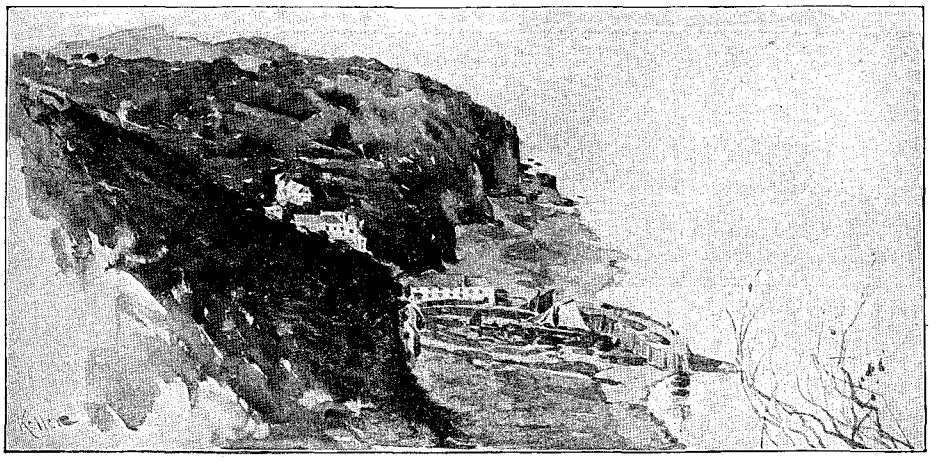

THE LITTLE REVENGE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SUDDENLY a gust of fresh wind caught Sally's hat, and off it flew, a wide-winged pink bird, over the old, old sea-wall of Clovelly, down among the rocks of the rough beach, tumbling and jumping from one gray stone to another, and getting so far away that, in the soft violet twilight, it seemed as lost as any ship of the Spanish Armada wrecked long ago on this wild Devonshire coast.

"Oh!" cried Sally distractedly, and clapped her hands to her head with the human instinct to shut the stable door after the horse is gone. "Oh!" she cried again; "my pretty hat! And *oh!* it's in the water!"

But suddenly, out of somewhere in the twilight, there was a man chasing it. Sally leaned over the rugged, yellowish, grayish stone wall and excitedly called to him.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, and "That's so good of you!"

The hat had tacked and was sailing inshore now, one stiff pink taffeta sail set to the breeze. And in a minute, with a reckless splash into the dashing waves, the man had it, and an easy, athletic figure swung up the causeway, holding it away from him, as if it might nip at him. He wore a dark blue jersey, and the loose, flapping trousers of a seaman.

"He's only a sailor," Sally said under her breath; "I'd better tip him." Her hand slipped into her pocket and I heard the click of her purse.

He looked from one to the other of us in the dim light inquiringly, as he came up, and then off went his cap, and his face broke into the gentlest, most charming smile as he delivered the hat into Sally's outstretched hands.

"I'm afraid it's a bit damp," he said.

All dark-eyed, stalwart young fellows are attractive to me for the sake of one like that who died forty years ago, but this sailor had a charm of manner that is a gift of the gods, let it fall to prince or peasant; the pretty deference of his few words, and the quick, radiant smile, were enough to win friendliness from me. More than that, something in the set of his head, in the straight gaze of his eyes, held a likeness that made my memory ache. I smiled back at him instantly. But Sally's heart was on her hat; hats from good shops did not grow on trees for Sally Meade.

"I hope it isn't hurt," she said, anxiously, and shook it carefully, and hardly glanced

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at the rescuer, who was watching with something that looked like amusement in his face. Then her good manners came back.

"Thank you a thousand times," she said, and turned to him brightly. "I'd have been awfully sorry to lose it. You were so quick—but, oh! I'm afraid you're wet." She looked at him, and I saw a little shock of surprise in her face. Beauty so striking will be admired, even in a common sailor.

"It's nothing," he said, looking down at his sopping, wide trousers; "I'm used to it," and as Sally's hand went forward I caught the flash of silver, and at the same moment another flash, from the man's eyes.

It was enough to startle me for the fraction of a second, but, as I looked again, his expression held only a serious respect, and I was sure I had been mistaken. He took the money and touched his cap and said, "Thank you, miss," with perfect dignity. Yet my imagination must have been lively, for as he slipped it in his pocket, his look turned toward me, and for another breath of time a gleam of mischief—certainly mischief—flashed from his dark eyes to mine.

Then Sally, quite unconscious of this, perhaps imaginary, by-play, had an idea. "Are you a sailor?" she asked.

The man looked at her. "Yes—miss," he answered, a little slowly.

"We want to engage a boat and a man to take us out. Do you know of one? Have you a boat?"

The young fellow glanced down across the wall where a hull and mast gleamed indistinctly through the falling night, swinging at the side of the quay. "That's mine, yonder," he said, nodding toward it. And then, with the graceful, engaging frankness that I already knew as his, "I shall be very glad to take you out"—including us both in his glance.

"Sally," I said, five minutes later, as we trudged up the one steep, rocky street of Clovelly,—the picturesque old street that once led English smugglers to their caves, and that is more of a staircase than a street, with rows of stone steps across its narrow width—"Sally, you are a very unexpected girl. You took my breath away, engaging that man so suddenly to take us sailing to-morrow. How do you know he is reliable? It would have been safer to try one of the men they recommended from the Inn. And certainly it would have been more dignified to let me make the arrangements. You seem to forget that I am older than you."

"You aren't," said Sally, giving a squeeze to my arm that she held in the angle of hers, pushing me with her young strength up the hill. "You're not as old, cousin Mary. I'm twenty-two, and you're only eighteen, and I believe you will never be any older."

I think perhaps I like a little flattery. I am a foolish old woman I am afraid, and I have noticed that it is not the young girls who treat me with great deference and rise as soon as I come who seem to me the most charming, but the ones who, with proper manners, of course, yet have a touch of comradeship, as if they recognized in me something more than a fossil exhibit. I like to have them go on talking about their beaux and their work and play, and let me talk about it, too. Sally Meade makes me feel always that there is in me an undying young girl who has outlived all of my years and is her friend and equal.

"I'm sorry if I was forward, cousin Mary, but the sailing is to be my party, you know, and then I thought you liked him. He had a pretty manner for a common sailor, didn't he? And his voice—these low-class English people have wonderfully well-bred, soft voices. I suppose it's particularly so here in the South. Cousin Mary, did you see the look he gave you with those delicious dark eyes? It's always the way—gentleman or hod-carrier—no one has a chance with men when you are about."

It is pleasant to me, old woman as I am, to be told that people like me—more pleasant, I think, every year. I never take it for truth, of course, but I believe it means good feeling, and it makes an atmosphere easy to breathe. I purred like a contented cat under Sally's talking, yet, to save my dignity, kept up a show of protest.

"Sally, my dear! Delicious dark eyes! I'm ashamed of you—a common sailor!"

"I didn't smile at him," said Sally, reflectively.

So, struggling up the steep street of Clovelly, we went home to the "New Inn," to cold broiled lobster, to strawberries and clotted Devonshire cream, and dreamless

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sleep in the white beds of the quiet rooms whose windows looked towards the woods and cliffs of Hobby Drive on one side, and on the other towards the dark, sparkling jewel of the moon-lighted ocean, and the shadowy line of Lundy Island far in the distance.

That I, an inland woman, an old maid of sixty, should tell a story of sailing and of love seems a little ridiculous. My nephews at college beguile me to talk about boats, and then laugh to hear me, for I think I get the names of things twisted. And as for what I know of the other—the only love-making to which I ever listened was ended forty years ago by one of the northern balls that fell in fiery rain on Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Yet, if I but tell the tale as it came to me, others may feel as I did the thrill of the rushing of the keel through dashing salt water, the swing of the great white sail above, the flapping of the fresh wind in the slack of it, the exhilaration of moving with power like the angels, with the great forces of nature for muscles, the joy of it all expanding, pulsing through you, till it seems as if the sky might crack if once you let your delight go free. And some may catch, too, that other thrill, of the hidden feeling that glorified those days. Few lives are so poor that the like of it has not brightened them, and no one quite forgets.

It is partly Sally Meade's Southern accent that has made me love her above nearer cousins, from her babyhood. The modulations of her voice seem always to bring me close to the sound of the voice that went into silence when Geoffrey Meade, her father's young kinsman, was killed long ago.

The Meades, old-time planters in Virginia, have been very poor since the distant war of the sixties, and it has been one of my luxuries to give Sally a lift over hard places. Always with instant reward, for the smallest bit of sunlight, going into her prismatic spirit, comes out a magnificent rainbow of happiness. So when the idea came that they might let me have the girl to take abroad that summer, her friend, the girl spirit in me, jumped for joy. There was no difficulty made; it was one of the rare good things too good to be true, that yet are true. In truth, she did more for me than I for her, for I simply spent some superfluous idle money, while she filled every day with a new enjoyment, the reflection of her own fresh pleasure in every day as it came.

So here we were prowling about the south of England with "Westward Ho!" for a guide-book; coaching through deep, tawny Devonshire lanes from Bideford to Clovelly; searching for the old tombstone of Will Cary's grave in the churchyard on top of the hill; gathering tales of Salvation Yeo and of Amyas Leigh; listening to echoes of the three-hundred-year-old time when the great sea-battle was fought in the channel and many ships of the Armada wrecked along this Devonshire coast. And always coming back to sleep in the fascinating little "New Inn," as old as the hills, built on both sides of the one rocky ladder street of Clovelly, the street so steep that no horses can go in it, and at the bottom of whose breezy tunnel one sees the rolling floor of the sea. In so careless a way does the Inn ramble about the cliff that when I first went to my room, two flights up from the front, I caught my breath at a blaze of scarlet and yellow nasturtiums that faced me through a white-painted doorway opening on the hillside and on a tiny garden at the back.

The irresponsible pleasure of our first sail the next afternoon was never quite repeated. The boat shot from the landing like a high-strung horse given his head, out across the unbordered road of silver water, and in a moment, as we raced toward the low white clouds, we turned and saw the cliffs of the coast and the tiny village, a gay little pile of white, green-latticed houses steeped in foliage lying up a crack in the precipice. Above was the long stretch of the woods of Hobby Drive. Clovelly is so old that its name is in Domesday Book; so old, some say, that it was a Roman station, and its name was Clausa Vallis. But it is a nearer ancientness that haunts it now. Every wave that dashes on the rocky shore carries a legend of the ships of the Invincible Armada. As we asked question after question of our sailor, handsomer than ever to-day with a red silk handkerchief knotted sailor-fashion about his strong neck, story after story flashed out, clear and dramatic, from his answers. The bunch of houses there on the shore? Yes, that had a history. The people living there were a dark-featured, reticent lot, different from other

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people hereabouts. It was said that one of the Spanish galleons went ashore there, and the men had been saved and had settled on the spot and married Devonshire women, but their descendants had never lost the tradition of their blood. Certainly their speech and their customs were peculiar, unlike those of the villages near. He had been there and had seen them, had heard them talk. Yes, they were distinct. He laughed a little to acknowledge it, with an Englishman's distrust of anything theatrical. A steep cliff started out into the waves, towering three hundred feet in almost perpendicular lines. Had that a name? Yes, that was called "Gallantry Bower." No; it was not a sentimental story—it was the old sea-fight again. It was said that an English sailor threw a rope from the height and saved life after life of the crew of a Spaniard wrecked under the point.

"You know the history of your place very well," said Sally. The young man kept his eyes on his steering apparatus and a slow half-smile troubled his face and was gone.

"I've had a bit of an education for a seaman—Miss," he said. And then, after apparently reflecting a moment, "My people live near the Leighs of Burrough Court, and I was playmate to the young gentlemen and was given a chance to learn with them, with their tutors, more than a common man is likely to get always."

At that Sally's enthusiasm broke through her reserve, and I was only a little less eager.

"The Leighs! The real, old Leighs of Burrough? Amyas Leigh's descendants? Was that story true? Oh!——" And here manners and curiosity met and the first had the second by the throat. She stopped. But our sailor looked up with a boyish laugh that illumined his dark face.

"Is it so picturesque? I have been brought up so close that it seems commonplace to me. Every one must be descended from somebody, you know."

"Yes, but Amyas Leigh!" went on Sally, flushed and excited, forgetting the man in his story. "Why, he's my hero of all fiction! Think of it, Cousin Mary—there are men near here who are his great—half-a-dozen greats—grandchildren! Cousin Mary," she stopped and looked at me impressively, oblivious of the man so near her, "if I could lay my hands on one of those young Leighs of Burrough I'd marry him in spite of his struggles, just to be called by that name. I believe I would."

"Sally!" I exclaimed, and glanced at the man; Sally's cheeks colored as she followed my look. His mouth was twitching, and his eyes smouldered with fun. But he behaved well. On some excuse of steering he turned his back instantly and squarely toward us. But Sally's interest was irrepressible.

"Would you mind telling me their names, Cary?" she asked. He had told us to call him Cary. "The names of the Mr. Leighs of Burrough."

"No, Cary," I said. "I think Miss Meade doesn't notice that she is asking you personal questions about your friends."

Cary turned on me a look full of gentleness and chivalry. "Miss Meade doesn't ask anything that I cannot answer perfectly well," he said. "There are two sons of the Leighs, Richard Grenville, the older, and Amyas Francis, the younger. They keep the old names you see. Richard—Sir Richard, I should say—is the head of the family, his father being dead."

"Sir Richard Grenville Leigh!" said Sally, quite carried away by that historic combination. "That's better than Amyas," she went on, reflectively. "Is he decent? But never mind. I'll marry *him*, Cousin Mary."

At that our sailor-man shook with laughter, and as I met his eyes appealing for permission, I laughed as hard as he. Only Sally was apparently quite serious.

"He would be very lucky—Miss," he said, restraining his mirth with a respect that I thought remarkable, and turned again to his rudder.

Sally, for the first time having felt the fascination of breathing historic air, was no longer to be held. The sweeping, free motion, the rush of water under the bow as we cut across the waves, the wide sky and the air that has made sailors and soldiers and heroes of Devonshire men for centuries on end, the exhilaration of it all had gone to the girl's head. She was as unconscious of Cary as if he had been part of his boat. I had seen her act so when she was six, and wild with the joy of an autumn morning, intoxicated with oxygen.

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We had been put for safety into the hollow part of the boat where the seats are—I forget what they call it—the scupper, I think. But I am apt to be wrong on the nomenclature. At all events, there we were, standing up half the time to look at the water, the shore, the distant sails, and because life was too intense to sit down. But when Sally, for all her gentle ways, took the bit in her teeth, it was too restricted for her there.

"Is there any law against my going up and holding on to the mast?" she asked Cary.

"Not if you won't fall overboard, Miss," he answered.

The girl, with a strong, self-reliant jump, a jump that had an echo of tennis and golf and horseback, scrambled up and forward, Cary taking his alert eyes a moment from his sailing, to watch her to safety. I thought her pretty as a picture as she stood swaying with one arm around the mast, in her white shirt-waist and dark dress, her head bare, and brown, untidy hair blowing across the fresh color of her face, and into her clear hazel eyes.

"What is the name of this boat?" she demanded, and Cary's deep, gentle voice lifted the two words of his answer across the twenty feet between them.

"The Revenge," he said.

Then there was indeed joy. "The Revenge! The Revenge! I am sailing on the Revenge, with a man who knows Sir Richard Grenville and Amyas Leigh! Cousin Mary, listen to that—this is the Revenge we're on—this!" She hugged the mast. "And there are Spanish galleons, great three-deckers, with yawning tiers of guns, all around us! You may not see them, but they are here! They are ghosts, but they are here! There is the great San Philip, hanging over us like a cloud, and we are—we are—Oh, I don't know who we are, but we're in the fight, the most beautiful fight in history!" She began to quote:

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

And then:

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd;
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

The soft, lingering voice threw the words at us with a thrill and a leap forward, just as the Revenge was carrying us with long bounds, over the shining sea. We were spinning easily now, under a steady light wind, and Cary, his hand on the rudder, was opposite me. He turned with a start as the girl began Tennyson's lines, and his shining dark eyes stared up at her.

"Do you know that?" he said, forgetting the civil "Miss" in his earnestness.

"Do I know it? Indeed I do!" cried Sally from her swinging rostrum. "Do you know it, too? I love it—I love every word of it—listen." And I, who knew her good memory, and the spell that the music of a noble poem cast over her, settled myself with resignation. I was quite sure that, short of throwing her overboard, she would recite that poem from beginning to end. And she did. Her skirts and her hair blowing, her eyes full of the glory of that old "forlorn hope," gazing out past us to the seas that had borne the hero, she said it.

At Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away;
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: ''Fore God, I am no coward'——

She went on and on with the brave, beautiful story. How Sir Thomas would not throw away his six ships of the line in a hopeless fight against fifty-three; how yet Sir Richard, in the Revenge, would not leave behind his "ninety men and more, who were lying sick ashore"; how at last Sir Thomas

past away with five ships
of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land,
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,—

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And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard
And they blest him in their pain that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

The boat sailed softly, steadily now, as if it would not jar the rhythm of the voice telling, with soft inflections, with long, rushing meter, the story of that other Revenge, of the men who had sailed from these shores, under the great Sir Richard, to that glorious death.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk, and many were shatter'd so they could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

As I listened, though I knew the words almost by heart too, my eyes filled with tears and my soul with the desire to have been there, to have fought as they did, on the little Revenge one after another of the great Spanish ships, till at last the Revenge was riddled and helpless, and Sir Richard called to the master-gunner to sink the ship for him, but the men rebelled, and the Spaniards took what was left of ship and fighters. And Sir Richard, mortally wounded, was carried on board the flagship of his enemies, and died there, in his glory, while the captains

praised him to his face, with their courtly foreign grace.

So died, never man more greatly, Sir Richard Grenville, of Stow in Devon.

The crimson and gold of sunset were streaming across the water as she ended, and we sat silent. The sailor's strong face was grim, as men's faces are when they are deeply stirred, but in his dark eyes burned an intensity that his reserve could not hold back, and as he still stared at the girl a look shot from them that startled me like speech. She did not notice. She was shaken with the power and the passion of the words she had repeated, and suddenly, through the sunlit, rippling silence, she spoke again.

"It's a great thing to be a Devonshire sailor," she said, solemnly. "A wonderful inheritance—it ought never to be forgotten. And as for that man—that Sir Richard Grenville Leigh—he ought to carry his name so high that nothing low or small could ever touch it. He ought never to think a thought that is not brave and fine and generous."

There was a moment's stillness and then I said, "Sally, my child, it seems to me you are laying down the law a little freely for Devonshire. You have only been here four days." And in a second she was on her usual gay terms with the world again.

"A great preacher was wasted in me," she said. "How I could have thundered at everybody else about their sins! Cousin Mary, I'm coming down—I'm all battered, knocking against the mast, and the little trimmings hurt my hands."

Cary did not smile. His face was repressed and expressionless and in it was a new look that I did not understand. He turned soberly to his rudder and across the broken gold and silver of the water the boat drew in to shadowy Clovelly.

It was a shock to me, after we had landed and I had walked down the quay a few yards to inspect the old Red Lion Inn, the house of Salvation Yeo, to come back and find Sally dickering with Cary. I had agreed that this sail should be her "party," because it pleased the girl's proud spirit to open her small purse sometimes for my amusement. But I did not mean to let her pay for all our sailing, and I was horrified to find her trying to get Cary cheaper by the quantity. When I arrived, Sally, a little flustered and very dignified and quite evidently at the end of a discussion as to terms, was concluding an engagement, and there was a gleam in the man's wonderful eyes, which did much of his talking for him.

"You see the boat is very new and clean, Miss," he was saying, "and I hope you were satisfied with me?"

I upset Sally's business affairs at once, engaged Cary, and told him he must take out no one else without knowing our plans. My handkerchief fell as I talked to him and he picked it up and presented it with as much ease and grace as if he had done such things all his life. It was a remarkable sailor we had happened on. A smile came like sunshine over his face—the smile that

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made him look as Geoffrey Meade looked, half a century ago.

"I'll promise not to take anyone else, ma'am," he said. And then, with the pretty, engaging frankness that won my heart over again each time, "And I hope you'll want to go often—not so much for the money, but because it is a pleasure to me to take you—both."

There was mail for us waiting at the Inn. "Listen, Sally," I said, as I read mine in my room after dinner. "This is from Anne Ford. She wants to join us here the 6th of next month, to fill in a week between visits at country-houses."

Sally, sitting on the floor before the fire, her dark hair loose and her letters lying about her, looked up attentively, and discreetly answered nothing. Anne Ford was my cousin, but not hers, and I knew without discussing it, that Sally cared for her no more than I. She was made of showy fibre, woven in a brilliant pattern, but the fibre was a little coarse, and the pattern had no shading. She was rich and a beauty and so used to being the centre of things, and largely the circumference too, that I, who am something of a spoiled old woman, and like a little place and a little consideration, find it difficult to be comfortable as spoke upon her wheel.

"It's too bad," I went on regretfully. "Anne will not appreciate Clovelly, and she will spoil it for us. She is not a girl I care for. I don't see why I should be made a convenience for Anne Ford," I argued in my selfish way. "I think I shall write her not to come."

Sally laughed cheerfully. "She won't bother us, Cousin Mary. It would be too bad to refuse her, wouldn't it? She can't spoil Clovelly—it's been here too long. Anne is rather overpowering," Sally went on, a bit wistfully. "She's such a beauty, and she has such stunning clothes."

The firelight played on the girl's flushed, always-changing face, full of warm light and shadow; it touched daintily the white muslin and pink ribbons of the pretty negligé she wore. Sally was one of the poor girls whose simple things are always fresh and right. I leaned over and patted her rough hair affectionately.

"Your clothes are just as pretty," I said, "and Anne doesn't compare with you in my eyes." I lifted the unfinished letter and glanced over it. "All about her visit to Lady Fisher," I said aloud, giving a résumé as I read. "What gowns she wore to what functions; what men were devoted to her—their names—titles—incomes too." I smiled. "And—what is this?" I stopped talking, for a name had caught my eye. I glanced over the page. "Isn't this curious! Listen, my dear," I said. "This will interest you!" I read aloud from Anne's letter.

"'But the man who can have me if he wants me is Sir Richard Leigh. He is the very best that ever happened, and moreover, quite the catch of the season. His title is old, and he has a yacht and an ancestral place or two, and is very rich, they say—but that isn't it. My heart is his without his decorations—well, perhaps not quite that, but it's certainly his with the decorations. He is such a beauty, Cousin Mary! Even you would admire him. It gives you quite a shock when he comes into a room, yet he is so unconscious and modest, and has the most graceful, fascinatingly quiet manners and wonderful brown eyes that seem to talk for him. He does everything well, and everything hard, is a daredevil on horseback, a reckless sailor, and a lot besides. If you could see the way those eyes look at me, and the smile that breaks over his face as if the sun had come out suddenly! But alas! the sun has gone under now, for he went this morning, and it's not clear if he's coming back or not. They say his yacht is near Bideford, where his home is, and Clovelly is not far from that, is it?'"

I stopped and looked at Sally, listening, on the floor. She was staring into the fire.

"What do you think of that?" I asked. Sally was slow at answering; she stared on at the burning logs that seemed whispering answers to the blaze.

"Some girls have everything," she said at length. "Look at Anne. She's beautiful and rich and everybody admires her, and she goes about to big country-houses and meets famous and interesting people. And now this Sir Richard Leigh comes like the prince into the story, and I dare say he will fall in love with her and if she finds no one that suits her better she will marry him and have that grand old historic name."

"Sally, dear," I said, "you're not envying Anne, are you?"

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A quick blush rushed to her face. "Cousin Mary! What foolishness I've been talking! How could I! What must you think of me! I didn't mean it—please believe I didn't. I'm the luckiest girl on earth, and I'm having the most perfect time, and you are a fairy godmother to me, except that you're more like a younger sister. I was thinking aloud. Anne is such a brilliant being compared to stupid me, that the thought of her discourages me sometimes. It was just Cinderella admiring the princess, you know."

"Cinderella got the prince," I said, smiling.

"I don't want the prince," said Sally, "even if I could get him. I wouldn't marry an Englishman. I don't care about a title. To be a Virginian is enough title for me. It was just his name, magnificent Sir Richard Grenville's name and the Revenge-Armada atmosphere that took my fancy. I don't know if Anne would care for that part," she added, doubtfully.

"I'm sure Anne would know nothing about it," I answered decidedly, and Sally went on cheerfully.

"She's very welcome to the modern Sir Richard, yacht and title and all. I don't believe he is as attractive as your sailor, Cousin Mary. Something the same style, I should say from the description. If you hadn't owned him from the start, I'd rather like that man to be my sailor, Cousin Mary—he's so everything that a gentleman is supposed to be. How did he learn that manner—why, he would flatter you if he let the boom whack you on the head. Too bad he's only a common sailor—such a prince gone wrong!"

I looked at her talking along softly, leaning back on one hand and gazing at the fire, a small white Turkish slipper—Southern girls always have little feet—stuck out to the blaze, and something in the leisurely attitude and low, unhurried voice, something, too, in the reminiscent crackle of the burning wood, invited me to confidence. I went to my dressing-table, and when I came back, dropped, as if I were another girl, on the rug beside her. "I want to show you this," I said, and opened a case that travels always with me. From the narrow gold rim of frame inside, my lover smiled gaily up at her brown hair and my gray, bending over it together.

None of the triumphs of modern photographers seem to my eyes so delicately charming as the daguerreotypes of the sixties. As we tipped the old picture this way and that, to catch the right light on the image under the glass, the very uncertainty of effect seemed to give it an elusive fascination. To my mind the birds in the bush have always brighter plumage than any in the hand, and one of these early photographs leaves ever, no matter from what angle you look upon it, much to the imagination. So Geoff in his gray Southern uniform, young and soldierly, laughed up at Sally and me from the shadowy lines beneath the glass, more like a vision of youth than like actual flesh and blood that had once been close and real. His brown hair, parted far to one side, swept across his forehead in a smooth wave, as was the old-fashioned way; his collar was of a big, queer sort unknown to-day; the cut of his soldier's coat was antique; but the beauty of the boyish face, the straight glance of his eyes, and easy grace of the broad shoulders that military drill could not stiffen, these were untouched, were idealized even by the old-time atmosphere that floated up from the picture like fragrance of rose-leaves. As I gazed down at the boy, it came to me with a pang that he was very young and I growing very old, and I wondered would he care for me still. Then I remembered that where he lived it was the unworn soul and not the worn-out body that counted, and I knew that the spirit within me would meet his when the day came, with as fresh a joy as forty years ago. And as I still looked, happy in the thought, I felt all at once as if I had seen his face, heard his voice, felt the touch of his young hand that day—could almost feel it yet. Perhaps my eyes were a little dim, perhaps the uncertainty of the old daguerreotype helped the illusion, but the smile of the master of the Revenge seemed to shine up at me from my Geoff's likeness, and then Sally's slow voice broke the pause.

"It is Cousin Geoffrey, isn't it?" she asked. Her father was Geoffrey Meade's cousin—a little boy when Geoff died. "Was he as beautiful as that?" she said, gently, putting her hand over mine that held the velvet case. And then, after another pause, she went on, hesitatingly: "Cousin Mary, I wonder if you would mind if I told you whom he looks like to me."

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"No, my dear," I answered easily, and like an echo to my thought her words came.

"It is your sailor. Do you see it? He is only a common seaman, of course, but I think he must have a wonderful face, for with all his dare-devil ways I always think of 'Blessed are the pure in spirit' when I see him. And the eyes in the picture have the same expression—do you mind my saying it, Cousin Mary?"

"I saw it myself the first time I looked at him," I said. And then, as people do when they are on the verge of crying, I laughed. "Anne Ford would think me ridiculous, wouldn't she?" and I held Geoff's picture in both my hands. "He is much better suited to her or to you. A splendid young fellow of twenty-four to belong to an old woman like me—it is absurd, isn't it?"

"He is suited to no one but you, dear, and you are just his age and always will be," and as Sally's arms caught me tight I felt tears that were not my own hot against my cheek.

It was ten days yet before Anne was due to arrive and almost every day of the ten we sailed. The picturesque coast of North Devon, its deep bays, its stretches of high, tree-topped cliffs, grew to be homelike to us. We said nothing of Cary and his boat at the Inn, for we soon saw that both were far-and-away better than common, and we were selfish. Nor did the man himself seem to care for more patronage. He was always ready when we wished to go, and jumped from his spick-and-span deck to meet us with a smile that started us off in sunshine, no matter what the weather. And with my affection for the lovely, uneven coast and the seas that held it in their flashing fingers, grew my interest in the winning personality that seemed to combine something of the strength of the hills and the charm of the seas of Devonshire.

One day after another he loosed the ropes with practised touch, and the wind caught the sail with a gay rattle and the little Revenge flung off the steep street and the old sea-wall and the green cliffs of Clovelly, and first yards and then miles of rippling ocean lay between us and land, and we sailed away, we did not need to know or care where, with our fate for the afternoon in his reliable hands. Little by little we forgot artificial distinctions in the out-of-doors, natural atmosphere, or that the man was anything but himself—a self always simple, always right. Looking back, I see how deeply I was to blame, to have been so blind, at my age, but the figure by the rudder, swinging to the boat's motion, grew to be so familiar and pleasant a sight, that I did not think of being on guard against him. Little as he talked, his moods were varied, grave or gay or with a gleam of daring in his eyes that made him, I think, a little more attractive than any other way. Yet when a wind of seriousness lifted the still or impetuous surface, I caught a glimpse, sometimes, of a character of quiet self-reliance, of quick decision and vigorous action as solid as the depths under the shifting water of his ocean. There was never a false note in his gentle manner, and I grew to trust serenely to his tact and self-respect, and talked to him freely as I chose. Which of course I should not have done. But there was a temptation to which I yielded in watching for the likeness in his face, and in listening for a tone or two of his voice that caught my heart with the echo of a voice long silent.

One morning to our astonishment Cary sent up to break our engagement for the afternoon. Something had happened so that he could not possibly get away. But it was moonlight and warm—would we not go out in the evening? The idea seemed to me a little improper, yet very attractive, and Sally's eyes danced.

"Let's be bold and bad and go, Cousin Mary," she pleaded, and we went.

A shower of moonlight fell across the sea and on the dark masses of the shore; it lay in white, sharp patches against the black shadows of the sail; it turned Sally's bare, dark head golden, and tipped each splashing wave with a quick-vanishing electric light. It was not earth or ocean, but fairyland. We were sailing over the forgotten, sea-buried land of Lyonesse; forests where Tristram and Iseult had ridden, lay under our rushing keel; castles and towers and churches were there—hark! could I not hear the faint bells in the steeples ringing up through the waves? The old legend, half true, half fable, was all real to me as I sat in the shadow of the sail and stared, only half seeing them, at Sally standing with her hands on the rudder and Cary leaning over her, teaching her to sail the

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"I'm afraid it's a bit damp," he said.—Page 204.

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Revenge. Their voices came to me clear and musical, yet carrying no impression of what they were saying. Then I saw Sally's little fingers slip suddenly, and Cary's firm hand close over them, pushing the rudder strongly to one side. His face was toward me, and I saw the look that surged over it as his hand held hers. It startled me to life again, and I sat up straight, but he spoke at once with quiet self-possession.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meade. She was heading off to the north a bit dangerously."

And he went on with directions, laughing at her a little, scolding her a little, yet all with a manner that could not be criticised. I still wonder how he could have poised so delicately and so long on that slender line of possible behavior.

As the boat slipped over the shimmering ocean, back into the harbor again, most of the houses up the sharp ascent of Clovelly street were dark, but out on the water lay a mass of brilliant lights, rocking slowly on the tide. Sally was first to notice it.

"There is a ship lying out there. Is it a ship or is it an enchantment? She is lighted all over. What is it—do you know?"

Cary was working at the sail and he did not look at us or at it as he answered.

"Yes, Miss—I know her. She is Sir Richard Leigh's yacht the Rose. She was there as we went out, but she was dark and you did not notice her."

I exclaimed, full of interest, at this, but Sally, standing ghost-like in her white dress against the sinking sail, said nothing, but stared at the lights that outlined the yacht against the deep distance of the sky, and that seemed, as the shadowy hull swung dark on the water, to start out from nowhere in pin-pricks of diamonds set in opal moonlight.

Lundy Island lies away from Clovelly to the northwest seventeen miles off on the edge of the world. Each morning as I opened my window at the Inn, and looked out for the new day's version of the ocean, it lifted a vague line of invitation and of challenge. Since we had been in Devonshire the atmosphere of adventure that hung over Lundy had haunted me with the wish to go there. It was the "Shutter," the tall pinnacle of rock at its southern end, that Amyas Leigh saw for his last sight of earth, when the lightning blinded him, in the historic storm that strewed ships of the Armada along the shore. I am not a rash person, yet I was so saturated with the story of "Westward Ho!" that I could not go away satisfied unless I had set foot on Lundy. But it had the worst of reputations, and landing was said to be hazardous.

"It isn't that I can't get you there," said Cary when I talked to him, "but I might not be able to get you away."

Then he explained in a wise way that I did not entirely follow, how the passage through the rocks was intricate, and could only be done with a right wind, and how, if the wind changed suddenly, it was impossible to work out until the right wind came again. And that might not be for days, if one was unlucky. It had been known to happen so. Yet I lingered over the thought, and the more I realized that it was unreasonable, the more I wanted to go. The spirit of the Devonshire seas seemed, to my fancy, to live on the guarded, dangerous rocks, and I must pay tribute before I left his kingdom. Cary laughed a little at my one bit of adventurous spirit so out of keeping with my gray hairs, but it was easy to see that he too wanted to go, and that only fear for our safety and comfort made him hesitate. The day before Anne Ford was due we went. It was the day, too, after our sail in the moonlight that I half believed, remembering its lovely unreality, had been a dream. But as we sailed out, there lay Sir Richard Leigh's yacht to prove it, smart and impressive, shining and solid in the sunlight as it had been ethereal the night before. I gazed at her with some curiosity.

"Have you been on board?" I asked our sailor. "Is Sir Richard there?"

Cary glanced at Sally, who had turned a cold shoulder to the yacht and was looking back at Clovelly village, crawling up its deep crack in the cliff. "Yes," he said; "I've been on her twice. Sir Richard is living on her."

"I suppose he's some queer little rat of a man," Sally brought out in her soft voice, to nobody in particular.

I was surprised at the girl's incivility, but Cary answered promptly "Yes, Miss!" with such cheerful alacrity that I turned to look at him, more astonished. I met eyes

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

Her eyes full of the glory of that old "forlorn hope."—Page 208.

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gleaming with a hardly suppressed amusement which, if I had stopped to reason about it, was much out of place. But yet, as I looked at him with calm dignity and seriousness, I felt myself sorely tempted to laugh back. I am a bad old woman sometimes, I fear.

The Revenge careered along over the water as if mad to get to Lundy, under a strong west wind. In about two hours the pile of fantastic rocks lay stretched in plain view before us. We were a mile or more away—I am a very uncertain judge of distance—but we could see distinctly the clouds of birds, glittering white sea-gulls, blowing hither and thither above the wild little continent where were their nests. There are thousands and thousands of gulls on Lundy. We had sailed out from Clovelly at two in bright afternoon sunshine, but now, at nearly four, the blue was covering with gray, and I saw Cary look earnestly at the quick-moving sky.

"Is it going to rain?" I asked.

He stood at the rudder, feet apart and shoulders full of muscle and full of grace, the handkerchief around his neck a line of flame between his blue clothes and the olive of his face. A lock of bronze hair blew boyishly across his forehead.

"Worse than that," he said, and his eyes were keen as he stared at the uneven water in front of us. A basin of smoother water and the yellow tongue of a sand-beach lay beyond it at the foot of a line of high rocks. "The passage is there"—he nodded. "If I can make it before the squall catches us"—he glanced up again and then turned to Sally. "Could you sail her a moment while I see to the sheet? Keep her just so." His hand placed Sally's with a sort of roughness on the rudder. "Are you afraid?" He paused a second to ask it.

"Not a bit," said the girl, smiling up at him cheerfully, and then he was working away at the sail, and the little Revenge was flying, ripping the waves, every breath nearer by yards to that tumbling patch of wolf-gray water.

As I said, I know less about a boat than a boy of five. I can never remember what the parts of it are called and it is a wonder to me how they can make it go more than one way. So I cannot tell in any intelligent manner what happened. But, as it seemed, suddenly, while I watched Sally standing steadily with both her little hands holding the rudder, there was a crack as if the earth had split, then, with a confused rushing and tearing, a mass of something fell with a long-drawn crash, and as I stared, paralyzed, I saw the mast strike against the girl as she stood, her hands still firmly on the rudder, and saw her go down without a sound. There were two or three minutes of which I remember nothing but the roaring of water. I think I must have been caught under the sail, for the next I knew I was struggling from beneath its stiff whiteness, and as I looked about, dazed, behold! we had passed the reefs and lay rocking quietly. I saw that first, and then I saw Cary's head as it bent over something he held in his arms—and it was Sally! I tried to call, I tried to reach them, but the breath must have been battered out of me, for I could not, and Cary did not notice me. I think he forgot I was on earth. As I gazed at them speechless, breathless, Sally's eyes opened and smiled up at him, and she turned her face against his shoulder like a child. Cary's dark cheek went down against hers, and through the sudden quiet I heard him whisper.

"Sweetheart! sweetheart!" he said.

Both heads, close against each other, were still for a long moment, and then my gasping, rasping voice came back to me.

"Cary!" I cried, "for mercy's sake, come and take me out of this scupper!"

I have the most confused recollection of the rest of that afternoon. Cary hammered and sawed and worked like a beaver with the help of two men who lived on Lundy, fishermen by the curious name of Heaven. Sally and I helped, too, whenever we could, but all in a heavy silence. Sally was wrapped in dignity as in a mantle, and her words were few and practical. Cary, quite as practical, had no thought apparently for anything but his boat. As for me, I was like a naughty old cat. I fussed and complained till I must have been unendurable, for the emotions within me were all at cross-purposes. I was frightened to death when I thought of General Meade; I was horrified at the picture stamped on my memory of his daughter, trusted to my care, smiling up with that unmistakable expression into the eyes of a common sailor. Horrified! My blood froze at the thought. Yet—it was unpar-

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"You see, the boat is very new and clean, Miss," he was saying.—Page 209.

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donable of me—yet I felt a thrill as I saw again those two young heads together, and heard the whispered words that were not meant for me to hear.

Somehow or other, after much difficulty, and under much mental strain, we got home. Sally hardly spoke as we toiled up the stony hill in the dark beneath a pouring rain, and I, too, felt my tongue tied in an embarrassed silence. At some time, soon, we must talk, but we both felt strongly that it was well to wait till we could change our clothes.

At last we reached the friendly brightness of the New Inn windows; we trudged past them to the steps, we mounted them, and as the front door opened, the radiant vision burst upon us of Anne Ford, come a day before her time, fresh and charming and voluble—voluble! It seemed the last straw to our tired and over-taxed nerves, yet no one could have been more concerned and sympathetic, and that we were inclined not to be explicit as to details suited her exactly. All the sooner could she get to her own affairs. Sir Richard Leigh's yacht was the burden of her lay, and that it was here and we had seen it added lustre to our adventures. That we had not been on board and did not know him, was satisfactory too, and neither of us had the heart to speak of Cary. We listened wearily, feeling colorless and invertebrate beside this brilliant creature, while Anne planned to send her card to him to-morrow, and conjectured gayeties for all of us, beyond. Sir Richard Leigh and his yacht did not fill a very large arc on our horizon to-night. Sally came into my room to tell me good-night, when we went up-stairs, and she looked so wistful and tired that I gave her two kisses instead of one.

"Thank you," she said, smiling mistily. "We won't talk to-night, will we, Cousin Mary?" So without words, we separated.

Next morning as I opened my tired eyes on a world well started for the day, there came a tap at the door and in floated Anne Ford, a fine bird in fine feathers, wide-awake and brisk.

"Never saw such lazy people!" she exclaimed. "I've just been in to see Sally and she refuses to notice me. I suppose it's exhaustion from shipwreck. But I wasn't shipwrecked, and I've had my breakfast, and it's too glorious a morning to stay indoors, so I'm going to walk down to the water and look at Sir Richard's boat, and send off my card to him by a sailor or something. Then, if he's a good boy, he will turn up to-day, and then——!" The end of Anne's sentence was wordless ecstasy.

But the mention of the sailor had opened the floodgates for me, and in rushed all my responsibilities. What should I do with this situation into which I had so easily slipped, and let Sally slip? Should I instantly drag her off to France like a proper chaperone? Then how could I explain to Anne—Anne would be heavy dragging with that lodestone of a yacht in the harbor. Or could we stay here as we had planned and not see Cary again? The unformed shapes of different questions and answers came dancing at me like a legion of imps as I lay with my head on the pillow and looked at Anne's confident, handsome face, and admired the freshness and cut of her pale blue linen gown.

"Well, Cousin Mary," she said at last, "you and Sally seem both to be struck dumb from your troubles. I'm going off to leave you till you can be a little nicer to me. I may come back with Sir Richard—who knows! Wish me good luck, please!" and she swept off on a wave of good-humor and good looks.

I lay and thought. Then, with a pleasant leisure that soothed my nerves a little, I dressed, and went down to breakfast in the quaint dining-room hung from floor to ceiling with china brought years ago from the far East by a Clovelly sailor. As I sat over my egg and toast Sally came in, pale, but sweet and crisp in the pure white that Southern girls wear most. There was a constraint over us for the reckoning that we knew was coming. Each felt guilty toward the other and the result was a formal politeness. So it was a relief when, just at the last bit of toast, Anne burst in, all staccato notes of suppressed excitement.

"Cousin Mary! Sally! Sir Richard Leigh is here! He's there!" nodding over her shoulder. "He walked up with me—he wants to see you both. But"—her voice dropped to an intense whisper—"he has asked to see Miss Walton first—wants to speak to her alone! What does he mean?" Anne was in a tremendous flutter, and it was plain that wild ideas were coursing through her. "You are my chaperone, of

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The radiant vision burst upon us of Anne Ford.—Page 218.

course, but what can he want to see you for alone—Cousin Mary?"

I could not imagine, either, yet it seemed quite possible that this beautiful creature had taken a susceptible man by storm, even so suddenly. I laid my napkin on the table and stood up.

"The chaperone is ready to meet the fairy prince," I said, and we went across together to the little drawing-room.

It was a bit dark as Anne opened the door and I saw first only a man's figure against the window opposite, but as he turned quickly and came toward us, I caught my breath, and stared, and gasped and stared again. Then the words came tumbling over each other before Anne could speak.

"Cary!" I cried. "What are you doing here—in those clothes?"

Poor Anne! She thought I had made some horrid mistake, and had disgraced her. But I forgot Anne entirely for the familiar brown eyes that were smiling, pleading into mine, and in a second he had taken my hand and bending over, with a pretty touch of stateliness, had kissed it, and the charm that no one could resist had me fast in its net.

"Miss Walton! You will forgive me? You were always good to me—you won't lay it up against me that I'm Richard Leigh and not a picturesque Devonshire sailor! You won't be angry because I deceived you! The devil tempted me suddenly and I yielded, and I'm glad I did. Dear devil! I never should have known either of you if I had not."

There were more of the impetuous sentences that I cannot remember, and somewhere among them Anne gathered that she was not the point of them, and left the room like a slighted but still reigning princess. It was too bad that anyone should feel slighted, but if it had to be, it was best that it should be Anne.

Then my sailor told me his side of the story; how Sally's tip for the rescue of her hat had showed him what we took him to be; how her question about a boat had suggested playing the part; how he had begun it half for the fun of it and half, even then, for the interest the girl had roused in him—and he put in a pretty speech for the chaperone just there, the clever young man! He told me how his yacht had come sooner than he had expected, and that he had to give up one afternoon with her was so

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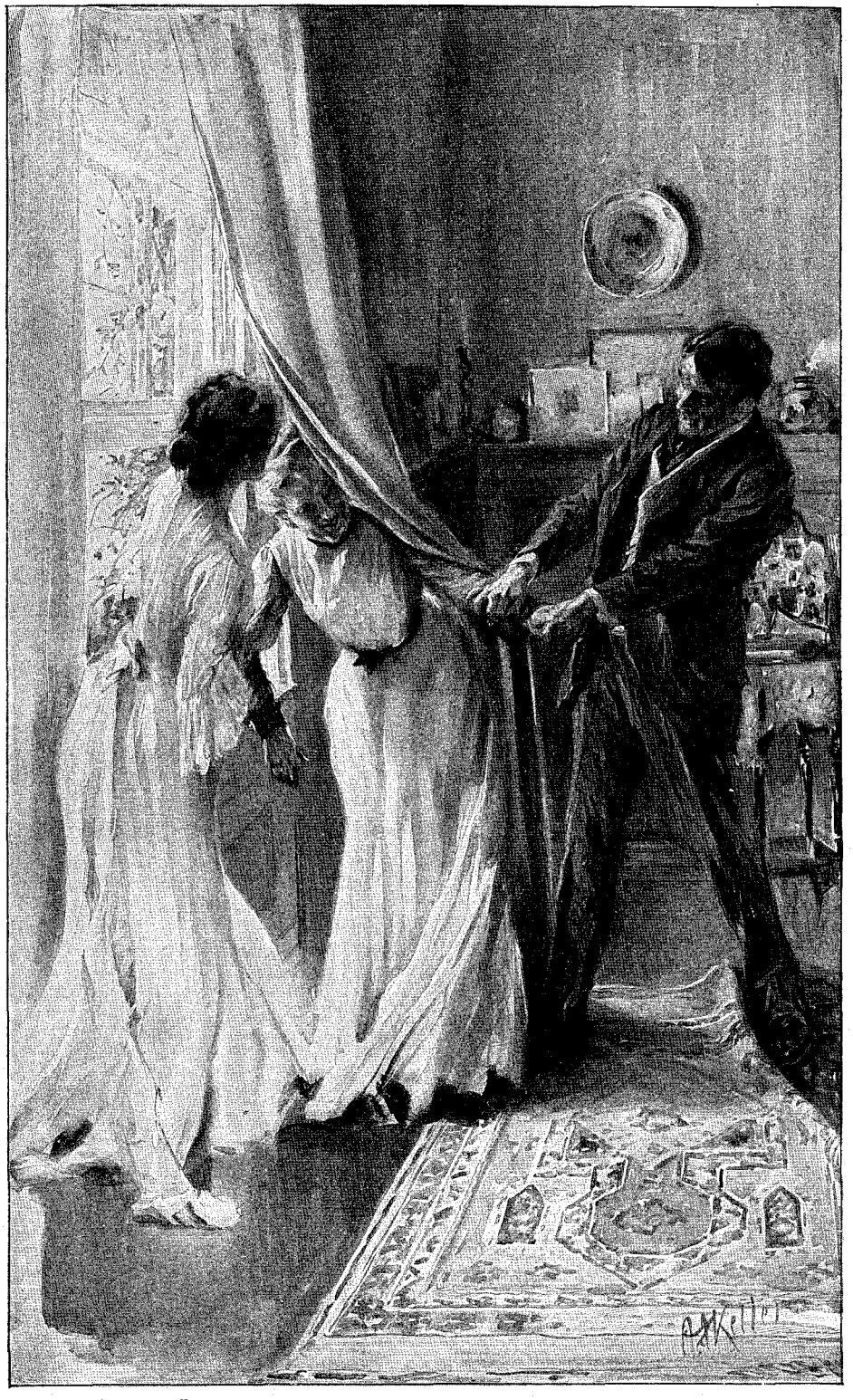

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

I felt myself pulled by two pairs of hands.—Page 221.

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severe a trial that he knew then how much Sally meant to him.

"That moonlight sail was very close sailing indeed," he said, his face full of a feeling that he did not try to hide. "There was nearly a shipwreck, when—when she steered wrong." And I remembered.

Then, with no great confidence in her mood, I went in search of my girl. She is always unexpected, and a dead silence, when I had anxiously told my tale, was what I had not planned for. After a minute.

"Well?" I asked.

And "Well?" answered Sally, with scarlet cheeks, but calmly.

"He is waiting for you down-stairs," I said.

Then she acted in the foolish way that seemed natural. She dropped on her knees and put her face against my shoulder.

"Cousin Mary! I can't! It's a strange man—it isn't our sailor any more. I hate it. I don't like Englishmen."

"He's very much the same as yesterday," I said. "You needn't like him if you don't want to, but you must go and tell him so yourself." I think that was rather clever of me.

So, holding my hand and trembling, she went down. When I saw Richard Leigh's look as he stood waiting, I tried to loosen that clutching hand and leave them, but Sally, always different from anyone else, held me tight.

"Cousin Mary, I won't stay unless you stay," she said, firmly.

I looked at the young man and he laughed.

"I don't care. I don't care if all the world hears me," he said, and he took a step forward and caught her hands.

Sally looked up at him. "You're a horrid lord or something," she said.

He laughed softly. "Do you mind? I can't help it. It's hard, but I want you to help me try to forget it. I'd gladly be a sailor again if you'd like me better."

"I did like you—before you deceived me. You pretended you were that."

"But I have grievances too—you said I was a queer little rat of a man."

Sally's laugh was gay but trembling. "I did say that, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you tried to underpay me, too."

"Oh, I didn't! You charged a lot more than the others."

Sir Richard shook his head firmly. "Not nearly as much as the Revenge was worth. I kept gangs of men scrubbing that boat till I nearly went into bankruptcy. And, what's more, you ought to keep your word, you know. You said you were going to marry Richard Leigh—Richard Grenville Cary Leigh is his whole name, you know. Will you keep your word?"

"But I—but you—but I didn't know," stammered Sally, feebly.

He went on eagerly. "You told me how he should wear his name—high and—and all that." He had no time for abstractions. "He can never do it alone—will you come and help him?"

Sally was palpably searching about for weapons to aid her losing fight. "Why do you like me? I'm not beautiful like Anne Ford." He laughed. "I'm not rich, you know, like lots of American girls. We're very poor"—she looked at him earnestly.

"I don't care if you're rich or poor," he said. "I don't know if you're beautiful—I only know you're you. It's all I want."

She shook a little at his low-voiced vehemence, but she was a long fighter. "You don't know me very much," she went on, her soft voice breaking. "Maybe it's only a fancy—the moonlight and the sailing and all—maybe you only imagine you like me."

"Imagine I like you!"

And then, at the sight of his quick movement and of Sally's face I managed to get behind a curtain and put my fingers in my ears. No woman has a right to more than one woman's love-making. And as I stood there, a few minutes later, I felt myself pulled by two pairs of hands, and Sally and her lover were laughing at me.

"May I have her? I want her very much," he said, and I wondered if ever anyone could say no to anything he asked. So, with a word about Sally's far-away mother and father, I told him, as an old woman might, that I had loved him from the first, and then I said a little of what Sally was to me.

"I like her very much," I said, in a shaky voice that tried to be casual. "Are you sure that you like her enough?" For all of his answer, he turned, not even touching her hands, and looked at her.

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It was as if I caught again the fragrance of the box hedges in the southern sunshine of a garden where I had walked on a spring morning long ago. Love is as old-fashioned as the ocean, and as little changed in all the centuries. Its always yielding, never retreating arms lie about the lands that are built and carved and covered with men's progress; it keeps the air sweet and fresh above them, and from generation to generation its look and its depths are the same. That it is stronger than death does not say it all. I know that it is stronger than life. Death, with its crystal touch, may make a weak love strong; life, with its everyday wear and tear, must make any but a strong love weak.

I like to think that the look I saw in Richard Leigh's eyes as he turned toward my girl was the same look I shall see, not so very many years from now, when I close mine on this dear old world, and open them, by the shore of the ocean of eternity, on the face of Geoffrey Meade.

THE FLYING RUSSIAN

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

WILD was of that type bred in the Service which preserves its manner to the death. When he heard the court-martial's verdict he only stroked his little blond mustache, as if being dismissed from the army was an every-day occurrence with him. He had his secret; he had kept his code of honor which made him sacrifice himself rather than inform on a fellow officer.

The few loyal friends who gathered in the saloon of a steamer in Manila Bay the next day to give him a stirrup cup were amazed to find no change in him; to the last touch of jauntiness, as he saw them over the side, he was the same "good old Irving Wild" that they had always known. Could they have seen him ten minutes later they would have had a different opinion. The languid giant had buried his face in the pillows of his bunk in all the abandon of a broken heart.

"Never to join in another song in the mess! Never to lead my men on the firing-line!" he cried in his bitterness. "It's all one what happens to me, now!"

That night pacing the steamer's deck, the purling trail of water behind the screw seemed to call to him. But that was too easy and too cowardly a way; he must find his oblivion in action. He longed for nothing so much as another Taiping Rebellion, which would give a soldier of fortune the opportunity to find his peace gamely. He had no knowledge of any business, any profession, any trade, any life except that of arms. From place to place along the coast of China he went, offering himself as clerk, supercargo, drill sergeant for the Chinese army, and for a dozen other occupations, without result.

Almost penniless, at his wits' end, he was walking up and down the Bund of Tientsin when a tap on his shoulder was accompanied by a soft "Good-morning." He turned to see a face well known from Yokohama to Singapore. As surely as ducks are born web-footed for the water, Francisco Dodds was born web-minded for the treaty ports. His father was English; his mother, Portuguese; his birthplace Macao, where gambling and filth breed hellish cunning. He had sold wooden bullets to the Chinese in their war with Japan; filibustered arms to the Filipinos; smuggled opium into Canton, and turned his hand to any hidden project that offered profit, without ever having the iniquity that lay behind his cherubic smile proved in a court of law.

A month before, Wild would have turned from him as from the plague; but a month before, Wild had been an officer of the United States army. He who heard every bit of gossip along the coast and turned it to account took the lieutenant's misfortune

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as a granted premise. He always adapted himself to present company. The English side of him now made him brief.

"Do you want to turn an honest penny?" The Portuguese side of him put the question unctuously.

"An honest one, yes; with all my heart. How?"

"It's dangerous. I'll tell you that at the start. There's no medal of honor from Congress in it." His English side knew that candor was the proper bait for this fish.

"How?" Wild repeated, as if Dodds's preamble were entirely superfluous. "I'm not expecting medals of honor, now," he added, carelessly.

"No. An officer who's lost his commission can't be a chooser." The Portuguese side got familiar, and he grinned.

Wild turned on his heel. He was not yet used to patronage from such as Dodds, who quickly put out a detaining hand, giving Wild time to realize, with shame galloping in his temples, that a creature of fate must be humble.

"No offence meant!" The Portuguese side apologized truculently. "This is the billet," the English side proceeded. "Something over three years ago an Australian by the name of Blinders was washed up on the coast broke. I grubstaked him to look for gold up among the mountains and the lanky brigands of Chih-li; conditions, that white-haired old robber, the Viceroy Pang Mu, was one of three who were to share alike. Well, Blinders was a nervy one. The brigands didn't get him and he found a streak of placer twenty feet deep under an old creek bed. He came back for supplies, organized a coolie gang and started to work the lead. In six months he had a thousand ounces. Just before he was ready to ship it he was murdered. Object, robbery, *robbery!* Savez?"

Dodds batted his little eyes and wet his upper lip with the tip of his tongue. "About a month afterward the Viceroy, still shedding tears over poor Blinders's passing," he went on, "secretly shipped a thousand ounces to the San Francisco mint. Since then I've had six managers at that mine. All six have been murdered just as they were ready to make a shipment. Seven thousand ounces has that hoary old cut-throat Shylock Pang Mu sent to Frisco salted in his tears of regret over the death of foreign devils. There you have it! A certain chance of seven to one that you will be killed. Do you take it on?"

Wild stroked his little mustache, and then stroked his chin, his white teeth showing in a smile of gratification, the while he shifted his languid position a little.

"Are there any other conditions?" he asked.

Dodds did not know whether the soldier was scorning his proposition or welcoming it.

"No. The work is easy. Blinders built a snug cottage up on a hill alongside a missionary's. No science required. All you have to do is to store the clean-up and keep a general lookout. There's a guard of Chinese soldiers who see to it that the workmen don't take any of the Viceroy's gold. If they did, he'd cut their heads off—the gentle old soul! You're going up against murder—that's all. Pay? You get three-quarters of my half. There you have it—the whole proposition! Will you take it on, I say?"

"Certainly," was Wild's matter-of-fact reply. "In short, it's quite what I was looking for."

"Looking to be murdered!" Dodds gasped. This was the first victim sent out with any knowledge of what was in store for him. Cussedness and curiosity had had their share in a rascal's candor. It was the English side suddenly rising that caught him napping.

"Yes; if I don't have to play a purely negative part; and I'll see to it that I don't," Wild replied.

"Then we're off to see the old blister—may he be hung up by his own pigtail and starve in sight of a plate of bird's-nest soup! Mind, you've got to act as if you thought him an angel. Of course, he knows that you know that he hasn't an honest hair in his head, but if you said so he'd have to save his face by breaking with us entirely. There's nothing that will pass in hell which a Chinese won't do so long as he talks piety. Just you leave the flinging of compliments to me."

"Evidently I am entering upon a new career," said Wild to himself, softly.

They made a strange pair: the tall, blonde soldier, careless to his own ruin, and the short, dark commercial adventurer—to use the phrasing by which Dodds saved

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his own face—as they proceeded through narrow, stinking passageways of the native city, choked with traffic and sonorous with the calls of coolies. At the Yamen they were ushered into the presence of Pang Mu, a withered, yellow old man, his face lined with the wrinkles of crafty experiences which formed a whole as expressionless as stirred concrete that has congealed. He nodded, bent his body slightly, shook his own hands in the recesses of his ample silk sleeves, and sank back into his teakwood chair. The curiosity of the visitors—Dodds's as well as Wild's—was diverted from him to his companion, who occupied the place on the other side of the carved table. This big white man, with a big flowing blonde beard, was as out of keeping with his surroundings as tan shoes with evening dress. He was inhaling the single puffs of smoke from the tiny pipe which an attendant refilled and lighted, Chinese fashion. He had not once lifted his gaze from a point on the wall. So far as he was concerned, no one had entered the room.

"A lowly entreating foreigner hopes that the all-wise Viceroy's mother is well," said Dodds.

"My noble mother prospers. She is now in her ninety-fourth year. Her worthless son, my poor self, felicitates the great foreigner on his robust health and his grand presence. As Confucius says——"

"Meanwhile, he might offer us a chair," thought Wild. However, Pang Mu had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

Then Dodds explained who Wild was, and even how he had told Wild what he might expect according to precedent.

The Viceroy showed keen interest; that is, he nodded the wooden image from the fulcrum of his shoulders.

"Are you a grandfather?" he asked Wild.

"A little young for such honors, your Excellency."

"Yet you have a mustache. Only those who have had the joy of seeing themselves twice reproduced should wear mustaches." He touched his own trailing wiry hairs with a deliberate gesture. "But the foreign peoples are wise, I hear, though they do not live according to the laws of Confucius." He nodded again, this time to indicate intense grief. "My inexpressible misery was increased on learning that two of the dead managers were fathers," he continued. "I have had ancestral tablets to their memories erected in my own gardens. My heart is rent"—his face was leathery in its calm, while he waved his fan gently—"that all the wisdom of seven noble foreigners should be as the ashes in the brazier at two in the morning. It is sweet to think that the gold-dust disappeared with them, relieving us of the pain of profiting by their labors."

"Listen to that, will you!" Dodds gasped under his breath. "We know how your noble soul is racked. Weep not too much!" he said aloud.

"My cherished Dodds, assure our choice young friend that he will have a better fate. I have prayed to our joss; I have burned great bundles of incense, to assuage the anger of the earth devils over the disembowelling of their treasure which led them to kill your predecessors. Not your wisdom, not your wonderful guns, not your steam-spouting engine devils can assuage the rage of our earth devils, who can claim the life of whom they choose. I have thought much. The matter has weighed deeply on this poor mind which can repeat only five thousand quotations from the classics. Lest the loneliness of a new land should oppress our new manager, I have chosen a companion for him in my wise friend, Mr. Smith P. Borinsky, who will meet you in the morning with the coolies and the junks I shall provide to transport you."

He nodded toward the figure on the other side of the table. For the first time, Mr. Smith P. Borinsky took notice of the visitors' presence. His mild blue eyes were just as expressive as a china doll's.

"To-morrow—ten o'clock," he said in easy, automatic English. Then he looked at the wall again.

With profuse compliments, Dodds started to withdraw.

"Wait!" said the Viceroy, rising. "We should be unworthy of the worship of our descendants if we did not shed a tear before parting over the memory of the two fathers who chivalrously defied the earth-dragon's ire."

While Borinsky remained smoking, Pang Mu led the guests into his garden and showed them the two tablets, which he addressed with wise saws from Confucius.

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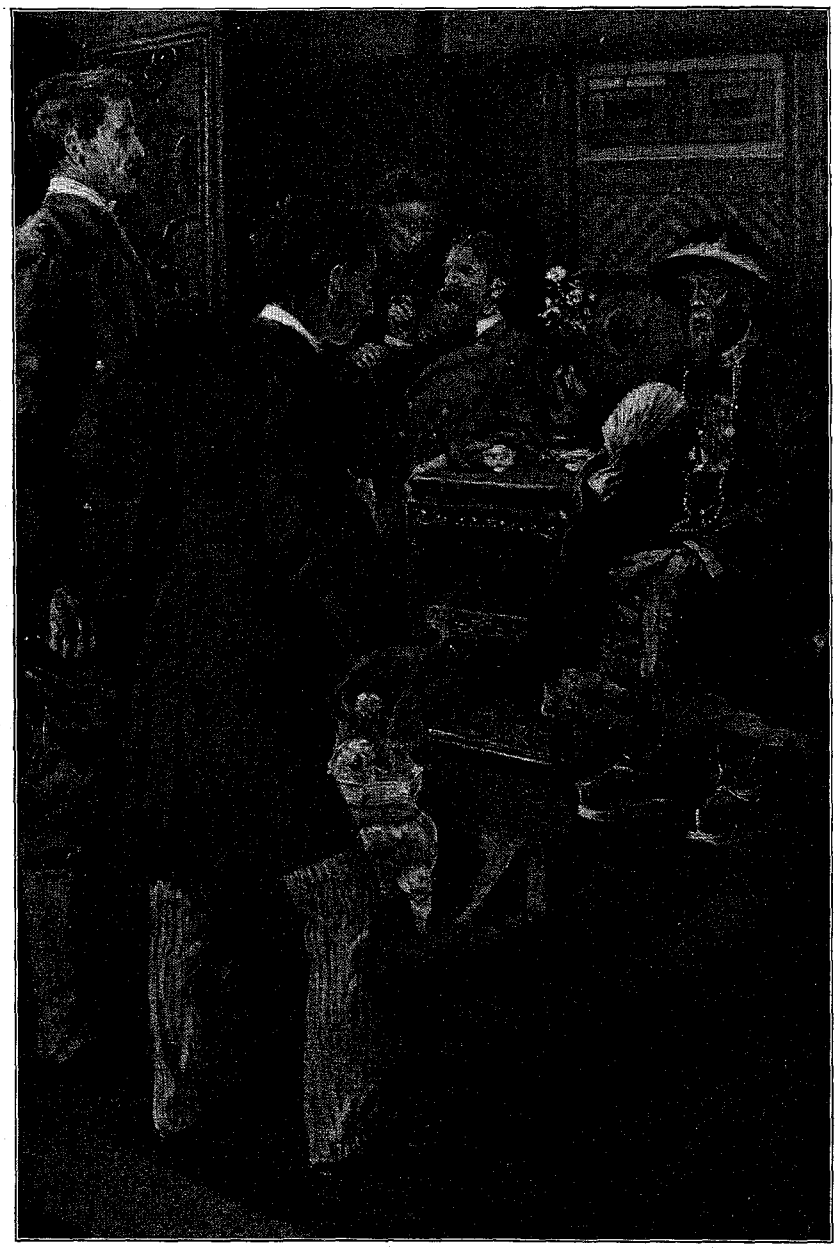

"A lowly, entreating foreigner hopes that the all-wise Viceroy's mother is well."—Page 224.

"So that's Borinsky!" said Dodds with fierce interest, once the two were away.

"Yes. Who is he? What part does he play? The plot thickens."

"Borinsky! Smith P. Borinsky is a myth. It makes no difference if you have seen him in the flesh—he is a myth just the same. I've been hearing of him half my life and this is the first time I ever laid eyes on him. He's the kind of man who isn't seen—that's the best I can do to describe him. If there's anything mysterious done, we say Borinsky. If a man with no pull gets a concession, we say Borinsky got it

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for him. He is the Flying Dutchman—the Flying Russian, I mean—of North China. Once I saw a big envelope with his name on it on the desk of the Russian Minister. I've heard coolies mutter Smith P. Borinsky to quiet the devils, and mothers warn their kiddies to be good or Smith P. would get 'em."

"And why is he going with me?"

"Only the devil and the Viceroy know—the old murderer! Did you observe that he didn't offer me a chair, let alone tea? If the eighth man is killed he will have me thrown out of the Yamen. Look here, if you'll bring that gold out and come out of the game alive yourself, I'll let you have my half and his, too." Dodds' Portuguese was his kotowing side. Now he was in the full swing of his English side, which made him fume with indignation.

"Indeed!" Wild stroked his little mustache, thoughtfully. "Er—might I inquire where you come in? Just what object you would have in paying my expenses up there? I take it you aren't exactly a philanthropist."

"Me! A philanthropist! They don't breed 'em on the coast of China. I've got a game back of my liberality, and I won't hesitate to let you know what it is. I'm thinking of future deals with the saintly Pang Mu—d——n him! If you escape his assassins and get the gold out, I'd sit up there across from Pang as biggity as Borinsky."

"I'm learning something every minute," said Wild, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I'd be a great man in the Viceroy's eyes," he went on in his English preoccupation. "It'd mean I was worthy his partnership on big things—it'd mean thousands to me. If he succeeds in murdering the eighth man I'll lose face entirely."

"Yes, it will be very hard for *you*. For *your* sake I will try not to be killed."

Dodds caught the humor of this illuminating view of the situation.

"That's so. Are you going to back out?"

"Not at all!" was the laconic reply.

They went immediately to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, where a haughty clerk supplied Wild with expense money. Before night the necessary supplies, as well as Wild's personal belongings, were aboard the junks. Nine o'clock the next morning arrived and still nothing from Borinsky. At ten promptly the carriage of the Russian Consul, with the curtains drawn, drove up. Borinsky alighted with a blanket roll under his arm.

"Have you no other baggage?" Wild asked.

"Oh, no; never."

There was almost an expression of surprise in Borinsky's china-blue eyes. He immediately made himself comfortable at full length on the deck with his blanket roll as a pillow and began to study some abstract point in the heavens as if it held the argosy of his dreams.

"If I tame that earth dragon and tie him to a staple in the door-casing, there'll be no objection, I trust?" Wild called his farewell to Dodds.

"You're all right. I expect to see you back."

Wild smiled. He didn't expect so much or care for it.

Gratefully, he watched the European settlement disappear around the bend of the muddy Pei-Ho; for since the day of the court-martial the face of every white man that he had met seemed to remind him of his disgrace. The river was high; the vast stretches of lowlands with their ancestral mounds, like so many magnified ant-hills, were taking on the first green blush of spring. The landscape, he thought, was a convenient peg upon which to hang a conversation with Smith P. Borinsky; but it was in vain that he tried to draw his companion out. Borinsky volunteered this much and no more:

"I was born up yonder. My mother was an American; my father was a Russian. Anybody who understands their romance might explain me."

With this remark, he looked back at the sky again, as if he had been struck dumb by arrangement. Wild remained affable and polite, and became taciturn as the other. Days passed without the exchange of more than the few necessary words of such close association: the officer sitting on a cane chair with his back against the mainmast and Borinsky reclining, except when he ate or drank tea brewed from the supply that he had brought in his blanket roll, the while they watched the brown, lean bodies of the straining, naked coolies on the towline who bore the junk against the current, except when the wind was strong

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"I propose to know whether you are for my death or against it."—Page 228.

enough to stiffen the square, multi-patched sail that was set.

When they disembarked and the baggage was lifted from the hull to the backs of squat donkeys, two of which all saddled awaited the two foreign devils, the people of the village gathered quickly and closed about them with growing clamor. The Russian regarded them as vacantly as if they were a thousand miles away until a stone was shied; whereupon "Smith P. Borinsky" preceded a flood of native jargon that flowed from his lips. Their inexpressive faces first stared, then smiled;

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then in answer to more vigorous phrase they dispersed.

"A Chinese mob seems an open book to you," Wild observed.

"Somewhat," was the careless reply.

"I meant *somewhat*," Wild retorted with dignity.

His powerlessness in the hands of this strange being who could draw any tune he pleased out of native passion was exasperating. As one turns to his sole remaining friend in distress, so Wild now laid his fingers caressingly on the holster of his six-shooter, which contained five cartridges for others and one which he reserved for himself. There was nothing in Smith P. Borinsky's china-blue eyes to indicate that he had observed the movement.

"Ruling races," he observed casually, "are self-respecting."

Such was Wild's mood now that he would have made no comment on this to him meaningless statement if it had been followed by a long oration and a sentence of death on himself. Thenceforth, his silence had the keen edge of readiness for any emergency, until, after six days' travel overland, they reached their destination, which identified itself from the distance in the glitter of window-glass from two western-built houses on a hillside, as if the necessity of living among a heathen people which had brought the dwellers there had been qualified by instinctive racial predilection for isolation from odoriferous surroundings.

From his own door-sill Wild looked up a hundred yards to the shaded porch of the evangelist of Indiana parentage, and he looked down a thousand yards to spoil banks in a valley—the mine—guarded by Chinese soldiers in hats as big as sun-umbrellas, who paced up and down, fans in hand.

His first practical consideration was Borinsky. He got him into the small room which was dining-room and sitting-room in one, where they would be free from interruption. Then he laid his revolver on the table in token of his intention to take no unfair advantage. As usual, Borinsky staring into space seemed not to see him. This attitude was more fuel to Wild's flame. He proposed to have it out with Borinsky then and there. The soldier leaned forward and said, with Anglo-Saxon intensity:

"Candor may save us both trouble in the end. My seven predecessors in unbroken line have been murdered. I am sent here expecting the same fate. As you are a white man and have no face to save I will tell you that I believe that the Viceroy is responsible for the murders in order to get Dodds' as well as his own share of the gold. For the first time the Viceroy has sent a personal representative to the mine—yourself. Therefore——"

Borinsky looked at him in mild surprise.

"Oh, did His Excellency say that? I wasn't listening when he was talking to you. I was thinking." There was a certain diffident expression of apology in the china-blue eyes. "In fact, I have a great deal of thinking to do."

"Therefore, I want to know what part you are going to play," Wild demanded.

"Here at the mine?" Borinsky asked, innocently.

"Yes, at the mine."

Wild could hold in his temper no longer. He rose and bent over Borinsky, determined that neither should leave the room until one or the other was proven master. On the adversary's part there was no change of position; nothing more than the slightest concentration of gentle curiosity in his gaze.

"Oh, none at all. I have nothing to do with the mine—nothing at all!"

Such calm, flippant denial was more aggravating than brazen defiance.

"Then either you or the Viceroy is a liar!"

"Knowing myself as I do and knowing the Viceroy as I do, I certainly wouldn't hesitate to say that the Viceroy was—dear old Pang Mu!"

"That is not the point. I propose to know whether you are for my death or against it—my enemy or my ally."

"Dear old Pang Mu!" Borinsky repeated. "He says what he pleases and Smith P. Borinsky *does* what he pleases. Really, he is the least of my troubles. I'm going to move on as soon as my escort arrives. It ought to be here now."

As if to make his announcement dramatic half-a-dozen horsemen came galloping up to the door. Astride Cossack ponies, in Russian caps, blouses, and long boots, they had the stalwart physique of the Russian; but their almond eyes, their raven-black

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hair and their devilish leer were unmistakably brigandish and Manchurian. They greeted their leader with a guttural cry of respect; he replied with a few words that brought smiles to their saturnine faces. One of them strapped the blanket roll back of the one empty saddle in the cavalcade, which Borinsky promptly occupied.

"It never does to lose your temper in China," he said, looking at his horse's ears; then rode away at the all-day trot of the wiry Cossack steeds.

When the column of dust that had followed the little cavalcade afar down the road had settled back to earth, the new manager was approached by a most portentous individual, the captain of the guard of Chinese soldiers, Hok Wong, who belied his grandeur by bumping his head on the ground in a formal kotow. Then he pointed toward the mine, where a swarm of coolies had already begun to work. By many significant gestures he made it clear that this activity was the result of the new manager's arrival. Oh, no! Pang Mu would not take out an ounce of the dust which he meant to steal until the legal representative of the firm was present, according to agreement.

Wild wondered, naturally enough, if this obsequious captain of mercenaries was the one who had the blood of seven white men on his hands. He found himself less interested in the mine than in prognosticating the manner of his death; while the port of all that he saw was as innocent as the bearing of the captain of the guard.

From the first, he had hoped for information from his neighbor. He could see an old man pottering about in a garden at one side of the cottage, also a young woman coming and going on the veranda. It was impossible that they should not see him, unless they were blind. Yet they gave no sign of recognizing his presence.

The Reverend John Thomas lived for the purpose of being helpful, but he had begun to think that he could be of little service to the mine managers which the famous Dodds recruited from among the beachcombers of Tientsin. He had this time left all overtures to the newcomer, whose sheer curiosity brought him up the path on the second day.

Immediately he observed that Wild was neither drunk nor profane, he made apologies:

"I—I didn't know as I would be welcome," he said, in the quavering voice of old age. "Your predecessor had—er—I think you call it delirium tremens. Poor man, he would come up here for the night, saying that his own house was occupied by devils, and he would take on terribly. The one before him drank less, but he was blasphemous—so blasphemous, sir, that it made me shudder to listen to him. Mr. Dodds and the Viceroy seem to change managers with every shipment of gold. It is the monotony here, I suppose."

There was nothing about this old man to indicate an unsmiling delight in such grim humor as his remark implied. Was it possible that Borinsky was not alone in eccentric connection with the tragedies of the mine? The Russian himself had appeared no more calm and disinterested than the missionary.

"Yes, considering that every one of them has been murdered," Wild observed, drily.

"Murdered!" the missionary exclaimed. "Every one murdered!"

"Yes. I am sent here expecting the same fate. Not one has returned alive to Tientsin. The murders were for the purpose of robbery, apparently, for Dodds says that the Viceroy sent the booty to the Frisco mint." Wild scrutinized the pallid white-bearded face sharply.

"Possible!" breathed the missionary, slowly but not sceptically. "Every one left here with the treasure safely in the escort of Hok Wong and a guard of soldiers. They must have been killed on the journey. I know Pang Mu well. I am not surprised," he concluded, with a measured shaking of his head as he gazed reflectively at the moth-patches on the backs of his trembling hands. His face was almost as expressionless as Borinsky's.

"Time has taught me the folly of being surprised," he went on. "I've been in China fifty-five years and I have made fifty converts—not rice converts—not the kind who pray to our Lord before you feed them and to their own joss after dinner! No, no! Real converts! I had hoped before my last call came to have one for every year—fifty-five in all. Alas! I have given that up, now. I must be content that I have turned the furrow in new ground,

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which will be more fruitful under future tillage. My lasting regret is that I did not go to Thibet. I have always said that Thibet was the greatest field. They who are so obdurate now, once they do come will come *en masse*, with glad huzzas. Ay, mark my words, we shall have a Christian city of Lhassa ere we do of Peking."

"And Smith P. Borinsky?" Wild hastened to ask, after a respectful pause; "have you ever heard anything of him?"

The old man's face lighted with genuine Occidental curiosity.

"Heard of him? How could I help it? I've heard of other myths in China, too."

"He came with me. He was to assist me at the mine, the Viceroy said; but he went away with a band of Cossacks."

"You saw him! You are quite sure you saw him? Others say that they have seen him; I suppose that *you* did. Still, I shall contend that he is a myth. It is the only adequate word."

Wild went into details about his relations with the man. The missionary rested his head on the back of his chair and sighed from the depths of long, deep, and unrevealing experience.

"Do not ask me to solve the riddles of fate, much less the riddles of China," he said. "I ceased half a century ago to puzzle over them, and ever since I have reserved my strength for my Master's work, which is as sweet as it is simple. Ah—my granddaughter!"

The last words were spoken in recognition of the presence at his side of the young woman whom Wild had hitherto seen only at a distance. He flushed with surprise on beholding such beauty in such a place. There was in the manner of her interruption a suggestion of her desire to know and see someone from the outside world, battling with her innate modesty. She crimsoned with a blush that was as wasted in China as the perfume of the rose on the desert air.

"She and I are all that are left of the Thomases," her grandfather explained. "I am training her to go on with the endless work where I shall leave off soon, very soon."

On his part, the soldier thought of the comparative advantage on the score of brevity of being actually buried alive. While the three talked he was continually stroking that little mustache, as if thereby he could veil his gaze, which he never lifted from Miss Thomas's sad, puzzling, wonderful face, except for stern politeness' sake.

Of Borinsky he was to hear no more for a long time. Day in and day out, in an existence as monotonous as the faces of the coolies, with the villainous Hok Wong ever subservient to his requests, he stored the clean-ups in the vault, which the unhappy Blinders had built under his bedroom; he listened to the quavering regrets of the chivalrous old missionary about Thibet, and his leisure moments were spent in playing a game for which he had previously had masculine contempt, namely, croquet, with Miss Thomas as his winning adversary, there in a court overlooking a hundred square miles of China that did not contain a single other white woman. Propinquity was bound to bring confidences when mallets were laid aside.

"I'm sorry that I ever went to the States," she said once, impulsively. "It makes China so much harder. Though I didn't go until I was fourteen, for the first time in my life I felt really at home. I knew then that it was the spirit of the West which I had always heard calling me: at last it had found its own. That isn't the way with most of our people. They are glad when their vacations are over. They want to return to their work and to China. The truth is, China is no hardship to them—it is home. White complexions become pasty to them; they long for the yellow; they long for their servants; for the millions who await conversion. The cable cars, the flying trains, the whizzing elevators, the eager faces are all the confusion and vanity of a strange land to them. Yes, they have become Oriental. So I was meant to be and am not."

"Grandfather's great pride has been that I was born here in China—born to the work, born to the language and the ways and the spirit of the East, which newcomers have to learn. Alas, he is so ambitious—he even wanted me to go to Thibet. Oh, I suppose it's very wicked of me—it's doing my faith and the missionary society that sent my ancestors here a great wrong; but I couldn't—I couldn't!"

When it came to the discussion of his own affairs she was equally convinced with her

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grandfather that he would never reach the coast alive if he went with the gold.

"If Pang Mu has determined to kill you," said the old gentleman, "why, he will, and there's an end of it. You had best go while you can. The truth is, no one knows how soon we may be besieged. This spring the people had little seed, and for the second season has come a withering drought. From many sources I hear news of mobs gathering strength as they go and crying 'Death to the foreigners whose magic arts have dried up the heavens!'

"I have written of the danger to our Minister and to the Board Secretary in Peking. The Minister is comfortable in his legation; the Secretary is comfortable in his compound, surrounded by docile servants. The Minister said that the Tsung-li-Yamen has the situation well in hand. The Tsung-li-Yamen!" The old man smiled ever so sweetly as he repeated that empty phrase. "The Board Secretary humorously referred to the old cry of 'Wolf! wolf!' I wrote back to him that he should bear in mind how lonely the shepherd was and that eventually the wolf did come and the lambs were not rescued. So is the wolf coming now; for these Boxers, as they call themselves, are of a new breed of rioters. So, too, is death coming to us all, and I am ready."

He put the tips of his fingers together in his favorite gesture and rocked his chair gently. From a Christian knight who trusted in Providence, but incidentally kept his powder dry, he had become a Christian fatalist of the East.

"I should have told you," he concluded, "that a name—an army's watchword, as you would call it, sir—which the Boxers conjure with, is that of that mythical person—I say mythical advisedly—that mythical person, Smith P. Borinsky."

"Naturally," was the dry reply.

Nothing about Borinsky could surprise Wild now. Moreover, he was convinced, as he had been from the moment of the Russian's disappearance in a cloud of dust, that they should have sharp work together yet, face to face.

His refusal to go on their advice, their refusal to go on his, led to the granting of a request by the man of God which the man of war had much at heart. Wild gained permission to drill the male converts. Happily, he had rifles for the score of neat pigtails that had suffered persecution for the sake of their faith. He became as absorbed in his new occupation as in croquet; while otherwise they went on with their old life, unmindful of warnings of danger, until they awakened one morning to find that both coolies and soldiers had deserted the mine and joined the "Borinskys," as he called the Boxers. In the village below there was the hum of disaster in the brewing.

The very placidity with which Miss Thomas received the news made him realize how the stubborn self-denial of her grandfather and his carelessness as to his own fate had been paraded to the destruction of a young and valuable life. Her safety became his single thought.

"I cannot desert my converts," pleaded the missionary. "I, too, am a soldier who must stick to his post."

"We'll take the converts with us," Wild replied. "In the twentieth century a living evangelist is more useful than a dead one."

He over-rode all objections and set the pair to packing the necessaries for a journey. As for himself, he hoped that he would not have to accompany them. He preferred to remain and face the mob and guard his gold. At all events, he would turn back from the gate that closed on them in safety.

Of the three servants sent to bring donkeys, only two returned. While they groaned from their bruises, and told how the third was stoned to death, the shouting in the village rose to a roar. Wild's attention was attracted to a dark object that came winding along the highway in the distance. With his glasses he saw that it consisted of thousands of coolies waving triangular red banners.

"There is no time to be lost," he said. "You must get into your chairs."

He led the way with such of the army as were not occupied with the two precious burdens; the trembling servants brought up the rear. Before they had gone a hundred yards they saw another mob approaching from the opposite direction to the first.

"We cannot elude them," said Mr. Thomas. "If they catch us flying they will lose their superstitious fear of the foreign-devils' magic. There is nothing for it but to remain and show a bold face."

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"It will take them about two hours to reach here, which means two valuable hours to prepare for their reception."

"Ah, I know the Chinese better than that," Mr. Thomas replied. "They'll palliate the earth devils to-night and attack in the morning. Slowly, slowly"—this in Chinese to the chair-bearers—"if we hasten back it will be a sign of weakness. We must save our face."

Wild kept his garrison at work all night with pick and shovel. When he had brought the last of his baggage and the last of the gold from his own cottage he applied the match to keep it from furnishing the enemy cover.

Dawn saw the croquet-ground a redoubt and the mission the centre of a circling mound of earth, studded with the rifle barrels of the convert force. At the base of the hill were two vast patches of the brown of bare, tanned bodies, spattered with the blue jean blouses of the opulent.

"There's only about five thousand to our twenty," said Wild.

"To our twenty-one," put in Mr. Thomas, with a positive chuckle. "Twenty-one! Where do you place me, Captain Joshua?"

"And I—I can shoot, too!" Miss Thomas, rifle in hand, said, smiling.

"In the cellar. You will be quite under cover there," Wild replied.

She smiled again and dropped on her knee behind the breastworks.

A rumble of shouting arose from the valley, the red flags were waved vengefully aloft, and in the pandemonium of people debouching from a theatre in a fire, the two mobs came surging up the ascent. Wild the soldier was all himself again. His benign confidence as he whispered directions to his men was catching. From the circle of earth where the besieged lay there was no sound except that of the leader's voice. From the outside nothing was visible except his head and torso, as he walked up and down jauntily, stroking his little mustache, a target for those infamously bad marksmen, Hok Wong and his Chinese soldiers, who were lying on their bellies apart from the attacking force, and firing at long range. Though everyone could hear his every word distinctly, only one looked up—Miss Thomas. She regarded him as if he were a ward of her pride, fulfilling her promises.

The column on the right made for the mine manager's house instead of the breastworks. There it stopped with the swoop of a flock of vultures over a carcass. Unmindful of burns, its greedy members dug in the hot embers for treasure.

"The gold's up here, my wayward children! But we are very glad to see you so busily occupied."

The missionary's eyes sparkled with the joy of strife as he spoke. A turn of fate in youth might have made him into a soldier instead of an evangelist. His granddaughter's profile outlined against the dull background of freshly turned earth was as calm as that of a Greek statue.

"You must go into the cellar!" Wild cried to her.

"No, I must not!" she replied.

"I shall take you, then." He stretched out his strong arms as if to show how easy it would be for him to carry out his threat.

"When one rifle counts so much," she said, "would you deny any woman the privilege of fighting?" And he could only say "No."

Meanwhile, their ears were afflicted by the fierce, guttural cries of the advancing Boxers. In face of that host swaying forward in its primitive might, twenty-two rifles seemed as helpless as so many fans.

"Not a shot till they reach that mulberry-tree!" Wild kept repeating in a matter-of-fact way, as if the advancing monster with its mane of red banners were a hunter that he was riding around the ring at the Horse Show.

"I'll take that first one—the Philistine with the long spear." The missionary spoke as if he were reasserting an inherent right.

"I was waiting on him myself!" This from the granddaughter. "Very well. I name the one just behind him."

And now the head of the monster swept under the mulberry-tree.

"The Amalakites are upon us, my children." The converts heard the voice of age and authority in their own tongue in the even strain of invocation, repeating all the captain's commands.

The crack of rifles followed. The man with the long spear fell; so did the one behind him. The press from the rear was soon mounting a heap of corpses. But in passing over the obstruction they saw, with starting eyeballs, of what it was made.

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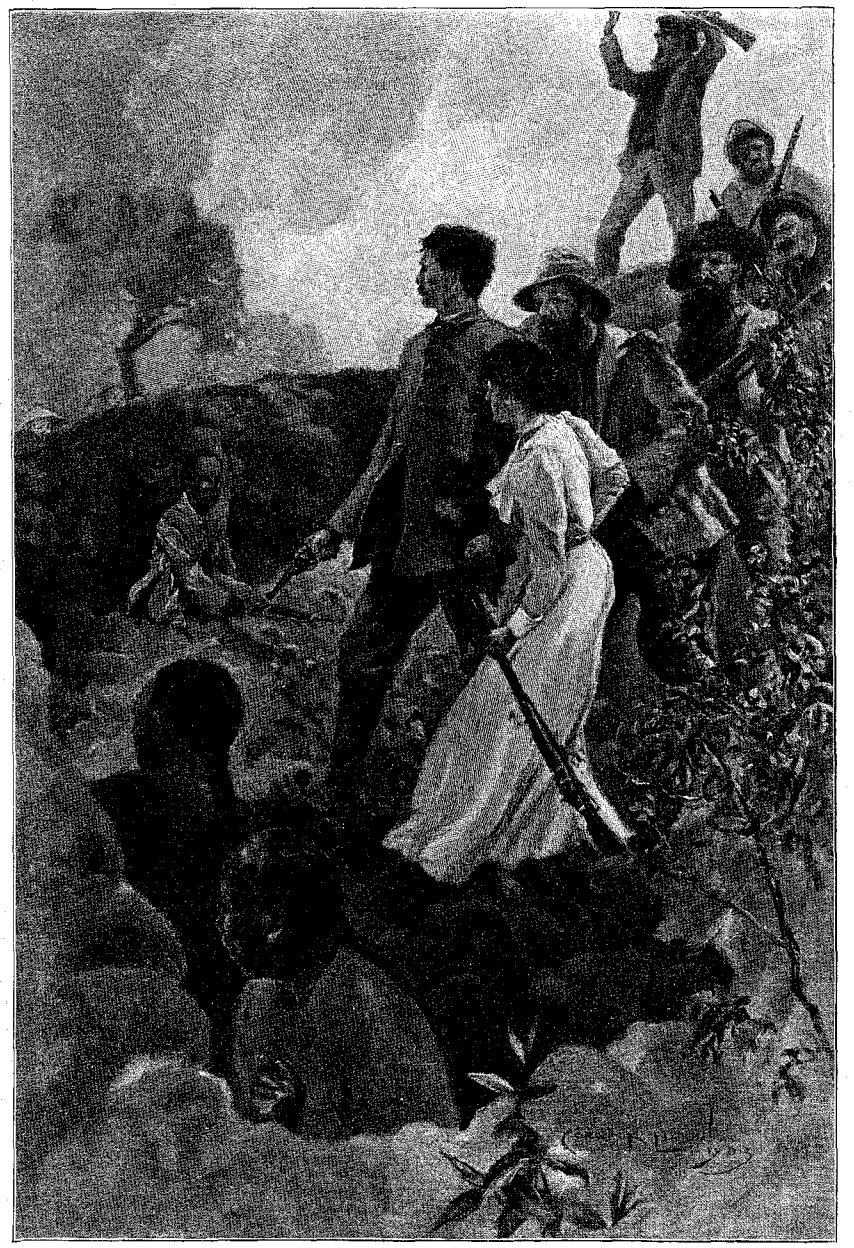

Turned toward the yellow flood only twenty yards away.—Page 235.

When again the magazines vomited their bile the column reared like a stricken snake, its head falling back on its wriggling body. So it recoiled and fled, with the inanimate and the groaning causes of its terror on the field.

"Joshua! Aye, Joshua!" The missionary began his pæan of thanks to the converts grown strong on seeing prophecy fulfilled. "Yes," he continued to Wild, "and a Moses of this day of steam and electricity would have done as I did."

There was a sweeter compliment yet to come.

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"We could not help winning under *you*," said Miss Thomas, who was put into confusion by the sound of her own words. Without looking up again, she began mechanically to clean her rifle.

Well out of range the retreat ceased in a swirl, as brute courage returned to the panic-stricken horde. When the flags were upraised again defiantly, among them was a white one. The man who bore it advanced alone. Wild, who moved out to meet it halfway, waving a handkerchief, was not surprised to recognize Borinsky.

"My compliments!" said Borinsky, absently.

"Your business!" said Wild, sharply.

"I'm just up from Tientsin, where the Christians are dodging about under the heathen shellfire." The references were those of a disinterested, almost a bored, spectator. "I slipped in over night to see how the place looked when it was besieged. Under the circumstances, I didn't know but you would like to hear from home. I brought you a letter."

"Thank you," Wild replied, thrusting it in his pocket without so much as a glance at the address.

"Just an ordinary courtesy," Borinsky continued. "It wouldn't do you much good if it were delivered to-morrow. We fired a little too low, didn't we? I judge that we better spread out when we come up next time."

Wild understood the futility of opposing such overpowering numbers in open order. Only one thing could have made him plead with this man whose face was never more expressionless than at this tragic moment. That object was a woman's life.

"You, a white man!" he said. "You are leading a mob of coolies against an old man and a young girl! Have you none of the chivalry of race left? Are you a fiend, or are you mad?"

"We shall see," Borinsky responded languidly and faced about. "I thought you'd think it rather nice of me to bring you the letter."

As Wild stepped back over the breastworks he heard a mighty shout from the direction of the enemy. He looked back, to see a mad waving of banners, that made the mob look like a field of giant poppies in bloom, in response to something that Borinsky, standing on a rock, had said to his army.

There was nothing to do now except to await the second attack. Mechanically, he tore open the envelope that the Russian had given him. As he unfolded the sheet he started at sight of his colonel's handwriting.

"Dear boy," he read, "Simpson was shot through the abdomen in an affair with ladrones at Babang day before yesterday. Before he died he made a confession of certain facts which must be too well engraved on your mind to need repetition here. This is one of five letters sent to different addresses to let you know that you are to-day the best-liked officer in the Forty-eighth.

"P. S.—We have just had orders for Tientsin on account of the Boxer rebellion. The impression when you left Manila was that you intended to seek a livelihood in China. Let us hope that you may join us there."

"If I only had my company of the Forty-eighth here!" he cried. "I'd charge that rubbish down there!"

The rubbish was dividing into bands which were taking positions at allotted distances in a semicircle at the base of the hill. The directing spirit, flying here and there on horseback, was Borinsky.

As, buoyantly, Wild went from rifleman to rifleman, using his limited command of Chinese to encourage them, he happened to look up at the second story of the house. The white clapboards were peppered with bullet-holes, while there was scarcely an abrasion on the first story. He called to mind Borinsky's remark about firing too low. It was only more of Borinsky's fiendish sarcasm, he concluded. The groups of the attackers had now been spread out until they formed three and four deep. Though armed with little else but knives and sticks, it was a geometrical certainty that their mass could not be resisted. The twenty rifles instead of mowing would cut only straws here and there.

"This is the end, beyond a doubt," he thought. "It would have been easier if I hadn't received the letter," he added cynically. "Probably Borinsky knew what was in it and brought it to me as a refining touch. I pray God that he is the first over the breastworks!"

Looking in vain for any sign of life on the crest of the hill at the back of the house, he

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formed his command at the front in a tiny semicircle that was the counterpart of the vast one that it faced. Was it only more of Borinsky's satire that the doomed garrison had to wait from anxious minute to anxious minute until an hour had passed before the curving line of blue and brown fanaticism broke into shrieking action?

Wild looked at the faces along the breastworks. None was fazed by this onrush of humanity to which they were no more than reeds in the path of the torrent from a broken dam. The converts felt perfectly safe in the belief that a miracle would save them as it had before.

With no restraint except that of their weakening breath, the tide of death approached. Individual Boxers fell continually under the play of the rifles, but they meant no more than the dropping of cinders from the fire-box of the speeding locomotive. More stumbled than were hit as the angle of the mass narrowed.

"Almighty Father! I have done my duty!" the old missionary cried, and fell back, dying from a bullet wound.

One glance at him and the converts dropped their rifles. Superstition as much as faith had steeled their hearts; Moses, not Joshua, was their leader. With their miracle-worker gone, they fled, or their trembling limbs refusing to support them, they grovelled on the ground, awaiting their fate.

Wild sprang to Miss Thomas's side with drawn revolver. He had an instant's view of her calm face before he gritted his teeth and himself turned toward the yellow flood only twenty yards away and scanned it in vain for Borinsky.

Then he was pinioned from behind and borne backward by strong arms. Next, he heard the voice of Borinsky from the crest of the redoubt calling in Chinese that the mob that had come up on the right yesterday had taken the gold out of the ruins and secreted it. At that, the Boxer force became a seething thing of accusations and denials, its energy turned on itself. Wild rubbed his eyes to make sure that the half-dozen men standing about him were white.

"I'm the chappy that found the mine," said the foremost. "I'm Blinders."

"Oh, indeed!" Wild responded. He stroked his little mustache from habit. He also blinked.

"Yes," Blinders went on informingly, "and these are the other managers that Borinsky murdered. Murdered us to keep the old Viceroy in the dark! Murdered us to give us a better job—to help him work his platinum mine up yonder. Platinum—yes, platinum, by——"

"Lead mine, *lead!*" Borinsky spoke with unusual vocal energy for him. "Will you never learn to save your face, Blinders? It's lead, I tell you!"

"Lead, lead, of course—nice kind of lead, too," Blinders repeated dutifully. "What a monkey we've made of Dodds! That's what gets *me!*"

. . . . . .

Two weeks later, Miss Thomas, Wild, and the murdered managers reached Tientsin under the escort of the most obeisant Hok Wong, who acted under superior orders. But Smith P. Borinsky was there before them. He was almost verbose in his reception.

"The Boxers got to going faster than I anticipated," he explained, "so I had to jump on and ride. They thought I made great medicine when I spread them out so they could reach you. The real medicine was getting to you from the rear before they did."

"Why in the devil didn't you tell me that was your plan when you came out under the flag of truce?" Wild asked.

There was a faint twinkle in the china-blue eyes:

"If you hadn't believed me—and you wouldn't—you'd have posted some of your men in the rear to fire at me. But—I find myself making explanations—*in China!*"

With that he entered the Russian Consul's carriage and was driven away.

Wild marched on to Peking with his company. Considering the lady's natural equipment for a soldier's wife, it is not the most surprising feature of this story that she will never go to Thibet unless it is garrisoned by the United States army.

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HE RINCESS ND HE ICROBE

BY

ARGARET HERWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. GOULD

THE Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine sat on a stone seat by the mermaid fountain in the royal gardens, crying bitterly because she was not a prince. The sun was warm, the water splashed merrily over the mermaids' tails, and not far away two infant counts, an archduckling, and a baby marchioness were playing on the green grass, but the Princess would have none of their game of tag. She only howled with her mouth open, and paused for breath, and howled again. Then Lady Marie Françoise Godolphin and the Duchess Louise of Werthenheim, who were pacing the garden paths by box hedge and rose bed (Lady Marie was superb in pink chiffon over white silk, and the Duchess wore blue embroidered tulle looped with clusters of artificial lilies), frowned and whispered to each other that the naughty child ought to be punished, which was manifestly unfair, as it was all their fault. Never would the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine have thought of being wickedly ungrateful for the privilege of being a girl if the following conversation had not reached her through the box hedge:

Lady Marie: His Majesty will be *so* relieved that it is a son. Think, the boy will be Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth!

The Duchess: I distinctly remember the grief of both the King and Queen when the Princess turned out to be a girl.

It was then that the Princess Victorine, who had been dandling her doll and gaining great comfort from this distinctly feminine occupation, threw this same doll from her with violence, unconscious of the symbolic character of the act, and digging her little fists into her eyes, burst into weeping so loud that Lady Marie Françoise and Duchess Louise dragged their buckram-stiffened trains away over the grass to escape from their victim's cries.

Presently sobbing became hard work, and the Princess sat still in the sunshine, thinking. Her blue eyes had red rims about them, her yellow hair was dried in wisps on her forehead, her fat legs hung dejectedly down. She was reaching back farther and farther into her dim little consciousness, trying to remember how she ever came to make that dreadful initial mistake. She had disappointed the Queen, her mother—here the sobs began again, for the Princess loved that royal lady; she had chosen, though she could not remember when, and had chosen wrongly. Then she began to wonder what it was to be this thing that the King and Queen and Lady Marie and the Duchess were so grateful for, a boy. She candidly thought that she

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was nicer than the two little counts and the archduckling, and she found her riddle hard to read, for no one had ever before suggested to her, much less explained, the disgrace of sex.

Crying was difficult, and thinking was harder still—for the Princess. Presently she jumped down from her bench and trotted away almost joyfully, for a happy thought had struck her. The Princess was the sweetest, most obliging little soul in the world, and helpful withal. A way of escape had suggested itself to her: she would find out what boys were like and be one. The Queen, her mother, should be no longer disappointed in her, nor should any ladies of the court make invidious remarks through box hedges. Whatever happened, she would never again turn out to be a girl. So, in an unfortunate comparison, made by two people who could obviously ill afford to be critics, began the evolution of that unnatural monster, more "fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea," a mannish woman.

At first the Princess Victorine prayed about it. Every night, in her little golden crib, which had the arms of her house—a spotless leopard, *couchant*—embroidered on the blue satin hangings, she shut her eyes and begged to be made into a prince with yellow love-locks and scarlet doublet and pink hose. Would he be Olivero Rinaldo Victor the Twenty-fourth, she wondered? But every morning she wakened with indignation to the fact that she was still a girl. As her faith in miracle weakened, her determination to succeed by her own efforts grew stronger, and she never doubted that she could do it if she tried hard enough. Her face took on an expression of firmness "most unfeminine," said Lady Marie, who was her governess.

"Do not run, my dear—it is so masculine," said Lady Marie, often; or "Do not climb trees, Your Highness—such rough playing is fit only for boys."

Then the Princess would look at her with non-committal, wide-opened eyes and say nothing. She had a secret, inner knowledge, dating from that moment of revelation in the garden, of the superiority of being a boy, and henceforward nothing could take it from her, not precept, nor example, nor soft insinuation of the beauty and propriety of womanliness. She knew that people were trying to deceive her; she had heard of conspiracies before—but she never let them see that she knew. On occasions like this she had a way of looking stupid which was nearer cleverness than anything else that she ever did.

Now, there are people for whom one idea, with variations, will last a lifetime, and the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine was one of them. As to questions about the whys and wherefores of things, she never asked one in her life, nor answered one. Very systematically she set about her life-work. As His Highness, her baby brother, grew up, she imitated him. Once she was found standing with her sturdy legs apart and her arms akimbo, whistling. Lady Marie and the Queen both wept, and deprived the Princess that day of her bread and jam, but to no effect. She seemed inspired by the energy of the small boy or the demon. Her legs could not keep still; she ran, she jumped, she leaped, she climbed, she played all boyish games, and once, but my ink blushes red in recording this, she was caught by the Duchess turning somersaults in the garden. Terrible were the reproaches heaped upon her, and her misdeeds seemed greater because they went unexplained. On this occasion Lady Marie and the Duchess were both sent to discipline her. (Lady Marie was attired in rose satin covered with black lace, and the Duchess was charming in Nile-green brocade, with pearls.) When Lady Marie said, with her scented handkerchief at her eyes: "My dear, your actions are bringing me into disrepute; what will their Majesties think of me?" the Princess, who detested scents, only turned red and said nothing. Not once did she retort that she never would have tried to be a boy if these two had not taught her the desirability of it; she only trudged on in her own way toward the longed-for goal, sure that the scoldings, the reproaches, and, saddest of all, her mother's tears, came because she had not tried hard enough and had not succeeded.

There were times when the Princess Victorine surpassed Auguste Philippe. One sunshiny morning, when the two were playing knight and ogre in the courtyard, the Prince announced that he meant to climb the castle wall. He did it only out of bravado, for, being a boy, with a boy's common sense, he knew that it was impossible.

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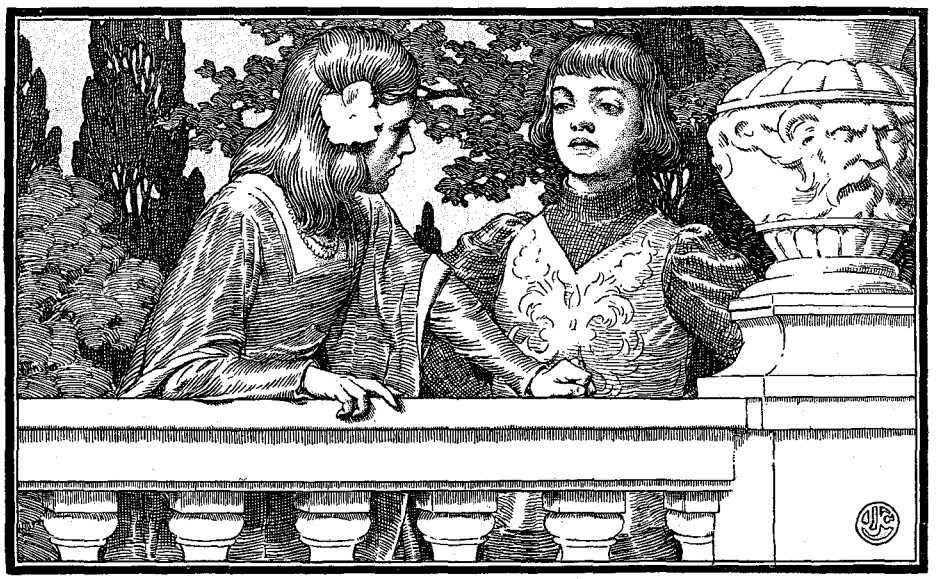

"There aren't any—there's only the Microbe.—Page 239.

"I'm going to climb it, too," said Olivera Rinalda Victorine, stubbornly.

"Pshaw, you can't! You're only a girl," said Auguste Philippe, strutting up and down in his slashed velvet doublet and his feathered cap.

"And you are only a boy," said the Princess, meditatively eyeing him. She did not say it to be saucy—she was only thinking. Then she deliberately took the hem of her embroidered blue satin skirt in her teeth and began to climb the wall, while Auguste Philippe watched from below with wrath and terror in his eyes. By means of a niche here, a clinging ivy vine there, a window ledge, and, now and then, a friendly, grinning gargoyle, the Princess succeeded, and stood at last triumphant upon the battlements, waving her blue skirt for a flag. But all that she got for it was a scolding, and, to the day of his death, Auguste Philippe never admitted that it was true. In fact, he never entirely believed it, though he had watched every step from the courtyard below.

Better even than boyish sports, the Princess loved stories of knightly deeds, and the very pith and marrow of chivalry entered into her bones. She could not read, but that did not matter, for the story-tellers could not write, but oh! they could tell tales. Stories of dragons slain and ogres vanquished, stories of maidens rescued, enchanters caught and prisoned, stories of caitiff knights thrust through at the moment of their greatest villainy by the swords of heroes, all these the Princess Victorine drank up with greedy ears and mind, and her heroic little heart throbbed within her. Often—it was most unmaidenly—she furtively felt of her muscle in leg or arm, wondering when she would be strong enough to go forth in quest, for not one tale roused in her the desire to become a teller of stories herself—she only wanted to act one. Once she took Auguste Philippe aside, saying:

"I'll tell you a secret if you won't tell."

"Go ahead!" said Auguste Philippe, graciously. He had doubly the air of a sovereign, being at once a brother and heir presumptive.

"I'm going out to find and fight a dragon," said Princess Victorine.

"Huh!" sneered the Prince. "There aren't any dragons any more. You are behind the times."

"Aren't any dragons!" cried the Princess. "What do you mean?"

"There haven't been any for a long time," remarked Auguste Philippe, nonchalantly, his hands in his pockets. But the Princess would not have the foundations of her faith shaken too easily.

"What do they mean by telling us about

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them all the time?" she demanded. "Every minstrel that comes here does, and so does old Lord Jean and the Countess Madeline, and everybody nice."

"I don't care," asserted the Prince. "There aren't any—there's only the Microbe."

"What's the Microbe?" gasped the Princess.

"It's worse than dragons, that's what it is," said Auguste Philippe, viciously.

"What does it do?" asked the Princess.

"It bites," answered the Prince. "It stays somewhere in the woods and swamps, and every year it eats a great number of youths and maidens and old men and children. It's always hungry."

"Why doesn't somebody go and kill it?" said the Princess.

"Dunno!" answered Auguste Philippe.

"What does it look like?"

"It has one great eye," answered the Prince, unhesitatingly, knowing that life demanded that he should instruct the feminine mind whether he had information or not; "it has ten great rows of teeth, and what it does not bite with one set it bites with another. It never roars—that makes it worse than a dragon, for you can't tell when it is coming. And it has a hundred thousand claws reaching everywhere."

The Princess went and sat by a rose-bush, wearing her most enigmatical expression. If she was overawed, she was too plucky to show it. Prince Auguste Philippe looked at her, not without remorse. He was aware that he knew nothing of the Microbe save its name, but he decided not to confess—it would only shake a sister's confidence, so he went away to fly his kite.

Now, years flew past, and every day the Princess's bosom swelled with knightly ardor, and every waking thought was of the slaying of the Microbe. The words of Auguste Philippe that day by the rose-bush became the second inspiration of her life, and the second only completed and strengthened the first. At eighteen, as at six, the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine was round of face and pink of cheek. Her big blue eyes, set in the baby fairness of her face under the yellow hair, had the confiding look of a little child. All this was very pretty, but manly sports had developed her physique far beyond the bounds of feminine propriety. There were muscles on her lovely shoulders, and they made her tiring-women weep. As for her biceps, she had always to wear loose, flowing sleeves, for the strong arms broke through the embroidery of tight ones. She was taller than she should have been, and her waist refused to taper. If her sex had been different, the royal parents would have gloried in her strength and her agility, but as it was, they cast down their eyes in her presence and begged her, if she had any filial reverence, to talk mincingly and small, at least in their presence.

One day the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine sought out Lady Marie.

"I am going on a quest, to find and fight the Microbe," she remarked, briefly. Lady Marie gave her one look, and fainted, and the Princess revived her by means of her vinaigrette.

"My dear!" whimpered Lady Marie, "think how many gray hairs you are bringing down in sorrow. I do not mean mine," she added, hastily; and, in truth, hers were no longer gray.

"It's got to be killed," said the Princess, sturdily. "It's a pest."

"But what is it?" whispered Lady Marie, blushing through her rouge. "Is it a thing that a young girl ought to know about?"

There was hubbub in the court for ten days. Counts, marchionesses, dukes and earls gathered in corners and talked under their breath. Some thought that the Princess should be imprisoned in a dungeon; others spoke of her with pity, believing her mad. One party, headed by old Lord Jean and the Countess Madeline, said that it was all nonsense. Everybody knew that there was no such thing as the Microbe; it was only a new heresy, wickedly devised to shake the established faith in dragons. The Princess might just as well be allowed to go the way of her folly and find out the truth. Another faction, made up of believers, spoke darkly of the mystery that enshrouded the foe, for he lived in a fog, and went out to kill veiled in cloud, and they hinted that if the Princess went to find him she would not return alive. His Majesty and Her Majesty, bewildered, agreed with both parties, wept, protested, but did not forbid the Princess to go, for fear that she would not mind. Auguste Philippe said a bad word.

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Drawn by J. J. Gould.

"It's got to be killed," said the Princess, sturdily.—Page 239.

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At first the Princess tried to reason with them—an unwonted occupation for her.

"It really is a combat that a lady could very well engage in," she said, earnestly. "It isn't as if it were a dragon, you know." But they only pooh-poohed and ha-haed until she shut her lips very tightly together, and went on her way as usual, unexplained.

Just here attention was diverted from her, for His Majesty, who had been hurt in hunting, sickened and died, and, amid sobs and whisperings and discussions, Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth came to the throne. There were many rumors and whispers of how the late King had come to his death: some said that it was a fall from his steed; others hinted the Microbe, shivering with horror at the name. No one was sure of anything, and the court physicians very cleverly gave out that they could not explain at length His Majesty's ailment because nobody knew enough to understand.

But the Princess Victorine, who was not a person of doubts, was convinced from the first. With her head held very erect, she went to the court armorer, and gave orders that he dared not disobey; then she went to the royal stables and made her choice, while all stood still to watch her, spell-bound, no one venturing to lift a hand. Her Majesty was too much overcome with grief to care what happened; Lady Marie and the Duchess were absorbed and happy getting the court into mourning, and so there was no one but Auguste Philippe to say good-by to the Princess when she went away. He had risen very early, and stood upon the battlements to see her go.

It was one brave June day when the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine, armed *cap-à-pie*, went forth to war. She was mounted on a charger of dapple gray; a palfrey she would not have. On her head was a shining steel helmet, through the back of which her tawny hair floated down her back—there was not room to do it high. Through her visor her blue eyes sparkled with a steady light. On her arm she carried a blue shield, for even in her battle mood she could not forget what color was becoming. It bore the device that she had chosen for herself, a virgin *rampant*, gules. The armor that covered her from head to foot was of wrought rings of finest steel, made with a flowing skirt that fell in protecting folds about her feet. Her right hand held a spear; with her left she guided her steed.

"Good-by, dear!" called the Princess, waving her hand to Auguste Philippe.

"You are a silly thing," he remarked, affectionately, from the battlements. "You won't do anything but tear your clothes."

He did not try to stop her. In the strain of becoming Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth he found that there were many things he was not so sure of as he had been before. The flame in his sister's eyes he did not understand, and he wondered why she was not content to stay at home and play at quoits and dance to music, as he was; but he resolved that Victorine should make a fool of herself in her own way, and that it should not cost her too dear. So he stood long watching her as she went shining across the great green plain with the light flashing from a thousand glittering points on her armor.

Now, the Princess rode by night and day, and not once did her courage fail or her arm grow weary. She left behind the green plain and the pleasant trees and travelled in a grievous waste beyond the songs of birds, and anon she came to a woodland that was dark and old. She was sorely puzzled as to the habitat of the Microbe, for in his raids he came from east and west and north and south, and no one could tell if he had a permanent abiding-place. Often in the dusky shadows of the wood, she stopped to call a challenge: "What, ho! Come out and try thy skill!" But that was not his way of fighting, and he stayed hidden. Sometimes she inquired at a cottage door or at a shepherd's hut on the edge of the wood, but all thought that the lovely lady in armor was surely mad, wearing such strange clothing and asking such strange questions. Once she came upon a witch-wife who was gathering simples by a swamp in the wood.

"Is the pretty lady looking for the pretty knight that passed this way yestere'en?" asked the witch-wife, with a horrible leer of her sunken eyes.

The Princess elevated her eyebrows with a look of scorn.

"No," she answered, coldly; "I am looking for the Microbe."

"How?" asked the witch-woman, with her hand behind her ear.

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"The Microbe!" shouted the Princess.

"Is it a man or a lady or a place?"

"It's a monster!" shrieked the Princess. "It kills and eats and destroys." And then followed a faithful repetition of Auguste Philippe's description of the beast. The witch-wife laughed and rocked to and fro, her yellow teeth showing in her shrunken gums.

"Oh, deary, deary, deary!" she said, "there ain't any such critter, truly there ain't. I've lived here in the swamp seventy-nine year; I never saw one, and I sees pretty nigh everything."

"Who eats the youths and the maidens, and the old men and the children?" demanded the Princess, sternly.

"How do I know? How do I know?" cackled the old woman. "*I* don't."

The Princess Victorine rode away, and behind her the witch-wife laughed.

"That's the way the pretty knight went," she called. "You'll find him further on."

The Princess indignantly turned her charger and rode in the opposite direction. That morning came her moment of great reward, for, by the side of a noxious swamp a gray mist met her, blinding her eyes, and she thought she heard sounds of gurgling and lashing and clawing. Once she caught sight of the great shining eye of which Auguste Philippe had told her, and then she dimly detected the grin of teeth. Olivera Rinalda Victorine was sure that she had met the Microbe at last. With lifted spear, and with the shout, "A maiden to the rescue!" she rode into the floating cloud and thrust it through and through. Her spear crashed on—something; her charger seemed to trample a living creature under foot, and snorted with terror. Thrice came swift blows upon the Princess's shield, but whether they were of claws or tail she could not tell. Her ears were deafened by the noise; her armor ripped in the gathers at the waist; her good steed for a moment lost his footing in the morass, but she reined him up, and, mad with the thrill of victory, struck out again and again with more than woman's strength. Then, was it fancy, or did she hear a roar as of mortal pain? Did she catch the sound of swift retreat of a hundred thousand wounded legs?

At home, upon the battlements, that morning, stood Auguste Philippe with some ladies of the court. (Lady Marie was lovely in deepest crêpe, and the Duchess was looking her best in heavy mourning.)

"It was in that direction that she went, did you say?" sobbed the Duchess, with a black-bordered handkerchief at her eyes.

The young king nodded.

"How can I bear it?" asked Lady Marie, raising her clasped hands to heaven. "Oh, Your Highness, send out a searching party! Send fifty armed knights! Think what may happen at any moment!"

"Pshaw!" said Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth, "Victorine can take care of herself. She is four inches taller than I, and her arms are like iron. Let her be. She is foolish, but she has got to have her fling."

"In my day," said Lady Marie, "no modest girl would have suggested such a thing."

"I dare say," sighed His Majesty, "but the thing has got to come; they must sow their wild oats! She will come back all right."

Though Lady Marie did not know it, His Majesty, Auguste Philippe, then, as always, spoke the truth.

At that very moment, beyond the wide green plain, and beyond the sandy waste, a young knight, riding slowly, with his head bent down upon his breast, came upon a maiden sitting at the edge of a wood. Near her, cropping the grass, strayed a gray charger, with his bridle falling loose upon his neck. The maiden was curiously clad in shining armor, only her helmet was off, and tears were trickling down her cheeks. Now and then she dried them with strands of her yellow hair, and then she shuddered, gazing at a bloody spear that she held in her left hand.

"Fair lady," said the Knight, riding toward her, "tell me your trouble, that I may help you."

The Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine looked up at him and sobbed, and her chain armor rose and fell upon her bosom. She had not cried this way since that memorable day on the stone bench in the garden, twelve years ago.

"I've—I've killed the Microbe!" gasped Princess Victorine.

"Indeed?" said the Knight, raising his visor and showing a pleasant smile upon a pale face. "And are you not glad?"

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"Ye-es!" said the Princess, with a great heave of her bosom as she looked at the disfigured spear.

The stranger alighted from his horse and came slowly toward the Princess. He was tall and strongly built, but he walked as one to whom every motion brings pain.

"Are you quite sure that the beast is dead?"

The Princess nodded.

"Quite."

"I wonder," said the Knight, meditatively, "if you brought away his head or a claw?"

"No, I didn't; but I feel very sure. Men are so sceptical!" said the Princess, with some heat.

"Not at all," answered the Knight, courteously, "only your quest is the same as mine, and I should be glad to know that it is over. I, too, am hunting him."

A beautiful expression swept over the Princess's face and into her blue eyes. She looked less like a baby than she had done at any time for seventeen years.

"I thought men didn't care."

"Some do."

"Auguste Philippe doesn't — he only laughs, and so does old Lord Jean; but I think that this will convince them," and Princess Victorine triumphantly brandished her spear.

"Ah!" said the Knight, looking at it with sudden interest, "may I see your point?" But as he moved to take it, he gave a sudden groan and fainted at the Princess's feet.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Olivera Rinalda Victorine. In a trice she unlaced the Knight's helmet and corselet, and was horrified to find blood flowing from an open wound in his shoulder. Hastily she brought water in her helmet from a spring hard by, and bathed his forehead and eyes, and then ran for more to pour on the wound, saying, as she went, something unpleasant about her skirt of chain armor, which kept getting in her way. As she worked, the eyelids fluttered, and the dark eyes slowly opened.

"Are you hurt?" asked the Princess, eagerly.

"I'm afraid that I am rather badly cut up," he answered, with a groan.

"Did that—Beast do it?" asked the Princess.

"It may be," said the Knight.

The Princess rose and put on her helmet.

"Where are you going?" asked the Knight.

"After It," said Victorine, sternly.

"Lovely lady," he said, feebly, "don't you think you ought to wait until I am better?"

"I'm not a lovely lady; I'm a warrior," said the Princess, "but of course I'll stay if you want me to."

"You are both," said the Knight. "Do you know I think that it would make me forget my pain if you should tell me of your fight."

So the Princess, with a shining face, told him of her battle in the mist, and of the monster with the great, glowing eye, and as she talked she failed to see that the wounded man kept looking toward the spot where his gleaming helmet lay.

"And now," said the Princess, reproachfully, with red flushing her cheeks, "tell me how you were wounded. Do you mind explaining how you came to be hurt in the back?"

"Somebody or something attacked me from behind," said the Knight, with a smile half hiding the look of pain on his face.

"The coward!" cried the Princess Victorine, in great anger.

"It may have been someone who did not know the rules of the game," said the Knight.

"That makes *no* difference," said Princess Victorine, loftily.

"Well, it was a strange combat," remarked the Knight, "and the blows were the oddest I ever received. They came thrashing from all sides, in defiance of all the laws of fighting. Whether they came from man or beast I could not see—you know yourself that it is foggy in the woods, and I was disabled by the blow in the back."

"I know," nodded the Princess, sympathetically. "You've been fighting that same monster that I killed." And for the life of her she could not help a little feeling of triumph that the beast had gone down before her rather than before him.

"When did you kill him?" asked the wounded man.

"This morning," beamed the Princess. "When were you hurt?"

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"Oh, I believe it was this morning," said the Knight, carelessly.

"I wish, for your sake, I had done it sooner," said Victorine, regretfully. One of her greatest charms was her slowness in putting two and two together. Now she had little time for it, for the Knight fainted again. For the first time in her life, the Princess repented of her aversion to smelling-salts. However, there was plenty of water in the spring, and she kept her best lawn handkerchief, which she had carried up her sleeve, wet upon the sick man's brow. Through the fever of that day she watched him, and all night, and again a second one, and on the third day there was a look of weariness upon her face that had never been there before. As the fever abated, and the Knight was aware of the tender nursing that he was receiving, he watched the Princess with eyes full of gratitude. She had laid aside her armor, and was becomingly attired in blue brocade, which she had worn underneath the steel. The sun shone pleasantly on her yellow hair, and if the color in her cheeks was less pink than it had been, it meant, with the dark shadows under her eyes, only new beauty. When he spoke his thanks, she turned red as a boy would have done, and asked him please to stop, which he did.

That afternoon the Princess grew confidential. She was sitting near the invalid, who was propped up on a mossy pillow, supported from underneath by her armor and her shield.

"Just feel my muscle!" said the Princess, impulsively.

"I have!" said the sick Knight, gravely.

"Why, when?" demanded the Princess. "Oh, you mean when I lifted your head. But look how it stands out."

He did so.

"You see," said Olivera Rinalda Victorine, "I am so unfeminine. I ought to have been a boy."

"Never!" cried the Knight, vehemently.

The Princess looked at him in surprise.

"I'm very sure," she said, gently. "I've known it ever since I was so high," and she measured off the stature of six years by holding her white hand above the ground.

"I don't agree with you," said the Knight. "You're not in the least like a boy, really. You do not look like one, nor use your arms like one."

"When have you noticed that?" asked the Princess, in surprise.

"Oh, lots of times," he answered, evasively. "But tell me why you think so."

Sitting beside him, with the beech leaves making a flickering shade on her face and throat, the Princess told him all the tragedy of her life, her discovery of her initial great mistake, her unavailing efforts to set it right, and the persecutions she had suffered because she was not ladylike. It was the first confidence that she had made in all her life, and her cheeks flushed deep red. Overhead sang thrush and sparrow, and a little breeze came and played with her floating hair. Suddenly the Knight reached out and took the white hand in his and kissed it.

"Why did you do that?" asked the Princess, softly. "To comfort me for not being a boy?"

"No," growled the sick man.

"Then why?" she persisted, drawing it away.

"Oh, I can't tell you," he groaned, "until I know whether I shall get well of this beastly wound."

But the Princess, taking both hands to arrange the wet handkerchief, suddenly found them prisoned and covered with kisses.

"It is because I love you," he moaned. "Don't you understand?"

Princess Victorine eyed him with curiosity, and shook her head.

"No," she answered, kneeling down and looking at him, "I'm afraid I don't. Nobody ever did before."

The Knight laughed out from the mossy green pillow.

"That's just what makes you so adorable."

"Won't you try to make me understand?" said the Princess. "I am very slow, but when I once learn, I never forget."

"Victorine," said the Knight, fixing his dark eyes on her, "I love you, and I need you. I love your hair and your eyes and the touch of your hands, and I want you to be my queen. You are a princess, I know, but then I am a prince."

Olivera Rinalda Victorine was silent a long time, kneeling on the moss.

"Are you angry?" asked the Knight, at length.

"No," said the Princess, in a whisper.

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"I think I like it." Then he smiled up at her, but did not even touch her hand.

"Tell me truly," said the Princess, "don't you mind my climbing trees and doing all those things?"

"Not a bit."

"Nor the device on my shield?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"Nor my wanting to go on a quest, and do all those unfeminine things?"

"Victorine," said the Knight, "it is the brave soul of you that I love. We will go on and fight together."

Then there was a sudden shining that was neither from the sun nor the Princess's hair, but from the light that sprang into her face, and when the wounded man lifted his arms and drew her toward him, she bent and kissed him on the eyes, and no one ever knew, she least of all, where she had learned that.

Three days more and three nights they stayed there, and the sick man's strength came slowly back. In the quiet they talked of many things in the past and many yet to come. Only once in all that time did Princess Victorine look troubled.

"Dear," she said, one day, "there are moments when I am afraid that you do not quite believe in me. I am not sure that you are convinced that I have really killed the Microbe."

"Beloved," said the Knight, putting down a piece of his armor, where he had been idly fitting the point of the Princess's spear into a great hole, "I believe in you utterly, only, there may be more than one, you know, and so our quest is not over."

On the fourth day they put their armor on, caught their steeds, and rode away. On the Princess's shield the maiden stood out bravely against the blue; the stranger Knight carried the device of an ugly worm transfixed by a glittering sword, and the motto was "I search." The maiden knight and the man looked at each other from under their visors.

"To the death!" he cried, and he spurred his steed.

"To the death!" echoed the Princess, dashing after him, and so they rode gallantly away. Whether they have found and fought the Microbe none can say, but this is known, that they are happy in the quest.

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MISS MARTIN'S HOUR

By Anne O'Hagan

I

THE age of Miss Martin, measured by any calendar, is a matter of no importance. Women a decade her senior in years were younger than she in joyousness and charm. Women a decade younger were her elders in sophistication, in emotion, and in *ennui*. Miss Martin had never bloomed. She had faded in the bud. It is a fate not unlikely to befall girls in small towns whence the young men make early escapes.

Miss Martin eventually made her own escape from Standish Plains. The auctioneer's hammer had fallen on the last stove-lid, the last clothes-line, the last of everything in the undistinguished house that had been her lifelong home. Across an elm-bordered street and down a slope she could see the dark evergreen bushes and the low, slanting stones of the cemetery where all of her race, save only herself, now lay—her mother's years new chiselled on the yellowing marble that had long weighed down her father's sleep. No tears suffused her eyes at the sight, but her mouth sank into a more permanent groove of loneliness. Miss Martin's pale skin had never wrinkled, her features only seemed to sink inward with each new year and each new sorrow.

When she had closed the door of her old home upon herself for the last time, she was conscious of a moment's stoppage of the living forces within her breast. Fear gripped them. A great timidity seized her, a great loneliness. But patient, undefining acceptance of all that came to her had been the unconscious rule of her life. She could permit herself no coddling note of her fright. She looked but once at the old house with its roof sloping groundward at the kitchen. Over the knocker she tacked up the sign for the new tenant's eye —"Key next door." Then she crossed to the kitchen of the neighboring house and left the key. The stove glistened with fire and with polishing, as she paused on the step to make her adieux; her buxom neighbor had a freckled tow-head clinging to her skirts. The odor of hot gingerbread was on the air. Miss Martin suddenly beheld herself, a little girl again, at her mother's skirts on baking day. But it was the neighbor's voice that broke, the neighbor's eyes that filled, as they said good-bye.

Then Miss Martin had taken the train southward and the evening saw her parents' pictures and her black leather Bible neatly disposed on a hall bedroom chiffonier in a New York boarding-house. By day she was one of a noisy swarm of young men and women at a business college. By night she diligently transcribed stenographic notes from a soft-backed note-book, and fitted herself to become a wage-earner. The money from the auction would see her modestly through the time of preparation; the tiny rental from the cottage would be a source of comfort and security. As for the rest she found the new life exciting. The young women with pompadours hanging over their eyes and tulle bows spreading behind their ears almost awed her with their air of brilliant, careless worldliness. The young men, though not so magnificent, seemed paragons of wit and good humor to her. She moved among them, quiet, gray, as usual, but with stirrings of admiration. Mere novelty wore for her the hues of gayety. The carping spirit of the inexperienced she never had.

As for the boarding-house, though there were many to revile it, Miss Martin at first found it stately and stimulating. Dinner each night was a festivity by the mere effect of numbers; it was an elaborate function because of the presence of a negro waiter and the appearance of viands in successive courses. To Miss Martin the badinage of the older boarders was spirited and lively, the suspicious punctilio of the newcomers the perfection of high breeding. She drank diluted chickory without even a sigh of regret for the fragrant mixture she had known at home. She cleaned her own

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small room on Saturday mornings with never a thought of complaint. Her tidy soul would have revolted against living in it in the condition which the chambermaid called clean, but she regarded her own labors as a small price to pay for the social privileges of her position.

She had passed her probationary period and had become the accurate, self-effacing drudge of a law firm down-town, when the lustre of the boarding-house, beginning to tarnish a little, was regilded by some new arrivals. Henrietta Warden was an artist in a small way, illustrating widely syndicated fashion articles for a living, and splashing pieces of canvas with impressionistic studies for art's sake. Her sister, Mollie, was at the Art League diligently preparing to follow in Henrietta's footsteps. With an easel, a piano, a chafing-dish, and some East Indian cotton prints, they imparted to the second floor back an air which no other room in the house had. When Miss Martin was admitted to look upon it—at the end of the third day, for the sisters were hospitable to the verge of indiscretion—she thought that she had never seen anything so æsthetic.

"Poor old soul!" said Henrietta to Mollie, "we ought to have her in often. There's no fire in her room."

Mollie was toasting marshmallows over the coals in the grate. She popped one into her mouth as she answered:

"As often as she pleases. She's a decent little creature."

Whereupon life widened for the pale little woman. The easy-going ways of the Warden sisters had constant charm for her. She mended their stockings and laughed at their jokes; she polished their tea-kettle and listened to their art jargon; she watered their fern and she met their friends, most of whom shared their warm-heartedness and their cheerful irresponsibility. She submitted to be led from art exhibition to art exhibition, and to make Saturday afternoon tours of the Fifth Avenue picture shops. She went to Sunday night concerts, though she could never teach her heart not to throb with sudden desolation at the thought of the church bells calling at Standish Plains. And she met Henry Lovell.

It was not Henry's fault but Nature's, that his smile was caressing. His disposition was as warm and kindly as his laughter and his eyes. He was treated by the *habitués* of the Warden circle as a boy, and he had the buoyancy which boyhood does not always have. He was young and happily inexperienced in hard facts. That he talked wisely about them gave him to Miss Martin an air of masterful intellectuality. And all of the circle agreed that when he grew up, Henry might possibly "do something."

Meantime, Henry lounged in the Wardens' window-seat—a position commanding an extensive view of back fences, of alianthus trees, growing in turfless yards, and of back windows with a strange assortment of ledge riches—smoked many cigarettes, aired many opinions, and fought valiantly for many which he did not hold, squabbled with Mollie, whom he had known since the period of pinafores and pantalettes, submitted cheerfully to go on trivial errands, and was in all respects as harmless and even as useful an appendage as a free-and-easy, youthful household could desire.

Standish Plains, however, knew no such institution as Henry was in the Warden *ménage*. Caroline Martin soon became deeply interested in all that was connected with the boy. She found herself annoyed that his friends took Henry and Henry's views so lightly, that they interrupted his brilliant harangues irrelevantly, that they showed no sense of flattery at his presence and none of neglect at his absence.

One evening, when he had not been at the Wardens' for a fortnight, during which Miss Martin had put timid questions to the sisters as to the possibility of his illness, only to be laughed at, he overtook her as she was making her way homeward in the twilight fog.

"Ah!" she cried, startled out of her customary reticence by the swift relief his presence gave her from her half-unconscious anxieties, "you aren't ill, then? I'm so glad."

"Ill?" boasted Henry, laughing and straightening his broad shoulders. "I was never ill in my life!"

Miss Martin, whose small frame had been racked by many pains, looked up at him. Of course he had never been ill! It had been absurd to fear it! How strong, how fine, how wonderful he was! Henry

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caught, without understanding it, the wistful adoration in her face. His kind eyes softened inexpressibly.

"It was good of you to care about it, either way," he said, gratefully. And then he plunged on: "How are the girls?"

The next day, strolling in with the request that he be invited to stay to dinner, he found Miss Martin before the Wardens' fire. He had some early lilac in his hand and on an impulse laid it in her lap. She looked little and tired and lonely, and it pleased the kindness of his youth to bring the faint flush of pleasure to her face. Besides, he had been touched by her anxiety over him.

"Why don't you get her an invitation to the Ditmyers' dance?" he asked Henrietta when she had gone to her room to put her flowers in water.

"She doesn't dance," answered Henrietta with conviction.

"I wonder if she would like it," speculated Mollie. "It's fancy dress and it might amuse her a lot. She does enjoy things so in her funny, little, mouse way. Oh, it's a great thing to have been brought up in the country! She regards Henrietta as an artist, me as a wit, Bobby Reynolds as a true poet, you, Harry, as a world genius, New York as a sort of Paradise. Let's see if she wouldn't like to go to the Ditmyers'. She'd see more freaks, whom she could think wonderful, than at any other place in the city."

It was Henry who approached her on the subject after dinner. The true artistic instinct to make the most of an undertaking caused him to say:

"Please come; please let me take you. Oh, you will have loads of fun, as Mollie says. I'll see that you have two partners for every dance, and I'll send you—let's see—heliotrope, pansies?—whatever you like."

Her face was suffused with color.

"There were pansies," she said, "in the borders of the flower beds at home."

To Henry this was the essence of pathos. His fine eyes clouded sympathetically. His ready hand sought hers—the girls were hospitably welcoming a newcomer from the stairway.

"Poor little woman," he said, and meant it in all simplicity and warmheartedness.

But no man's fingers had ever closed upon Miss Martin's before, save in the way of perfunctory greeting. A great shock ran through her. Her hand burned. She looked at it, half frightened, at him trembling.

"I'll go—thank you," she said, quickly, as Henrietta and Mollie ushered in their guests with a gale of noise. She fled to her own room to preserve in its silence the ecstasy that enveloped her—an ecstasy so fragile that she felt a sound might shatter it.

"She's coming," announced Henry triumphantly. "She's coming. And I tell you one thing—I'm going to give the dear old girl the time of her life."

II

FROM office to bank Miss Martin sped, an air of mixed guilt and triumph upon her. Her pale cheeks flaunted two red discs, her pale eyes glittered. Had the money which she withdrew from deposit with such a surreptitious air been that of a stranger, her manner could scarcely have been more nervous. Yet there was about it bravado as well as tremor.

It was the pitifully "independent" woman's precarious security against evil days that she drew from the bank—her doctor's bill, her funeral expenses, the money for her living expenses when work should temporarily fail.

"I don't care, I don't care, Oh, I don't care," cried the agitated heart of Miss Martin to her reproving conscience. It seemed to her that the indolently tender eyes of Henry Lovell shone upon her in support of her recklessness. He himself was so magnificently spendthrift! The worshipper's passion for imitation burned within her, seeking to destroy the long inheritance of caution.

"I don't care, I don't care!" she said again to the blaming voice of tradition and training.

The red discs in her cheeks flamed high as she entered a shop where silks billowed and flowed in the windows.

"Only this once," she told the shrewish, kill-joy conscience as she ordered the yards of silver that melted to lavender and rose, and the soft plaitings of chiffon that were to foam about it. She bade the clerk send the materials to a dressmaker of such dis-

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tinction that she bore no prefix to her name, and the subtle deference of the clerk's manner made Miss Martin smile even in her self-absorption.

Then, still shaking with excitement, she went on. Her manner became more and more furtive as she left the region of gorgeous shops, and slid though the dingy West Side streets. Finally she reached her destination, and after one careful glance in each direction, she darted into a bare hallway and climbed dusty, uncarpeted stairs to Duval's West Side Dancing Academy. In a big, bare room, glaring with light from unshaded windows, a man and a woman awaited her. There was a platform raised at one end of the room, and a piano stood on it. At the opposite end camp chairs were folded into a disorderly pile.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the man, bowing low.

"Good day, you're on time," said the woman, pushing back a strand of grayish hair. Then she went to the tinkling piano and began to pound out dance music, while her husband with infinite patience and courtesy tried to train the unaccustomed feet of Miss Martin to the ways of grace. He grew pale and damp in the exhaustion of the effort.

"No, no, mademoiselle," he pleaded. "Not ze hop—ze glide. So—no, no. Do not make ze knee like—vat you call eem—ze jumping-jack. So—so. Long—glide. Ah,—ve vill rest for one, two minute, mademoiselle."

"It is my sixth lesson, and your advertisement said waltzing guaranteed in six lessons," moaned poor Miss Martin.

"Mademoiselle, I give you lesson—one, two, tree extra, if you are not satisfy I do my best. *Mais*—I fear me it vill be vat you call it—futeel. Some person, mademoiselle, zay cannot lairn. Zare is one glory for ze star and one for ze moon, *oui*. *Moi*, I cannot lairn ze chess."

"I must learn," almost sobbed Miss Martin.

"Ah, mademoiselle, you shall lairn," cried the kind-hearted teacher, relenting suddenly. "It is ze beginning zat tries ze soul. Some morning you awake. Zare is music in ze veins, ze feet, zay glide. *Voilà!* Mademoiselle has lairned ze waltz. It is in her. It is no more zan to breathe."

And again monsieur took the tense little woman on his arm and hauled her over the floor. In the anxiety of the moment, in the strained, vain desire to force her unused feet to rhythm, Miss Martin forgot all the scruples that had been tormenting her—the shame that she, the decent daughter of a decent race, should be taking surreptitious lessons in a grimy Eighth Avenue dancing-school, the Puritan voice that denounced her frivolity, the common sense that would not lie quiescent but reminded her relentlessly of her years. All these she forgot while she struggled heroically with stiff limbs and heavy feet.

III

"You look lovely, lovely!" It was Henrietta Warden who exclaimed. "That brocade is beautiful and that old-fashioned way of making it suits you to a T. Where did you get the ivory comb? You must dress exactly like that for me to-morrow, and let me paint you. 'From a Colonial Frame' I shall call it. Dear Miss Martin, Harry Lovell will be the proudest thing in the studios to-night. And how beautiful his pansies are!"

Then she descended to put the finishing touches to her Watteau shepherdess make-up, and to tell her sister of the transformation of Miss Martin.

"She really looks distinguished, and almost pretty," she announced. "I wish she had let me rouge her. But New England balked at that."

In the carriage into which Henry handed her with so courtly an air that it was almost burlesque, Miss Martin leaned back and gave herself up to bliss. She was going to a dance. She wore brocade, and she was enveloped in silk and lace. In her lap lay flowers of gold and purple and he who had sent them to her—she looked at him sitting opposite, out of the way of her furbelows. The intermittent lights from the street lamps fell upon his clearcut, careless face, and brought all its lines of dominant youth and vigor into play. Henry was immensely taken with his own magnanimity and the joy of it sparkled in his eyes. Moreover, he was proud of his guest, and his manner paid her subtle homage. New-come into man's inheritance of proprietorship over things feminine, a delicate care for her blended with the rest of his mood. Caro-

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line was wrapped in it as in a mantle. The blood sang in her ears, beat deliciously in her veins. The hand he had lightly touched the other night throbbed beneath her glove. Common sense was asleep at last. She had come into her belated youth.

That she danced not ill, thanks to the labors of Monsieur Duval; that the Ditmyers' set, with the easy enthusiasm of their kind for novelty, were inclined to make much of her, to rave over the quaintness of her manner, the simplicity of her talk, the wistfulness and wonderment of her eyes; and that Henry was indefatigable in bringing her partners—these are matters of record. He had set out to give Miss Martin the time of her life, and he flattered himself that he succeeded.

They drove home through the deserted streets in the hush of the early morning. Compliment and laughter, the glance of responsive eyes, the ready smile of tender lips, the throb of hearts, the thrill of blood—all this was youth as she had never known it, as she would never know it again. For this was clear to her in the morning gray. And in some way which she did not understand, it was all linked with that deeper something that had spoken to her lonely heart when her neighbor's child at home had clung to its mother's skirts. Attraction, love—life. She shivered a little. Common sense returned to her with a pang, as consciousness returns to those who have lain in swoons.

"Are you cold?" asked the solicitous voice of Henry.

"No, not cold," she said. Her eyes dwelt tenderly upon him. He was all that she had missed of young love and young companionship. He was all that she had missed of the fulness of life. Yet she was not so poor as she had been. She knew now what the world was meant to be to women. Knowledge enriched her, and with it some wide-embracing sympathy.

In the hall, when he had helped her from the carriage and into the house, he took her hand and bent low over it.

"Fair Mistress Martin," he said in travesty, "I kiss your hand."

"No," she said, withdrawing it. "Don't make fun."

In the long look she turned upon him there was the essence of a farewell. She knew that she would not see him again as she had been seeing him—with the eyes of unmixed rapture. To-morrow, when she awoke, it would be to a different world. And knowing that she was returning to her own again, that she was bidding farewell to the hour of youth which he had made her snatch from her sad, sober age, a great longing swelled within her.

"Kiss me," she whispered. "No one—no one ever did."

It seemed to him then and always after, that it was not poor, pale Caroline Martin whom he kissed, but some sad type of loneliness and emptiness, some embodiment of a stolen youth; and that the kiss was not a caress, but a sacrament endowing his soul forever with the tender grace of pity.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AT the time when it was thought that Governor Taft might come home from the Philippines, to accept a place on the Supreme Court bench, a leading public man said of his special equipment for colonial service: "Governor Taft has the great gift of charm; a courteous and cordial manner, the evident expression of a winning personality, convincing to all whom he meets of his sincere spirit of friendliness." Except as they imply tact,—which, after all, includes politeness, does it not? only so far as it contributes toward making the best approaches according to an individual's peculiarities or foibles—such phrases as charm and courtesy are not often used to describe the qualities looked for in the man called to be an administrator. Rather we are told of his "unerring insight," "quick decisiveness," "set purpose," "rugged honesty," the changes being rung on the peremptory and "backbone" qualities associated with the man who has the maximum to do with but the minimum of time in which to do it. Charm and courtesy of manner imply a sense of leisure; if not leisure itself, at least a recognition of its utility and of the right of others to be leisurely, especially if leisure is an inheritance.

The Other View of "Manners"

The constantly growing contacts of Occidental with Oriental civilization are likely to bring home to us unexpected appreciation of the utility of "manners"; of the value of politeness as a possible "asset" in administration. The *gaucherie* of the foreigner, many competent observers agree in stating, is a constant offence to the Oriental, and goes far to account for the fact that outward subservience under compulsion only intensifies the antagonism of hidden contempt. A contributor to the London *Spectator* has pointed out, in a somewhat minute study of race antipathy, that "the manners of the European always strike the Asiatic as plebeian." He expects in an equal or superior "a kind of smoothness which few Europeans possess." Even in minor details, the European "grates" on the Asiatic, his laugh being "as disagreeable as the laugh of the uncultivated is to the refined European." To the Asiatic "very few Europeans appear to be gentlemen, and those few only when they are not familiar."

This wide difference in point of view is encountered at every turn. What in the strenuous life of our great cities is a too trivial incident for notice, the continual jostling against one another in our hurry, is in Japan a serious act of rudeness constituting a personal trespass. The "rush hour" of our crowded street-cars, when human beings, regardless of sex, are rounded up and herded for conveyance, would there be held simply intolerable. That such coarsening familiarity has contributed in no small degree to a changed popular estimate of manners, is hardly open to question. But, *per contra*, among a class whose distinguishing mark is supposedly "good form," there often appears a like disregard, both in America and in England, for those conventions which constitute mutual consideration. Not in the pages of a "society novel," but at a gathering of representative British gentlewomen, the statement passed unchallenged that "there is a national decay of good manners, roughness being prized as an excellence, and grace being far rarer than in the past." Roughness, another word for rudeness in the sphere of manners, is an accepted condition not only of pushing to the front in business, but of that "sport" which divides with business success the intense interest of increasingly large numbers, thus dominating work and play alike. It is only in an occasional career that we are reminded how charm of manner may add effectiveness to statesmanship no less than dignity to high station.

Business and sport alike are potently democratizing, each in its own way, for in neither does leadership go by favor. But a civilization too fully obsessed by these can hardly escape realizing Matthew Arnold's formula of Philistinism, an upper class "materialized," a middle class "vulgarized," and a lower class "brutalized." Manners, no less than culture or breeding, become distrusted as the badge of an unadmitted superiority, or sus-

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pected as the mask of insincerity. We all recognize this as a familiar attitude toward manners when it is revealed to us by a subtle touch as in Mr. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance." Kitty's confession that "she wasn't taught to respect the idea of a gentleman very much" found its sanction in what she had often heard her uncle say: That being a gentleman was "at the best a poor excuse for not being just honest, and just brave, and just kind, and a false pretence of being something more." At what a far remove is that common misconception from the simple, convincing definition of Emerson, the truest Democrat of them all: "Manners are the happy ways of doing things . . . . hardened into usage."

An Astrological Suggestion.

MY friend the Cynic insists that the publication of a book is primarily an affair astrological. Nothing but planetary influence, he declares, can explain the successes of some books and the failure of others. If the horoscope of books could be cast, he feels sure that the malign or the favorable aspect of the planets reigning at the time of their publication would justify his opinion.

"How else can anybody account for the remarkable success of 'The Whispering Doves' by Baines Purdue? On two continents it was the 'book of the year.' Clergymen quoted from it in their sermons. Brokers carried it in their pockets to read on the trains. It lay on countless tables with marked passages and pencilled comments. Unlettered people artfully alluded to it and established reputations for taste and discretion in literature. Those who had not read it lied and said they had, meaning to read it the next day and thus whitewash their sin."

"Read what?" The Cynic raised his tones. "The story of a belated hero with a collection of platitudes belonging to an era of speculative thought long before thrashed out. Baines Purdue delivering himself in such a solemn way of some ethical commonplaces which nobody now disputes, is curious enough. But this is not so curious as an intelligent public as well as an unintelligent public accepting them as something sparkling with dew, and Baines first in the field. Nothing explains this," he continued, "for it conforms to no mundane laws, but that Baines had the luck to publish when the stars were propitious. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. They worked with Baines Purdue."

"On the other hand, what but an evil aspect, an evil planet, the malign influence of Mars in Scorpio, perhaps, could so blast and wither 'The Massinghams' of Avery Morton. Here were men and women of flesh and blood acting according to the laws of their being, instead of stalking horses weighted with ideas run to seed. Here was dialogue crisp and incisive, incident pertinent and probable, description brief and picturesque, fine style, limpid English. Yet the public with their faces buried behind the pages of 'The Whispering Doves' saw nothing of this. Why?" here the voice of the Cynic fell into the tones of inspired confidence. "Because Avery Morton and his publisher did not keep one eye on the planets."

Why one is taken and another left is a problem as old as the Christian era. Most books furnish their own excuse, or lack of excuse, for being. The relation of one man's meat to another man's poison, as it concerns the public, we accept if we do not understand. We also hear that this or that is too good for the public. This is unfortunate phrasing. Nothing is too good for the public. But unquestionably it is within everybody's experience that the most unlikely books do succeed, and the most likely—that is, viewed from the known world of experience and analogy—sometimes fall by the way. Advertising, the reputation which an author has legitimately won, identifications with real personages, there are many factitious advantages that have no relation to story-telling, and but distant cousinship to literature, to which we attribute the success of books which could not succeed otherwise. There are other books for which we all put behind us our dearest prejudices and which we receive with open arms. But granted all this, there is an occasional instance to which only the astrological theory seems to apply. Must we take refuge in it? Perhaps the study is not worth while; but it should be possible, after the fact at least, to analyze some of these cases and discover the laws which underlie them. We have reduced panics and epidemic emotional excitement to scientific terms; why would not the Psychology of the Average Reader be as profitable a subject as the Psychology of Crowds?

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE SKYSCRAPER PROBLEM

THAT the skyscraper is still *feræ naturæ*, that it should require to be brought under the reign of law is no wonder. Not yet a full generation has elapsed since the first of the two elements which have gone to make it possible was recognized in the design of buildings. No such innovation in the art of building has been so swiftly accomplished since the development and expression of groined vaulting in masonry in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and that took two generations. The two buildings in which the first recognition of the elevator as an element in commercial architecture was made—the Tribune Building and the Western Union Building—were concurrently under construction in 1872. Two or three years after, Professor Huxley, making his first visit to New York, found the first exemplification of the American spirit in the fact that the two most conspicuous buildings that confronted the arriving stranger were not the church or the fortress that he would have expected to find crowning the cliffs of an European harbor, but these two monuments of commercial utility. In those old days (it seems odd enough to us now) these two towered, like Saul, head and shoulders above their fellows. In the building which he designed primarily for the use of the *Tribune* Mr. Richard Morris Hunt made groups of stories with piers and arches, so as to simulate the division of a lower building and to make the group of stories fulfil the same function of an organic member of the composition that the single story had previously performed. In the Western Union Mr. Post offered a much more radical solution of the novel problem. Above the basement and below the cornice, which indeed was crowned with a steep roof containing additional stories, the included stories repeated one another with a similarity amounting almost to identity of treatment, and this was the recognition in the new architecture of the Aristotelian requirement in every work of art of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Speaking the language of architecture, it was a division into base, shaft, and capital. The pioneer thus arrived at once at the scheme of composition to which, after years of experimentation, his successors have returned, and which has "imposed itself" upon them as the fundamental design of the skyscraper.

But the elevator is only one of the factors of the modern tall building, and by no means the most important element in the problem of the skyscraper. In fact, if the elevator were alone in question, there would be no problem. Building would have adjusted itself to the new condition, and our commercial quarter would again have had a sky-line, only a sky-line half as high again as the old one. "It is looked out for," says Goethe, "that the trees shall not grow into the sky." And, so long as the old construction of real walls of masonry was adhered to, it provided a safeguard against the tall building scraping the sky. The thickening of the wall made necessary by every increase of altitude fixed the limit beyond which the increased altitude would not pay, except with a corresponding increase of magnitude, of area. How the architects of the country were startled by the first project of a twenty-story building! It seemed to them, and to all the rest of us, a pure fantasy, an "iridescent dream," as indeed it was under the conditions that then existed. By reason of their height, it would evidently have been reckless to permit the interior divisions of the elevator buildings, their floors and partitions, to remain of inflammable material. And, just about the beginning of the elevator period, the fires of Chicago and Boston had demonstrated that unenclosed metal could not be trusted in a conflagration. So there came in what we may call the transitional tall building, of which the enclosing walls indeed were of masonry, but the interior connections and divisions a skeleton of metal, and of which the height was fixed by its conditions at a maximum of ten stories.

We could have managed with that. The

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next step was easy and obvious. But it was the next step that cost. It was the extension to the exterior of the metal skeleton of the interior, the actual abolition of the masonry wall, and the substitution for it of a frame of metal protected by a mere envelope of stone or clay. Necessity was the mother of this invention. There have been disputes about the origin of it which, in a large view, look rather idle, so much was the new construction "in the air," so sure was the application, all these conditions concurring, presently to be made. Another condition concurred in the offer, through the cheapening of steel by the Bessemer process, of a material giving far greater strength for the same area than had before been available. In fact, in the Home Life Building in Chicago, the first example of the "Chicago construction" designed for iron, was first introduced the use of structural steel in a building. Almost at the same time, and quite independently, the architect of the Tower Building on Broadway, New York, was struggling with the problem of a ten-story building on a lot twenty feet wide, a problem commercially insoluble if the structure had to have real walls, and he arrived, as a tablet on the front of the building sets forth, at "the earliest example of the skeleton construction in which the entire weight of the walls and floors is borne and transmitted to the foundation by a framework of metallic posts and beams."

This it is which has raised the problem of the skyscraper. It is the skeleton structure which has enabled builders to go, not as with the pioneers of the elevator architecture, only half as high again, but three times, four times, five times as high as builders went before; and while the Western Union and the Tribune Building towered only head and shoulders above their fellows, the newer skyscrapers stand waist deep, knee deep, ankle deep in such relics as are left of the old-fashioned commercial building. The *Great Eastern* was for forty years the realized vision of an unpractical engineer; but only the other day there steamed into this port, in the *Cedric*, a specimen of modern naval architecture, built for profit and with every prospect of realizing it, which surpasses Brunel's experiment in every dimension. We move faster than the British. Mr. Buffington's unrealized project of the twenty-story building has long ago been caught up to and over passed; Mr. Sullivan's project of a thirty-five-story building pyramidizing in a series of terraces from an ample base has not yet been attained, but it is well within our vision of to-day. And yet it is noteworthy that the skyscrapers which we have acclaimed and have to acclaim as architectural successes belong to what we have been calling the transitional period. They are such buildings as the Union Trust in New York and as the Monadnock in Chicago. There is no example of the modern and extreme skyscraper which commends itself as an architectural success. There are very few examples of it which are entitled to respectful consideration, even as earnest and artistic attempts to express that construction. To express, that is to say, not the simulacrum of a building of masonry, but to express the idea of a frame building wrapped in a protective envelope of stone or clay. The Guaranty Building in Buffalo, the Bayard Building in New York are almost alone in entitling themselves even to this consideration, and their author almost the only architect who has really stated the architectural problem, not to speak of solving it. The extreme skyscraper that we know and disrespect presents in its front an obviously irrelevant compilation of historical architecture, while its equally conspicuous sides and rear make no pretensions to architecture at all. It is only not his head which the architectural ostrich flatters himself is hidden and requests us to ignore.

And the architectural problem which presents itself to individual architects, in so few cases with even the recognition of it on their part, is less urgent than the civic problem. If every architect employed to erect a skyscraper should do his very utmost to produce a logical, sincere, and beautiful exposition of what he was doing, their united efforts would leave the city of skyscrapers little less appreciably ugly than before. How can it be otherwise when each owner's view of his own interest is the only rule he is bound to follow, and when this view leads one owner to build ten stories, a second twenty, and a third thirty? Like Frankenstein, we stand appalled before the monster of our own creation, literally

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

These things have turned the sky-line of New York into a horribly jagged sierra, and converted the commercial quarters of all our

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chief commercial cities into gloomy and windy canyons. There is, to be sure, another aspect of such places as the lower end of Manhattan Island and the business district of Chicago, and that is the tremendously, the almost awfully impressive expression they give of human energy and of American individualism. Hear how it strikes a stranger! The stranger is Mr. Steevens, that brilliant British journalist who died at Ladysmith, too early lost, and the occasion his first impression of New York in 1896:

> Never have I seen a city more hideous or more splendid. Uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic, it yet stamps itself upon you as the most magnificent embodiment of Titanic energy and force. . . . . The very buildings cry aloud of struggling, almost savage, unregulated strength. It is the outward expression of the freest, fiercest individualism.

How true that is! Although "the eye of little employment hath the daintier sense," how true even we hardened New Yorkers who have seen these monsters grow can still perceive it to be. We perceive that the stranger's first impression is an arraignment of our pretensions to civilization, a grievous and a just arraignment. But what to do? This is a case in which individualism cannot fight individualism, in which the power of the community must be invoked to protect the community against the individual In France, we know that that power could and would be invoked, and successfully invoked, and we know also, or at least we suspect, that it would be invoked so as to cripple and hamper that individual energy in which we glory. In England, we know that individualism might be invoked to resist individualism, even though British individualism, according to Mathew Arnold's famous instance of it, has allowed a truss-factory to occupy "the finest site in Europe." But we appear to have fallen between the two stools. The highest court in the State of New York has decided that "The English doctrine of 'ancient lights' has no application in New York." "It cannot be applied," said the learned justice who delivered the opinion of the court, "in the growing villages and cities of this country without working the most mischievous consequences." So that it appears that not only is this monster *ferœ naturæ*, but that the courts will give us no help toward reducing him to subjection. Fortunately, the maxim of the Roman law is still the maxim of our own: "So use your own as not to injure another." And when the Legislature acts upon this maxim, the courts will uphold its power to do so, though they can find no redress for injured individuals at common law. There seems to be little significance in what is called the final decision by the Supreme Court of the United States of the case presented by the builder of that famous skyscraper, the Westminster Chambers in Boston. It was by no means an aggressive skyscraper, or it would not have been so accounted in New York, but it did transcend, by some six feet, what the Bostonian æsthetes had fixed upon as the proper cornice line of Copley Square, and the æsthetes had induced the Legislature of Massachusetts to fix that cornice line by law. The decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the municipality of Boston has been acclaimed as a decision by that highest tribunal, that there was such a thing as an æsthetic nuisance, and that the optic nerves were as much entitled as the olfactory to what Lord Coke describes as "living under the protection of the law, and in the gladsome light of jurisprudence." But it appears that the acclamation was misapplied and premature. The counsel for the owner of the peccant building has explained that the only question submitted to the court, and consequently the only question decided, was not the large question whether there is such a thing as an æsthetic nuisance, but the small question whether the municipality of Boston had not been premature in insisting upon the truncation of the building before the question who should pay for it had been judicially determined. But that does not much matter. Whether or not an æsthetic nuisance is a common law nuisance, no tribunal, least of all the Supreme Court of the United States, has denied or could deny the right of a legislature to "make it so."

Our actual problem, then, is to get the Legislature—that is to say, the representatives of the people—that is to say, ourselves—to "make it so." It is entirely true that in the large architectural and pecuniary transactions of these recent years some owners of skyscrapers have done of their own accord what it might very well be argued that all owners of skyscrapers ought to do of their own accord—that is to say, to acquire enough adjoining property to secure reasonable light for the occupants of their skyscrapers. No practical grievance can

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arise when such precautions are taken. But the point is to enforce such precautions upon short-sighted or unwilling owners of skyscrapers; and that can be done only by the power of regulation which inheres in the community as one of its powers of self-protection. Everybody will admit that if we had a city of "magnificent distances," a city of which the great avenues bore the same relation to a ten-story cornice line of bordering buildings that our actual streets bear to the three-story buildings with which those who laid them out expected them to be lined, there would be no hardship at all and no grievance in fixing a ten-story cornice line for such streets. In fact, in order to domesticate the skyscraper and bring it within the reign of law, we need to revise the municipal arrangements which were made without prevision of its advent. A hundred years ago, of course, no one had prevision of the advent of a ten-story building, and yet the men of a hundred years ago who laid out real cities and stately streets provided for skyscrapers much more accurately than those small persons whose imagination was limited by what they saw. L'Enfant did a very great work for the nation as well as for the capital when he laid out, on a plan and a scale not yet belittled or discredited, nor likely to be, "the Federal City." One would be puzzled to select a street of Old New York which could be lined with skyscrapers with so little public or private detriment as Pennsylvania Avenue. And the artists and engineers who have lately revised and brought down to date L'Enfant's plan have a share in his title to the gratitude of their countrymen. No New Yorker desires to commemorate the street commissioners of 1807, whose notion of a great city was a magnified village consisting exclusively of three-story houses, and who, in sad literalness, "regularly laid out" New York. But our descendants would be very willing to commemorate the commissioners who should not only revise but correct and enlarge the petty and mistaken dispositions that were made for New York a hundred years ago. There is evident and urgent need of the commission to revise the plan of New York which it is so much to the credit of the comprehension and the public spirit of the Mayor that he has urged. That "savage and unregulated strength" which so impressed our foreign visitor needs to be regulated, not to be weakened. We can imagine quarters and avenues in New York in which a uniform bounding row of skyscrapers might be not merely inoffensive but sublime. We might be able to say of those bounding buildings, in Paul Bourget's eloquent words, and with more justice than that with which he applied them to the skyscrapers of Chicago:

> The simple force of need is such a principle of beauty, and these buildings so conspicuously manifest that need, that in contemplating them you experience a singular emotion. The sketch appears here of a new kind of art, an art of democracy, made by the crowd and for the crowd, an art of science in which the certainty of natural laws gives to audacities in appearance the most unbridled the tranquillity of geometrical figures.

We should not be Americans if we were not believers in our future and in our competency to amend the things that are amiss with us. Of these, the aggressiveness of skyscrapers, though so conspicuous, is not the most formidable. And we may console ourselves with the words of Tennyson:

> Wait. Our faith is large in Time
> And that which brings it to some perfect end.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

SHE DROPPED THE LETTER AND HID HER FACE IN HER HANDS.

"Sanctuary," page 290.

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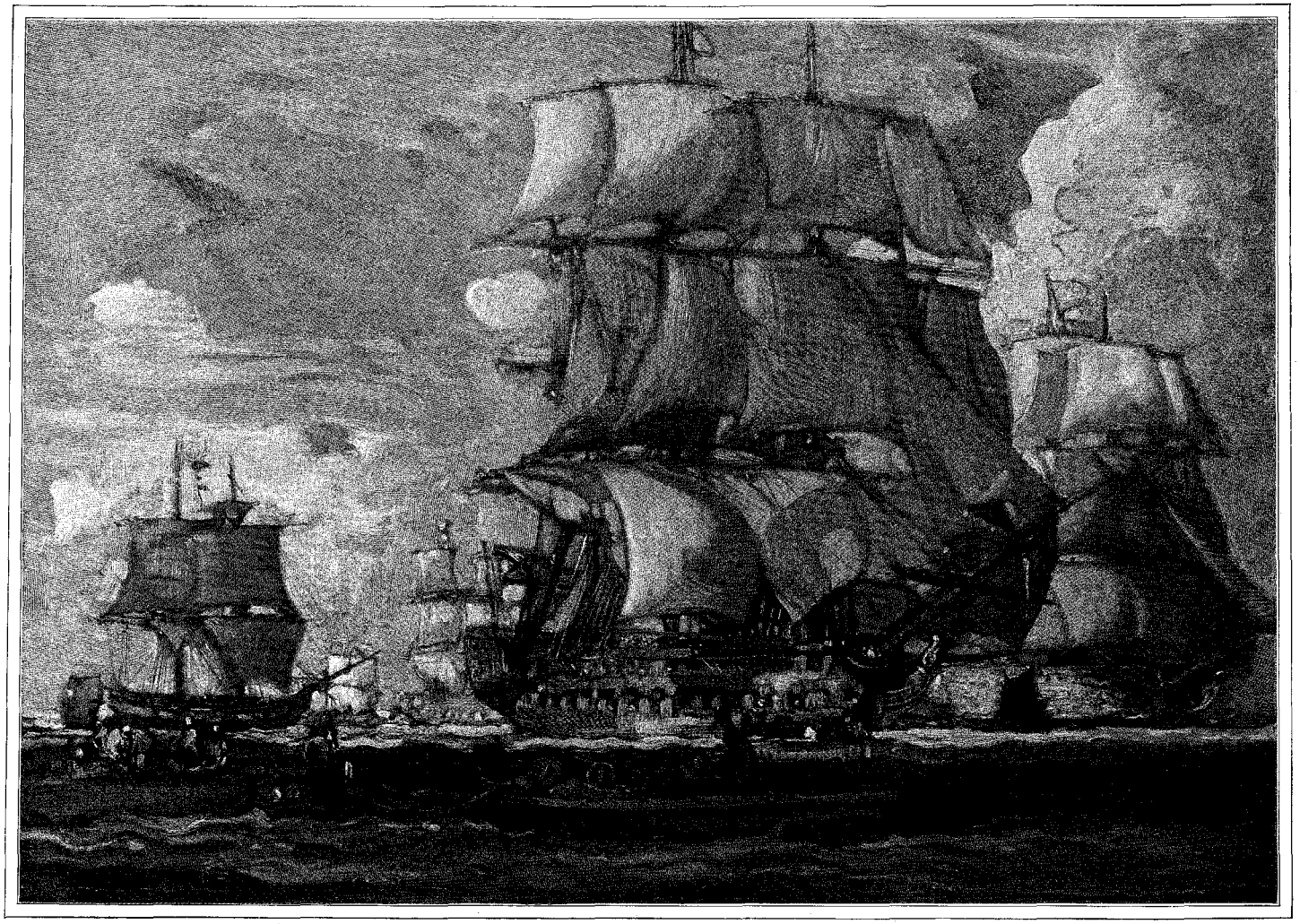

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

Lord Howe sailed from Spithead.—Page 164.

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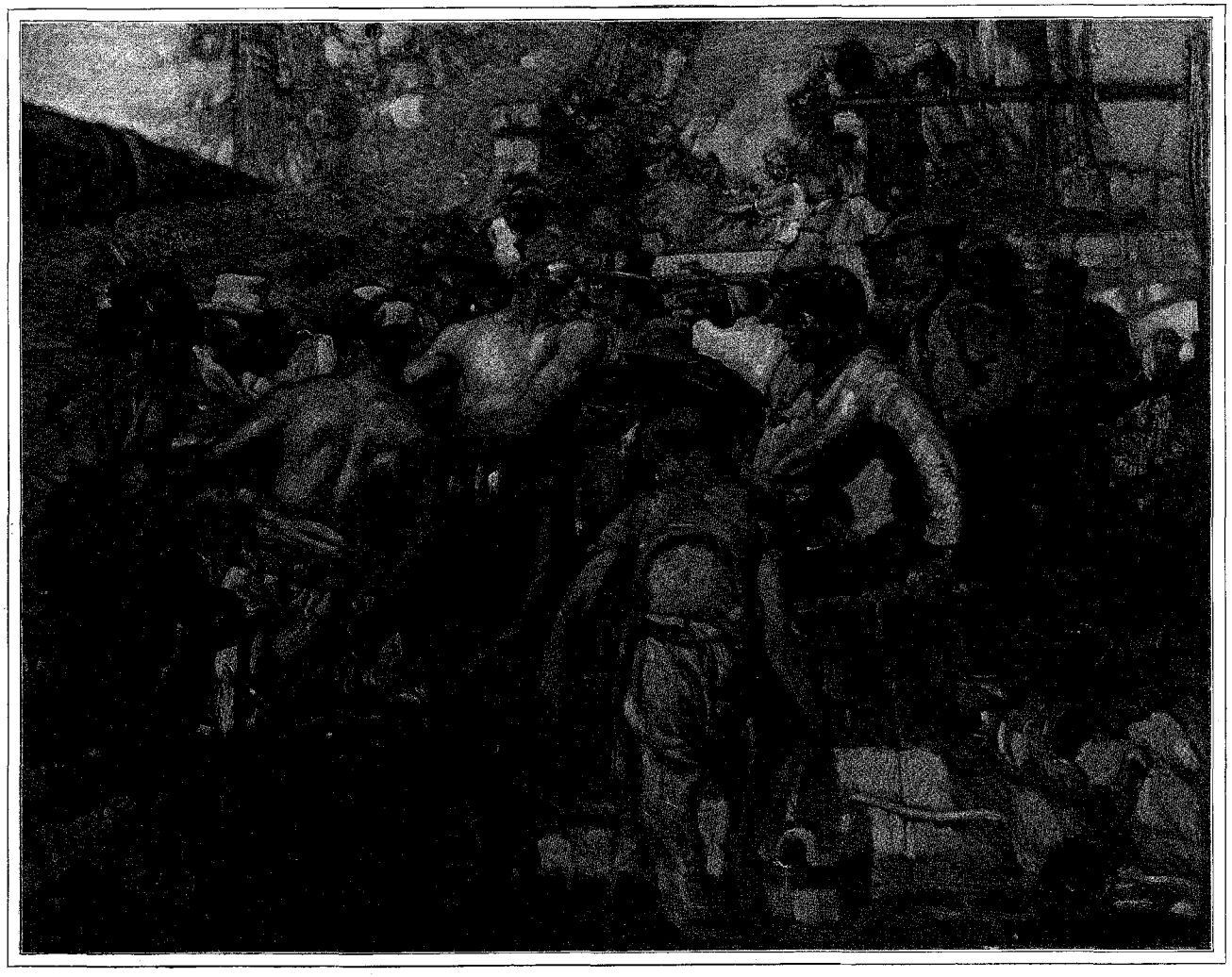

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The best gunners in Europe for sea-fighting.—Page 165.

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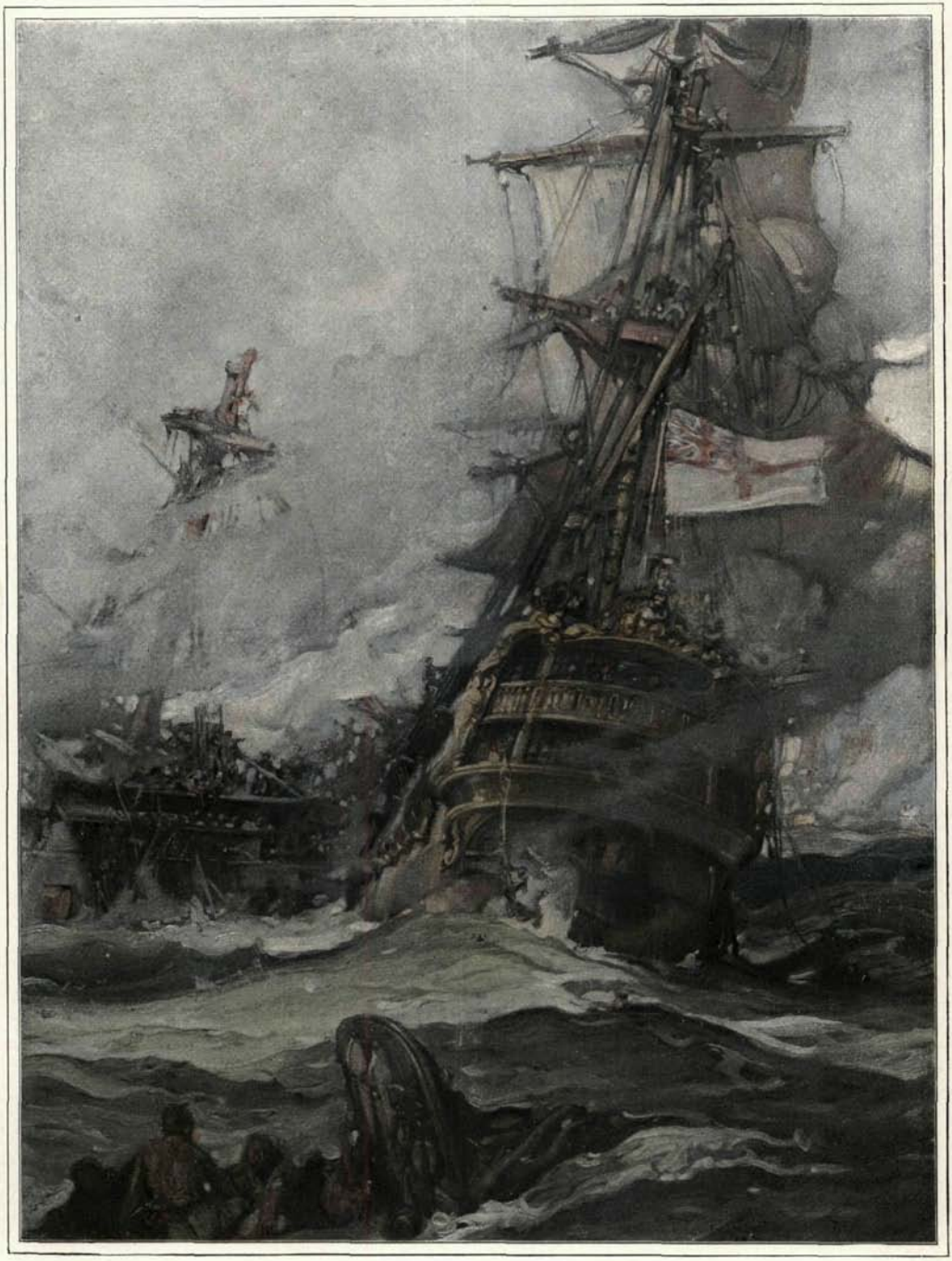

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The Brunswick caught anchors with her enemy.—Page 170.

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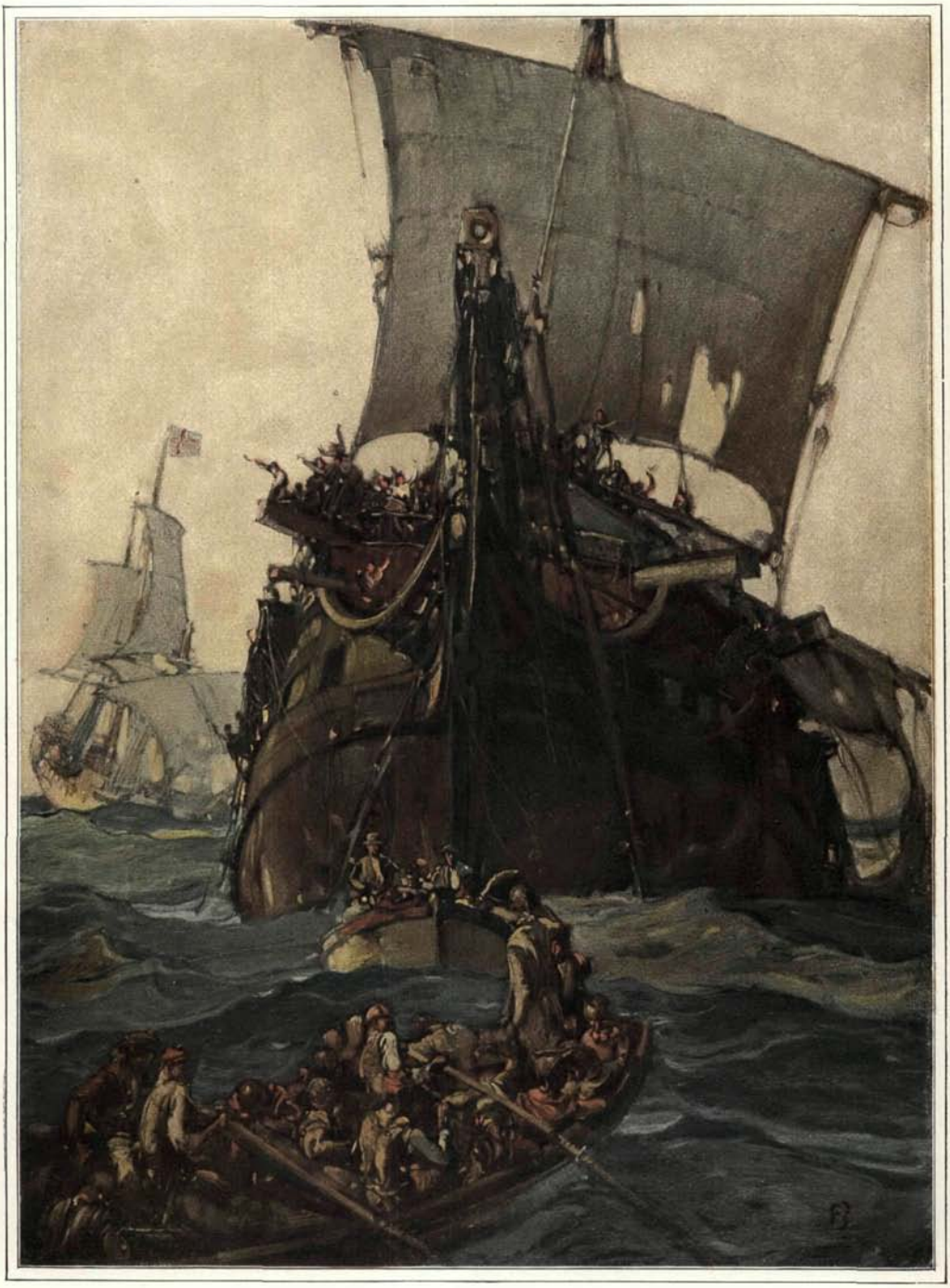

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The sinking of the Vengeur.—Page 172.

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